Anne Dawson Bath March 1761

A

COLLECTION

OF

MORAL and SACRED

POEMS

From the most Celebrated

ENGLISH AUTHORS.

By JOHN WESLEY, M. A.
FELLOW of *Lincoln-College*, OXFORD.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BRISTOL:

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VOL. I.

Printed and Sold by Felix Farley; and Sold by Mr. Rivington in Paternoster-row; in London by J. Fry, near Clare-Market; W. Flexney, near Red Lion-Street, Holborn; Upper Moor-fields; in Dublin by Mr. Story, and Mr. Hamilton. M.DCC.LXXX.

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

Countess of *Huntingdon.*

MADAM,

IT has been a common Remark for many Years, That Poetry which might answer the noblest Purposes, has been prostituted to the vilest, even to confound the Dis-

Diſtinctions between Virtue and Vice, Good and Evil. And that to ſuch a Degree, that among the numerous Poems now extant in our own Language, there is an exceeding ſmall Proportion which does not more or leſs fall under this heavy Cenſure. So that a great Difficulty lies on thoſe who are not willing, on the one Hand, to be deprived of an Elegant Amuſement, nor on the other to purchaſe it at the Hazard of Innocence or Virtue.

HENCE it is, that many have placed a Chaſt Collection of *Engliſh* Poems, among the chief Deſiderata of this Age. Your mentioning this a Year or two ago, and expreſſing a Deſire to ſee ſuch a Collection, determined me not to delay the Deſign I had long

long had, of attempting ſomething in this Kind. I therefore reviſed all the *Engliſh* Poems I knew, and ſelected what appear'd moſt valuable in them. Only *Spenſer*'s Works I was conſtrain'd to omit, becauſe ſcarce intelligible to the Generality of Modern Readers.

I SHALL rejoice, if the Want, of which you complain'd, be in ſome Meaſure ſupplied by the following Collection: Of which this at leaſt may be affirm'd, There is nothing therein contrary to Virtue, nothing that can any way offend the chaſteſt Ear, or give Pain to the tendereſt Heart. And perhaps whatever is really Eſſential to the moſt ſublime Divinity, as well as the pureſt and moſt refined Morality,

will

will be found therein. Nor is it a ſmall Circumſtance, That the moſt juſt and important Sentiments, are here repreſented with the utmoſt Advantage, with all the Ornaments both of Wit and Language, and in the cleareſt, fulleſt, ſtrongeſt Light.

I INSCRIBE theſe Poems to you, not only becauſe You was the Occaſion of their thus appearing in the World; but alſo becauſe it may be an Inducement to many to read them. Your Name indeed cannot excuſe a Bad Poem: But it may recommend Good ones to thoſe who would not otherwiſe conſider, whether they were Good or Bad. And I am perſuaded they will not be Unacceptable to You; were it only on this Account, That many

ny of them describe what a Person of Quality ought, and what, I trust, You desire to be.

My Heart's Desire and Prayer to God for You is, That You may never rest short of this: That *whatsoever Things are true, whatsoever things are venerable, whatsoever Things are just, whatsoever Things are pure, whatsoever Things are lovely, whatsoever Things are honourable: if there be any Virtue, if there be any Praise, You may think on these Things.* And *my* GOD *shall supply all your Need, according to his Riches in Glory by* Christ Jesus!

I am

Your Ladyship's Obliged and

Obedient Servant for Christ's *Sake,*

Oxford,
Aug. — 1744. John Wesley.

DEDICATION. vii

[illegible] describe what a Religion of Quality ought, and what, I trust, You desire to be.

My Heart's Desire and Prayer to God for You is, That You may never read Short of this: That whatever Things are venerable, whatever Things are just, whatever Things are pure, whatever Things are lovely, whatever Things are of good Report: If there be any Virtue, if there be any Praise, You may mind on these Things. And my GOD shall supply my every Need, according to his Riches in Glory by Christ Jesus!

I am

Sir,

Your Lordship's Obliged and

Obedient Servant in Christ,

JOHN WESLEY.

A COLLECTION OF MORAL and SACRED POEMS.

MORNING HYMN.

THESE are thy glorious Works, Parent of Good!
Almighty! Thine this universal Frame,
Thus wondrous fair; Thy self how wondrous then!
Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these Heav'ns,
To us invisible, or dimly seen

[*From* MILTON.] A In

In theſe thy loweſt Works: Yet theſe declare
Thy Goodneſs beyond Thought, and Pow'r divine.
Speak, ye who beſt can tell, ye Sons of Light,
Angels! for ye behold Him, and with Songs,
And choral Symphonies, Day without Night,
Circle his Throne rejoicing; ye in Heav'n:
On Earth join all ye Creatures to extol
Him firſt, Him laſt, Him midſt, and without End.
Faireſt of Stars! laſt in the Train of Night,
If better thou belong not to the Dawn,
Sure Pledge of Day, that crown'ſt the ſmiling Morn
With thy bright Circlet, praiſe Him in thy Sphere
While Day ariſes, that ſweet Hour of Prime.
Thou Sun! of this great World both Eye and Soul,
Acknowledge Him thy greater; ſound His Praiſe
In thy eternal Courſe, both when thou climb'ſt,
And when high Noon haſt gain'd, and when thou fall'ſt.
Moon! that now meet'ſt the orient Sun, now fly'ſt
With the fix'd Stars, fix'd in their Orb that flies;
And ye five other wand'ring Spheres! that move
In myſtic Dance not without Song, reſound
His Praiſe, who out of Darkneſs call'd up Light.
Air, and ye Elements! the eldeſt Birth
Of Nature's Womb, that in Quaternion run
Perpetual Circle, multiform; and mix,
And nouriſh all Things: Let your ceaſeleſs Change
Vary to our Great Maker ſtill new Praiſe.
Ye Miſts and Exhalations! that now riſe
From Hill, or ſteaming Lake, duſky, or grey,
'Till the Sun paint your fleecy Skirts with Gold,
In Honour to the World's great Author riſe:

Whether

Whether to deck with Clouds th' uncolour'd Sky,
Or wet the thirſty Earth with falling Show'rs,
Riſing, or falling, ſtill advance His Praiſe.
His Praiſe, ye Winds! that from four Quarters blow,
Breath ſoft, or loud; and wave your Tops, ye Pines!
With every Plant, in Sign of Worſhip wave.
Fountains! and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious Murmurs! warbling tune His Praiſe.
Join Voices, all ye living Souls! ye Birds,
That ſinging up to Heaven-gate aſcend,
Bear on your Wings, and in your Notes, His Praiſe.
Ye that in Waters glide, and ye that walk
The Earth, and ſtately tread, or lowly creep!
Witneſs if I be ſilent, Morn or Even,
To Hill, or Valley, Fountain, or freſh Shade,
Made vocal by my Song, and taught His Praiſe.
Hail Univerſal LORD! be bounteous ſtill
To give us only Good; And if the Night
Have gather'd ought of Evil, or conceal'd,
Diſperſe it, as now Light diſpels the Dark.

CREATION.

ON heav'nly Ground they ſtood, and from the Shore
They view'd the vaſt immeaſurable Abyſs,
Outrageous as a Sea, dark, waſteful, wild;
Up from the Bottom turn'd by furious Winds,
And ſurging Waves, as Mountains, to aſſault
Heav'ns Height, and with the Centre mix the Pole.

Silence, ye troubled Waves, and thou Deep, peace!
Said then th' Omnific Word, your Diſcord end——

Nor ſtaid; but on the Wings of Cherubim
Uplifted, in Paternal Glory rode
Far into CHAOS, and the World unborn;
For CHAOS heard His Voice. Him all His Train
Follow'd in bright Proceſſion, to behold
Creation, and the Wonders of His Might.
Then ſtaid the fervid Wheels, and in His Hand
He took the golden Compaſſes, prepar'd
In GOD's eternal Store to circumſcribe
This Univerſe, and all created Things.
One Foot He center'd, and the other turn'd
Round through the vaſt Profundity obſcure;
And ſaid, Thus far extend, thus far thy Bounds,
This be thy juſt Circumference, O World!

Thus GOD the Heav'n created, thus the Earth;
Matter unform'd and void! Darkneſs profound
Cover'd th' Abyſs; but on the Watry Calm
His brooding Wings the Spirit of GOD out-ſpread,
And vital Virtue infus'd, and vital Warmth
Throughout the fluid Maſs: But downward purg'd
The black, tartareous, cold, infernal Dregs,
Adverſe to Life: Then founded, then conglob'd
Like Things to like; the Reſt to ſeveral Place
Diſparted; and between, ſpun out the Air:
And Earth ſelf-balanc'd on her Centre hung.

Let

Let there be Light! ſaid GOD: and forthwith Light
Ethereal, firſt of Things, Quinteſſence pure,
Sprung from the Deep: and from her native Eaſt,
To journey through the aery Gloom began,
Sphear'd in a radiant Cloud; (for yet the Sun
Was not) ſhe in a cloudy Tabernacle
Sojourn'd the while. GOD ſaw the Light was good;
And Light from Darkneſs by the Hemiſphere
Divided: Light the Day, and Darkneſs Night
He nam'd. Thus was the Firſt Day Ev'n and Morn:
Nor paſt uncelebrated, nor unſung
By the cæleſtial Choirs, when orient Light
Exhaling firſt from Darkneſs they beheld:
Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth! with Joy, and Shout,
The hollow univerſal Orb they fill'd;
And touch'd their golden Harps, and hymning prais'd
GOD, and His Works, Creator Him they ſung,
Both when Firſt Ev'ning was, and when Firſt Morn.

Again, GOD ſaid, Let there be Firmament
Amid the Waters, and let it divide
The Waters from the Waters! and GOD made
The Firmament, Expanſe of Liquid pure,
Tranſparent, elemental Air, diffus'd
In Circuit to the uttermoſt Convex
Of this great Round: Partition firm and ſure,
The Waters underneath from thoſe above
Dividing: for as Earth, ſo He the World
Built on circumfluous Waters calm, in wide
Cryſtalline Ocean, and the loud Miſ-rule

Of CHAOS far remov'd; leſt fierce Extremes
Contiguous might diſtemper the whole Frame:
And Heav'n He nam'd the Firmament: So Ev'n
And Morning Chorus ſung the Second Day.

The Earth was form'd, but in the Womb as yet
Of Waters (embryon immature) involv'd,
Appear'd not: Over all the Face of Earth
Main Ocean flow'd; not idle, but with warm
Prolific Humour ſoftning all her Globe,
Fermented the great Mother to conceive,
Satiate with genial Moiſture: When GOD ſaid,
Be gather'd now ye Waters under Heav'n
Into one Place, and let dry Land appear!——
Immediately the Mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad bare Backs up-heave
Into the Clouds, their Tops aſcend the Sky.
So high as heav'd the tumid Hills, ſo low
Down ſunk a hollow Bottom, broad and deep,
Capacious Bed of Waters! Thither they
Haſted with glad Precipitance, up-roll'd,
(As Drops from Duſt conglobing) from the Dry:
Part uſe in cryſtal Wall, or Ridge direct,
For Haſte: Such Flight the great Command impreſs'd
On the ſwift Floods: As Armies at the Call
Of Trumpet———
Troop to their Standard; ſo the Watry Throng,
Wave rolling after Wave, where Way they found;
If ſteep, with Torrent rapture; if through Plain,
Soft-ebbing; nor withſtood them Rock or Hill;
But they, or under-ground, or circuit wide

With

With Serpent-error wand'ring, found their Way,
And on the waſhy Ooſe deep Channels wore,
Eaſy, ere GOD had bid the Ground be dry,
All but within thoſe Banks, where Rivers now
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid Train.
The dry Land, Earth; and the great Receptacle
Of congregated Waters, He call'd Seas;
And ſaw that it was good; and ſaid, Let th' Earth
Put forth the verdant Graſs, Herb yielding Seed,
And Fruit-Tree yielding Fruit after her Kind;
Whoſe Seed is in Herſelf upon the Earth! ——
He ſcarce had ſaid, when the bare Earth ('till then
Deſert, and bare, unſightly, unadorn'd)
Brought forth the tender Graſs, whoſe Verdure clad
Her univerſal Face with pleaſant Green;
Then, Herbs of every Leaf, that ſudden flowr'd
Op'ning their various Colours, and made gay
Her Boſom ſmelling ſweet. And theſe ſcarce blown,
Forth-flouriſh'd thick the cluſtring Vine, forth crept
The ſmelling Gourd, up ſtood the corny Reed
Embattel'd in her Field; and th' humble Shrub,
And Buſh, with frizled Hair implicit. Laſt,
Roſe, as in Dance, the ſtately Trees, and ſpread
Their Branches hung with copious Fruit; or gemm'd
Their Bloſſoms: With high Woods the Hills were
crown'd;
With Tufts the Vallies; and each Fountain-ſide
With Borders long the Rivers: That Earth now
Seem'd like to Heav'n; a Seat where Gods might
dwell,
Or wander with Delight, and love to haunt,

Her

Her ſacred Shades: Though GOD had yet not rain'd
Upon the Earth, and Man to till the Ground
None was: But from the Earth a dewy Miſt
Went up, and water'd all the Ground, and each
Plant of the Field; which, ere it was in th' Earth
GOD made, and ev'ry Herb, before it grew
On the green Stem: GOD ſaw that it was good.
So Ev'n and Morn recorded the Third Day.

Again th' ALMIGHTY ſpake: Let there be Lights
High in th' Expanſe of Heaven, to divide
The Day from Night: And let them be for Signs,
For Seaſons, and for Days, and circling Years;
And let them be for Lights, as I ordain
Their Office in the Firmament of Heav'n,
To give Light on the Earth! —— and it was ſo.
And GOD made two great Lights; (great for their Uſe
To Man) the Greater to have Rule by Day,
The Leſs by Night, altern: And made the Stars,
And ſet them in the Firmament of Heav'n,
T' illuminate the Earth, and rule the Day,
In their Viciſſitude, and rule the Night;
And Light from Darkneſs to divide. GOD ſaw,
Surveying His great Work, that it was good:
For of cæleſtial Bodies firſt the Sun
(A mighty Sphere!) He fram'd; unlightſome firſt,
Tho' of ethereal Mold: Then form'd the Moon
Globoſe; and ev'ry Magnitude of Stars;
And ſow'd with Stars the Heav'n, thick as a Field.
Of Light by far the greater Part he took,
Tranſplanted from her cloudy Shrine, and plac'd

In the Sun's Orb, made porous to receive
And drink the Liquid Light; firm to retain
Her gather'd Beams; great Palace now of Light:
Hither, as to their Fountain, other Stars
Repairing, in their Golden Urns draw Light:
And hence the Morning Planet gilds her Horns:
By Tincture or Reflection they augment
Their ſmall peculiar, though (from human Sight
So far remote) with Diminution ſeen.
Firſt in His Eaſt the glorious Lamp was ſeen,
Regent of Day; and all th' Horizon round
Inveſted with bright Rays, jocund to run
His Longitude through Heav'ns high Road: The gray
Dawn and the Pleiades before him danc'd,
Shedding ſweet Influence. Leſs bright the Moon,
But oppoſite in level'd Weſt was ſet,
Her Mirror, with Full Face borrowing her Light
From him; for other Light ſhe needed none
In that Aſpect: And ſtill that Diſtance keeps
'Till Night; then in the Eaſt her Turn ſhe ſhines,
Revolv'd on Heav'n's great Axle, and her Reign
With thouſand leſſer Lights dividual holds,
With thouſand thouſand Stars! that then appear'd
Spangling the Hemiſphere; then firſt adorn'd
With their bright Luminaries, that ſet and roſe.
Glad Ev'ning and glad Morn crown'd the Fourth Day.

And GOD ſaid, Let the Waters generate
Reptil, with Spawn abundant, living Soul!
And let Fowl fly above the Earth, with Wings
Diſplay'd on th' open Firmament of Heav'n!

And

And GOD created the great Whales, and each
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously
The Waters generated by their Kinds:
And every Bird of Wing after his Kind:
And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, saying,
Be fruitful, multiply, and in the Seas,
And Lakes, and running Streams, the Waters fill!
And let the Fowl be multiply'd on th' Earth!
Forthwith the Sounds and Seas, each Creek and Bay,
With Fry innumerable Swarm, and Shoals
Of Fish, that with their Fins and shining Scales
Glide under the green Wave in Sculls, that oft
Bank the mid Sea: Part single, or with Mate,
Graze the Sea-Weed their Pasture; and thro' Groves
Of Coral stray; or, sporting with quick Glance,
Shew to the Sun their wav'd Coats, dropt with Gold:
Or, in their pearly Shells at ease, attend
Moist Nutriment; or under Rocks their Food,
In jointed Armour, watch: On smooth, the Seal,
And bended Dolphins play; part, huge of Bulk!
Wallowing unweildy, enormous in their Gait,
Tempest the Ocean: There Leviathan,
Hugest of living Creatures, on the Deep
Stretch'd like a Promontory, sleeps or swims;
And seems a moving Land; and at his Gills
Draws in, and at his Trunk spouts out a Sea.
Mean while the tepid Caves, and Fens, and Shoars,
Their Brood as numerous hatch from th' Egg, that soon
Bursting with kindly Rupture, forth disclos'd
Their callow Young; but feather'd soon, and fledge,
They summ'd their Pens; and soaring th' Air sublime,

With

With Clang deſpis'd the Ground, under a Cloud
In Proſpect. There the Eagle and the Stork,
On Cliffs and Cedar Tops, their Eyries build:
Part, looſly wing the Region; Part, more wiſe
In common, rang'd in Figure wedge their Way;
Intelligent of Seaſons, and ſet forth
Their aery Caravan, high over Seas
Flying, and over Lands, with mutual Wing
Eaſing their Flight; (ſo ſteers the prudent Crane
Her annual Voyage) born on Winds, the Air
Floats as they paſs, fann'd with unnumber'd Plumes.
From Branch to Branch the ſmaller Birds with Song
Solac'd the Woods, and ſpread their painted Wings
'Till Ev'n; nor then, the ſolemn Nightingale
Ceas'd warbling, but all Night tun'd her ſoft Lays.
Others, on Silver Lakes and Rivers bath'd
Their downy Breaſt; the Swan with arched Neck
Between her white Wings mantling proudly, rows
Her State with oary Feet: Yet oft they quit
The Dank, and riſing on ſtiff Pennons, tour
The mid aereal Sky. Others on ground
Walk'd firm; the creſted Cock, whoſe Clarion ſounds
The ſilent Hours; and th' other, whoſe gay Train
Adorns him, colour'd with the florid Hue
Of Rainbows and Starry 'Eyes. The Waters thus
With Fiſh repleniſh'd, and the Air with Fowl,
Ev'ning and Morn ſolemniz'd the Fifth Day.

The Sixth, and of Creation laſt, aroſe
With Ev'ning Harps and Matin; when GOD ſaid,
Let th' Earth bring forth Fowl living in her kind,

Cattle

Cattle and creeping Things, and Beasts of th' Earth,
Each in their Kind!——The Earth obey'd; and straight
Op'ning her fertil Womb, teem'd at a Birth
Innumerous living Creatures, perfect Forms,
Limb'd and full grown. Out of the Ground up-rose,
As from his Laire, the wild Beast, where he wons
In Forest wild, in Thicket, Brake or Den:
Among the Trees in Pairs they rose; they walk'd;
The Cattle in the Fields, and Meadows green:
Those rare and solitary; these in Flocks
Pasturing at once, and in broad Herds up-sprung.
The grassy Clods now calv'd, now half appear'd
The tawny Lion, pawing to get free
His hinder Parts; then springs as broke from Bonds,
And rampant shakes his brinded Mane: The Ounce,
The Libbard, and the Tyger, (as the Mole
Rising) the crumbled Earth above them threw
In Hillocks: The swift Stag from under Ground
Bore up his branching Head: Scarce from his Mold
Behemoth (biggest born of Earth) upheav'd
His Vastness: Fleec'd the Flocks, and bleating, rose
As Plants: Ambiguous between Sea and Land,
The River-Horse, and Scaly Crocodile.
At once comes forth whatever creeps the Ground,
Insect or Worm: Those wav'd their limber Fans,
For Wings; and smallest Lineaments exact
In all the Liveries deck'd of Summer's Pride,
With Spots of Gold and Purple, Azure and Green:
These as a Line, their long Dimension drew,
Streaking the Ground with sinuous Trace: Not all

Minims

Minims of Nature; ſome of Serpent-Kind,
Wondrous in Length and Corpulence, involv'd
Their ſnaky Folds, and added Wings. Firſt crept
The parſimonious Emmet, provident
Of future: In ſmall Room large Heart inclos'd!
(Pattern of juſt Equality perhaps
Hereafter, join'd in her popular Tribes
Of Commonalty.) Swarming next, appeared
The Female Bee, that feeds her Husband Drone
Deliciouſly, and builds her waxen Cells
With Honey ſtor'd. The Reſt are numberleſs.

Now Heav'n in all her Glory ſhon, and roll'd
Her Motions, as the great Firſt Mover's Hand
Firſt wheel'd their Courſe: Earth in her rich Attire
Conſummate, lovely ſmil'd; Air, Water, Earth,
By Fowl, Fiſh, Beaſt, was flown, was ſwum, was walk'd
Frequent; and of the Sixth Day yet remain'd.
There wanted yet the Maſter-Work, the End
Of all yet done; a Creature, who not prone,
And Brute as other Creatures, but indu'd
With Sanctity of Reaſon, might erect
His Stature, and upright with Front ſerene
Govern the reſt, Self-knowing; and from thence
Magnanimous, to correſpond with Heav'n:
But grateful to acknowledge whence his Good
Deſcends; thither with Heart, and Voice, and Eyes
Directed in Devotion, to adore
And worſhip GOD Supreme, who made him Chief
Of all his Works: Therefore th' Omnipotent
Eternal FATHER; (for where is not He
Preſent?) thus to His SON audibly ſpake.

Let Us make now Man in Our Image, Man
In our Similitude, and let them rule
Over the Fish and Fowl, of Sea and Air,
Beast of the Field, and over all the Earth,
And ev'ry creeping Thing that creeps the Ground!

This said, He form'd thee, *Adam*, thee, O Man!
Dust of the Ground; and in thy Nostrils breath'd
The Breath of Life; in His own Image He
Created thee; in the Image of GOD
Express; and thou becam'st a living Soul.
Male He created thee; but thy Consort
Female, for Race: Then bless'd Mankind, and said
Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the Earth;
Subdue it, and throughout Dominion hold
Over Fish of the Sea, and Fowl of th' Air,
And ev'ry Living Thing that moves on th' Earth.

Here finish'd He, and all that he had made,
View'd, and behold! all was entirely good;
So Ev'n and Morn accomplish'd the Sixth Day.

Of HUMAN KNOWLEDGE.

WHY did my Parents ſend me to the Schools,
That I with *Knowledge* might enrich my Mind,
Since the *Deſire to know* firſt made Men Fools,
And did corrupt the *Root* of all Mankind!

For when GOD's Hand had written in the Hearts
Of our Firſt Parents all the Rules of Good;
So that their Skill infus'd ſurpaſs'd all Arts
That ever were before, or ſince the Flood:

And when their Reaſon's Eye was ſharp and clear,
And (as an Eagle can behold the Sun)
Could have approach'd th' Eternal Light as near
As th' intellectual Angels could have done:

Ev'n then to them the *Spirit of Lies* ſuggeſts,
That they were blind, becauſe they ſaw not *Ill*;
And breath'd into their incorrupted Breaſts
A curious *Wiſh*, which did corrupt their *Will*.

From that ſame Ill, they ſtrait deſir'd to know;
Which Ill being nought but a Defect of Good;
In all GOD's Works the Devil could not ſhow
While Man, their Lord, in his Perfection ſtood.

So that themſelves were firſt to do the Ill,
E'er they thereof the Knowledge could attain;
Like him that knew not Poiſon's Power to kill,
Until (by taſting it) himſelf was ſlain.

[*By Sir* JOHN DAVIES.]

Ev'n ſo, by taſting of that Fruit forbid,
Where they ſought *Knowledge*, they did *Error* find;
Ill they deſir'd to know, and Ill they did;
And to give *Paſſion* Eyes, made *Reaſon* blind.

For then their Minds did firſt in *Paſſion* ſee
Thoſe wretched Shapes of *Miſery* and *Woe*,
Of *Nakedneſs*, of *Shame*, of *Poverty*,
Which then their own *Experience* made them know.

But then grew *Reaſon* dark, that *ſhe no more*
Could the fair Forms of Good and Truth diſcern;
Batts they became, who *Eagles* were before,
And this they got by their *Deſire to learn*.

Yet we, their wretched *Offspring*, what do we?
Do not we ſtill taſte of the Fruit forbid,
While with fond fruitleſs Curioſity,
In Books prophane we ſeek for Knowledge hid?

What is this *Knowledge*, but the Sky ſtoll'n Fire,
For which the *Thief* ſtill chain'd in Ice doth ſit;
And which the poor rude *Satyr* did admire,
And needs would kiſs, but burnt his Lips with it?

What is it, but the Cloud of empty Rain,
Which when *Jove*'s *Gueſt* embrac'd, he Monſters got?
Or the falſe *Pails*, which oft being fill'd with Pain,
Receiv'd the Water, but retain'd it not?

In fine, What is it, but the fiery Coach,
Which the *Youth* ſought, and ſought his Death withal?
Or the *Boy*'s Wings, which when he did approach
The *Sun*'s hot Beams, did melt and let him fall?

And yet, alas, when all our Lamps are burn'd,
Our Bodies wasted, and our Spirits spent;
When we have all the learned *Volumes* turn'd,
Which yield Mens Wits both Help and Ornament;

What can we know, or what can we discern,
When *Error* clouds the Windows of the Mind?
The divers Forms of Things how can we learn,
That have been ever from our Birth-day blind?

When *Reason*'s Lamp, which (like the *Sun* in Sky)
Thro'out *Man*'s little World her Beams did spread,
Is now become a Sparkle, which doth lie
Under the Ashes, half extinct and dead;

How can we hope that tho' the Eye and Ear,
This dying Sparkle, in this cloudy Place,
Can recollect those Beams of Knowledge clear,
Which were infus'd in the first Minds by Grace?

So might the Heir, whose Father hath in Play
Wasted a Thousand Pounds of ancient Rent,
By painful Earning of one Groat a Day,
Hope to restore the Patrimony spent.

The Wits that div'd most deep, and soar'd most high,
Seeking Man's Powers, have found his Weakness such:
" Skill comes so slow, and Life so fast doth fly;
" We learn so little, and forget so much.

For this the wisest of all Moral Men
Said, *He knew nought, but that he nought did know.*
And the great mocking-Master mock'd not then,
When he said, *Truth was bury'd here below.*

For how may we to other Things attain,
When none of us his own Soul underſtands?
For which the Devil mocks our curious Brain,
When *Know thy Self*, his Oracle commands.

For why ſhould we the buſy Soul believe,
When boldly ſhe concludes of that and this;
When of her *Self* ſhe can no Judgment give,
Nor how, nor whence, nor where, nor what ſhe is?

All Things without, which round about we ſee,
We ſeek to know, and have therewith to do:
But that whereby we *reaſon, live and be*,
Within ourſelves, we Strangers are thereto.

We ſeek to know the moving of each Sphere,
And the ſtrange Cauſe o'th' Ebbs and Floods of *Nile*,
But of that *Clock* which in our Breaſts we bear,
The ſubtile Motions we forget the while.

We that acquaint ourſelves with ev'ry *Zone*,
And paſs the *Tropicks*, and behold each *Pole*;
When we come home, are to ourſelves unknown,
And unacquainted ſtill with our own Soul.

We ſtudy *Speech*, but others we perſwade;
We *Phyſick* learn, but others cure with it:
W'interpret *Laws* which other Men have made,
But read not thoſe which in our Hearts are writ.

Is it becauſe the Mind is like the Eye,
Thro' which it gathers Knowledge by Degrees;
Whoſe Rays reflect not, but ſpread outwardly;
Not ſeeing itſelf, when other Things it ſees?

No,

No, doubtleſs; for the Mind can backward caſt
Upon herſelf, her Underſtanding Light;
But ſhe is ſo corrupt, and ſo defac'd,
As her own *Image* doth herſelf affright.

As is the Table of the Lady fair,
Which for her Luſt was turn'd into a Cow;
When thirſty, to a Stream ſhe did repair,
And ſaw herſelf transform'd ſhe wiſt not how:

At firſt ſhe ſtartles, then ſhe ſtands amaz'd;
At laſt with Terror ſhe from thence doth fly,
And loaths the wat'ry Glaſs wherein ſhe gaz'd,
And ſhuns it ſtill, altho' for Thirſt ſhe die.

Ev'n ſo *Man*'s *Soul*, which did GOD's Image bear,
And was at firſt fair, good, and ſpotleſs pure;
Since with her *Sins*, her Beauties blotted were,
Doth of all Sights her own Sight leaſt endure.

For ev'n at firſt Reflection ſhe eſpies
Such ſtrange *Chimera*'s, and ſuch Monſters there;
Such Toys, ſuch *Antick*s, and ſuch Vanities,
As ſhe retires and ſhrinks for Shame and Fear.

And as the Man loves leaſt at *Home* to be,
That has a ſluttiſh Houſe, haunted with *Sprites*;
So ſhe, impatient her own Faults to ſee,
Turns from her *Self*, and in ſtrange Things delights.

For this, few *know themſelves*: For Merchants broke,
View their Eſtate with Diſcontent and Pain;
And *Seas* are troubled, when they do revoke
Their flowing Waves into themſelves again.

And while the Face of outward Things we find,
Pleasing and fair, agreeable and sweet,
These Things transport, and carry out the Mind,
That with herself, the Mind can never meet.

Yet if *Affliction* once her Wars begin,
And threat the feebler *Sense* with Sword and Fire,
The *Mind* contracts herself, and shrinketh in,
And to herself she gladly doth retire:

As *Spiders* touch'd, seek their Webs inmost Part;
As *Bees* in Storms back to their Hives return;
As Blood in Danger gathers to the Heart;
As Men seek Towns, when Foes the Country burn.

If ought can teach us ought, *Affliction*'s Looks,
(Making us pry into ourselves so near)
Teach us to *know ourselves* beyond all *Books*,
Or all the learned *Schools* that ever were.

This Mistress lately pluck'd me by the Ear,
And many a Golden Lesson hath me taught;
Hath made my *Senses* quick, and *Reason* clear,
Reform'd my *Will*, and rectify'd my *Thought*.

So do the *Winds* and *Thunders* cleanse the Air:
So working Seas settle and purge the Wine;
So lopp'd and pruned Trees do flourish fair,
So doth the Fire the drossy Gold refine.

Neither *Minerva*, nor the learned *Muses*,
Nor Rules of *Art* nor *Precepts* of the Wise,
Could in my Brain those Beams of Skill infuse,
As but the Glance of this *Dame*'s angry Eyes.

She within *Lists* my ranging Mind hath brought,
That now beyond myself I will not go;
Myself am *Centre* of my circling Thought,
Only *myself* I study, learn and know.

I know my *Body*'s of so frail a Kind,
As Force without, Fevers within can kill:
I know the Heavenly Nature of my *Mind*;
But 'tis corrupted both in *Wit* and *Will:*

I know my Soul hath Power to know all Things;
Yet is she blind and ignorant in all:
I know I'm one of *Nature*'s little Kings;
Yet to the least and vilest Things am Thrall.

I know my Life's a *Pain*, and but a *Span*;
I know my *Sense* is mock'd in ev'ry Thing:
And, to conclude, I know myself a *Man*,
Which is a *proud* and yet a *wretched* Thing.

KNOW THYSELF.

O *Ignorant* poor Man! what dost thou bear,
Lock'd up within the Casket of thy Breast?
What Jewels, and what Riches hast thou there?
What Heav'nly Treasure in so weak a Chest?

Look in thy *Soul*, and thou shalt *Beauties* find,
Like those which drown'd *Narcissus* in the Flood:
Honour and *Pleasure* both are in thy Mind,
And all that in the World is counted *Good*.

[*By Sir* JOHN DAVIES.] Think

Think of her Worth, and think that GOD did mean,
This worthy Mind ſhould worthy Things embrace:
Blot not her Beauties with thy Thoughts unclean,
Nor her Diſhonour with thy Paſſions baſe.

Kill not her *quick'ning Pow'r* with Surfeitings;
Mar not her *Senſe* with Senſuality:
Caſt not her ſerious *Wit* on idle Things;
Make not her *Free-Will* Slave to Vanity.

And when thou think'ſt of her *Eternity*,
Think not that *Death* againſt our Nature is;
Think it a *Birth*: And when thou go'ſt to die,
Sing like a Swan, as if thou went'ſt to Bliſs.

And if Thou, like a Child, didſt fear before,
B'ing in the Dark where thou didſt nothing ſee;
Now I have brought the *Torch-Light*, fear no more;
Nor when thou dy'ſt, thou canſt not hood-wink'd be.

And thou, my *Soul*, which turn'ſt with curious Eye,
To view the Beams of thine own Form divine,
Know, that thou can'ſt know nothing perfectly,
While thou art clouded with this Fleſh of mine.

Take heed of *Over-weening*, and compare
Thy *Peacock's* Feet with thy gay *Peacock's* Train:
Study the beſt and higheſt Things that are,
But of Thyſelf an humble Thought retain.

Caſt down Thyſelf, and only ſtrive to raiſe
The Glory of thy Maker's ſacred Name:
Uſe all thy Pow'rs, that bleſſed Pow'r to praiſe,
Which gives thee Pow'r to *be*, and *uſe the ſame*.

PERIRRHANTERIUM:

OR, THE

CHURCH-PORCH.

THOU whose sweet Youth and early Hopes inhance
Thy Rate and Price, and mark thee for a Treasure;
Hearken unto a Verser, who may chance
Rhyme thee to good, and make a Bait of Pleasure.
A Verse may find him, who a Sermon flies,
And turn Delight into a Sacrifice.

Beware of Lust; it doth pollute and foul
Whom GOD in Baptism washt with his own Blood.
It blots the Lesson written in thy Soul;
The holy Lines cannot be understood.
How dare those Eyes upon a Bible look,
Much less towards GOD, whose Lust is all their Book?

Drink not the third Glass, which thou can'st not tame
When once it is within thee; but before
Mayst rule it, as thou list; and pour the Shame,
Which it would pour on thee, upon the Floor.
It is most just to throw that on the Ground
Which would throw me there, if I keep the Round.

[*From* HERBERT.] He

He that is drunken, may his Mother kill
Big with his Sister: He hath loſt the Reins,
Is out-law'd by himſelf: All kind of Ill
Did with his Liquor ſlide into his Veins:
The Drunkard forfeits Man, and doth diveſt
All worldly Right, ſave what he hath by Beaſt.

Yet, if thou ſin in Wine or Wantonneſs,
Boaſt not thereof, nor make thy Shame thy Glory.
Frailty gets Pardon by Submiſſiveneſs;
But he that boaſts, ſhuts that out of his Story:
He makes flat War with God, and doth defy
With his poor Clod of Earth the ſpacious Sky.

Take not his Name, who made thy Mouth, in vain:
It gets thee nothing, and hath no Excuſe,
Luſt, and Wine plead a Pleaſure, Avarice Gain;
But the cheap Swearer through his open Sluce
Lets his Soul run for nought, as little fearing.
Were I an *Epicure*, I could bate Swearing.

When thou doſt tell another's Jeſt, therein
Omit the Oaths, which true Wit cannot need:
Pick out of Tales the Mirth, but not the Sin.
He pares the Apple that would cleanly feed.
Play not away the Vertue of that Name
Which is thy beſt Stake, when Griefs make thee tame.

The cheapeſt Sins moſt dearly puniſht are;
Becauſe to ſhun them alſo is ſo cheap:
For we have Wit to mark them, and to ſpare.
O crumble not away thy Soul's fair Heap.
If thou wilt die, the Gates of Hell are broad:
Pride and full Sins have made the Way a Road.

Lie

Lie not; but let thy Heart be true to GOD,
Thy Mouth to it, thy Actions to them both:
Cowards tell Lies, and thoſe that fear the Rod;
The ſtormy working Soul ſpits Lies and Froth.
Dare to be true. Nothing can need a Lie:
A Fault, which needs it moſt, grows two thereby.

Fly Idleneſs, which yet thou canſt not fly
By Dreſſing, Miſtreſſing, and Complement.
If thoſe take up thy Day, the Sun will cry
Againſt thee: For his Light was only lent.
GOD gave thy Soul brave Wings; put not thoſe Feathers
Into a Bed, to ſleep out all ill Weathers.

Art thou a *Magiſtrate?* Then be ſevere:
If *Studious*, copy fair what Time hath blurr'd;
Redeem Truth from his Jaws: If Souldier,
Chaſe brave Imployments with a naked Sword
Throughout the World. Fool not: For all may have,
If they dare try, a glorious Life, or Grave.

When thou doſt purpoſe ought within thy Pow'r,
Be ſure to do it, though it be but ſmall.
Conſtancy knits the Bones, and makes us tower,
When wanton Pleaſure beckens us to Thrall.
Who breaks his own Bond, forfeiteth himſelf:
What Nature makes a Ship, he makes a Shelf.

Do all Things like a Man, not ſneakingly:
Think the *King* ſees thee ſtill; for his KING does.
Simp'ring is but a Lay-Hypocriſy:
Give it a Corner, and the Clue undoes.

Who fears to do Ill, ſets himſelf to Task:
Who fears to do well, ſure ſhould wear a Maſk.

Slight thoſe who ſay amidſt their ſickly Healths,
Thou liv'ſt by Rule. What doth not ſo *but* Man?
Houſes are built by *Rule*, and Common-Wealths.
Entice the truſty Sun, if that you can,
From his *Ecliptick* Line; becken the Sky.
Who lives by Rule then, keeps good Company.

Who keeps no Guard upon himſelf, is ſlack,
And rots to nothing at the next great Thaw.
Man is a Shop of Rules, a well truſs'd Pack,
Whoſe every Parcel under-writes a Law.
Loſe not Thyſelf, nor give thy Humours Way:
God gave them to thee under Lock and Key.

By all Means uſe ſometimes to be alone.
Salute thy Self: See what thy Soul doth wear:
Dare to look in thy Cheſt; for 'tis thine own:
And tumble up and down what thou find'ſt there.
Who cannot reſt 'till he good Fellows find,
He breaks up Houſe, turns out of Doors his Mind.

Be thrifty, but not covetous: Therefore give
Thy Need, thine Honour, and thy Friend his Due.
Never was Scraper brave Man. Get to live;
Then live, and uſe it: Elſe, it is not true
That thou haſt gotten. Surely Uſe alone
Makes Money not a contemptible Stone.

In Clothes, cheap Handſomeneſs doth bear the Bell.
Wiſdom's a trimmer Thing than Shop e'er gave.

Say

Say not then, This with that Lace will do well;
But, This with my Diſcretion will be brave.
Much Curiouſneſs is a perpetual Wooing
Nothing with Labour, Folly long a doing.

In Converſation Boldneſs now bears Sway.
But know that nothing can ſo fooliſh be
As empty Boldneſs: Therefore firſt eſſay
To ſtore thy Mind with ſolid Bravery;
Then march on gallant: Get ſubſtantial Worth;
Boldneſs gilds finely, and will ſet it forth.

Laugh not too much: The witty Man laughs leaſt:
For Wit is News only to Ignorance.
Leſs at thine own Things laugh; leſt in the Jeſt
Thy Perſon ſhare, and the Conceit advance.
Make not thy Sport, Abuſes: For the Fly
That feeds on Dung is coloured thereby.

Wit's an unruly Engine, wildly ſtriking
Sometimes a Friend, ſometimes the Engineer.
Haſt thou the Knack? pamper it not with Liking:
But if thou want it, buy it not too dear.
Many affecting Wit beyond their Pow'r,
Have got to be a dear Fool for an Hour.

When Baſeneſs is exalted, do not bate
The *Place* its Honour, for the *Perſon*'s Sake.
The Shrine is that which thou doſt venerate;
And not the Beaſt that bears it on his Back.
I care not though the Cloth of State ſhould be
Not of rich Arras, but mean Tapeſtry.

Thy Friend put in thy Boſom: Wear his Eyes
Still in thy Heart, that he may ſee what's there.
If Cauſe require, thou art his Sacrifice;
Thy Drops of Blood muſt pay down all his Fear.
But Love is loſt, the Way of Friendſhip's gone!
Though *David* had his *Jonathan*, CHRIST his *John*.

In thy Diſcourſe, if thou deſire to pleaſe,
Let all be courteous, uſeful, new, or witty.
Uſefulneſs comes by Labour, Wit by Eaſe;
Courteſy grows in Court, News in the City.
Get a good Stock of theſe, then draw the Card
That ſuits him beſt of whom thy Speech is heard.

Entice all neatly to what they know beſt;
For ſo thou doſt thyſelf and him a Pleaſure:
(But a proud Ignorance will loſe his Reſt,
Rather then ſhew his Cards) ſteal from his Treaſure
What to aſk further. Doubts well rais'd do lock
The Speaker to thee, and preſerve thy Stock.

If thou be Maſter-gunner, ſpend not all
That thou canſt ſpeak, at once; but husband it,
And give Men Turns of Speech: Do not foreſtall
By Laviſhneſs thine own and others Wit,
As if thou mad'ſt thy Will. A civil Gueſt
Will no more talk all, than eat all the Feaſt.

Be calm in arguing: For Fierceneſs makes
Error a Fault, and Truth Diſcourteſy.
Why ſhould I feel another Man's Miſtakes
More than his Sickneſſes, or Poverty?

In *Love* I ſhould: But *Anger* is *not Love*,
Nor *Wiſdom* neither: Therefore gently move.

Calmneſs is great Advantage: He that lets
Another chafe, may warm him at his Fire,
Mark all his Wandrings, and enjoy his Frets;
As cunning Fencers ſuffer Heat to tire.
Truth dwells not in the Clouds: The Bow that's there
Doth often aim at, never hit the Sphere.

Be uſeful where thou liveſt, that they may
Both want and wiſh thy pleaſing Preſence ſtill.
Kindneſs, good Parts, great Places are the Way
To compaſs this. Find out Mens Wants and Will,
And meet them there. All worldly Joys are leſs
Than that one Joy of doing Kindneſſes.

Let thy Mind ſtill be bent, ſtill plotting where,
And when, and how the Buſineſs may be done.
Slackneſs breeds Worms; but the ſure Traveller,
Though he alight ſometimes, ſtill goeth on.
Active and ſtirring Spirits live alone.
Write on the others, *Here lies ſuch an one.*

Slight not the ſmalleſt Loſs, whether it be
In Love or Honour: Take Account of all;
Shine like the Sun in every Corner: See
Whether thy Stock of Credit ſwell or fall.
Who ſay, *I care not*, thoſe I give for loſt;
And to inſtruct them will not quit the Coſt.

Scorn no Man's Love, though of a mean Degree;
(Love is a Preſent for a mighty King)

Much leſs make any one thine Enemy.
As Guns deſtroy, ſo may a little Sling.
The cunning Work-man never doth refuſe
The meaneſt Tool, that he may chance to uſe.

Keep all thy natural Good, and naturalize
All *foreign* of that Name; but ſcorn their Ill:
Embrace their Activeneſs, not Vanities.
Who follows all Things, forfeiteth his Will.
If thou obſerveſt Strangers in each Fit,
In Time they'll run thee out of all thy Wit.

Affect in Things about thee Cleanlineſs,
That all may gladly touch thee as a Flower.
Slovens take up their Stock of Noiſomneſs
Beforehand, and anticipate their laſt Hour.
Let thy Minds Sweetneſs have his Operation
Upon thy Body, Clothes, and Habitation.

In Alms regard thy Means, and others Merit.
Think Heav'n a better Bargain than to give
Only thy ſingle Market-money for it.
Join Hands with GOD to make a Man to live.
Give to all Something, to a good poor Man,
'Till thou change Names, and be where he began.

Man is GOD's Image; but a poor Man is
CHRIST's Stamp to boot: Both Images regard.
GOD reckons for him, counts the Favour his:
Write, *ſo much giv'n to* GOD; thou ſhalt be heard.
Let thy Alms go before, and keep Heav'ns Gate
Open for thee; or both may come too late.

Reſtore to GOD his Due in Tithe and Time:
A Tithe purloin'd cankers the whole Eſtate.
Sundays obſerve: Think, when the Bells do chime,
'Tis Angels Muſick; therefore come not late.

GOD then deals Bleſſings: If a King did ſo,
Who would not haſte, nay give, to ſee the Show?

Tho' *private* Prayer be a brave Deſign,
Yet *publick* hath more Promiſes, more Love:
And Love's a Weight to Hearts, to Eyes a Sign.
We are all but cold Suiters; let us move
Where it is warmeſt. Leave thy Six and Seven;
Pray with the moſt; for where moſt pray, is Heaven.

When once thy Foot enters the Church, be bare,
GOD is more there than thou: For thou art there
Only by his Permiſſion. Then beware,
And make thyſelf all Reverence and Fear.
Kneeling ne'er ſpoil'd Silk Stocking: Quit thy State:
All equal are within the *Churche*'s Gate.

Let vain or buſy Thoughts have there no part:
Bring not thy Plow, thy Plots, thy Pleaſures thither.
CHRIST purg'd his Temple; ſo muſt thou thy Heart.
All worldly Thoughts are but Thieves met togther
To cozen thee. Look to thy Actions well:
For Churches are either our Heav'n or Hell.

Judge not the Preacher; for he is thy Judge:
If thou miſlike him, thou conceiv'ſt him not.
GOD calleth Preaching Folly. Do not grudge
To pick out Treaſures from an Earthen Pot.

The

The Worſt ſpeak ſomething good: If all want Senſe,
GOD takes a Text, and preacheth *Patience.*

Sum up at Night, what thou haſt done by Day;
And in the Morning, what thou haſt to do.
Dreſs and undreſs thy Soul: Mark the Decay
And Growth of it: If with thy Watch, that too
Be down, then wind up both: Since we ſhall be
Moſt ſurely judg'd, make thy Accounts agree.

In brief, acquit thee bravely: Play the Man.
Look not on Pleaſures as they come, but go.
Defer not the leaſt Vertue: Life's poor Span
Make not an Ell, by trifling in thy Woe.
If thou do ill, the Joy fades, not the Pains:
If well, the Pain doth fade, the Joy remains.

PROVIDENCE.

O SACRED PROVIDENCE, who from End to End
Strongly and ſweetly moveſt! ſhall I write,
And not of Thee, through whom my Fingers bend
To hold my Quill? ſhall they not do Thee Right?

Of all the Creatures both in Sea and Land
Only to Man Thou haſt made known thy Ways;
And put the Pen alone into his Hand,
And made him Secretary of thy Praiſe.

[*From* HERBERT.] Beaſts

Beaſts fain would ſing; Birds Ditty to their Notes;
Trees would be tuning on their native Lute
To thy Renown: But all their Hands and Throats
Are brought to Man, while they are lame and mute.

Man is the World's *High-Prieſt*: He doth preſent
The Sacrifice for all; while they below
Unto the Service murmur an Aſſent,
Such as Springs uſe that fall, and Winds that blow.

Wherefore, moſt ſacred Spirit, I here preſent
For me and all my Fellows Praiſe to Thee:
And juſt it is that I ſhould pay the Rent,
Becauſe the Benefit accrues to me.

We all acknowledge both thy Power and Love
To be exact, tranſcendant, and divine;
Who doſt ſo ſtrongly and ſo ſweetly move,
While all Things have their Will, yet none but *thine*.

For either thy *Command* or thy *Permiſſion*
Lay Hands on all: They are thy *Right* and *Left*.
The Firſt puts on with Speed and Expedition;
The other curbs Sins, ſtealing Peace and Theft.

Nothing eſcapes them both: All muſt appear,
And be diſpos'd, and dreſs'd, and tune'd by Thee,
Who ſweetly temper'ſt all. If we could hear
Thy Skill and Art, what Muſick would it be!

Thou art in ſmall Things Great, not Small in any:
Thy even Praiſe can neither riſe nor fall.
Thou art in all Things One, in each Thing Many:
For Thou art Infinite in One, and All.

Thy

Thy Store-houſe ſerves the World: The Meat is ſet,
Where all may reach: Each Beaſt knows how to feed:
Birds teach us Hawking: Fiſhes have their Net:
The Great prey on the Leſs, they on ſome Weed.

Nothing ingendred doth prevent his Meat;
Flies have their Table ſpread, e'er they appear.
Some Creatures have in Winter what to eat;
Others do ſleep, and envy not their Cheer.

How finely doſt thou Times and Seaſons ſpin!
And make a cheker'd Twiſt of Night and Day!
Which as it lengthens, winds, and winds us in,
As Bowls go on, but turning all the Way.

Each Creature hath a Wiſdom for his Good.
The Pidgeons feed their tender Off-ſpring, crying,
When they are callow; but withdraw their Food
When they are fledge, that Need may teach them Flying.

Bees work for Man; and yet they never bruiſe
Their Maſter's Flow'r, but leave it, having done,
As fair as ever, and as fit to uſe:
So both the Flow'r doth ſtay, and Honey run.

Sheep eat the Graſs, and dung the Ground for more:
Trees after Bearing, drop their Leaves for Soil:
Springs vent their Streams, and by Expenſe get Store:
Clouds cool by Heat, and Baths by cooling boil.

Who hath the Vertue to expreſs the rare,
And curious Vertues both of Herbs and Stones?
Is there an Herb for that? O that thy Care
Would ſhow a Root that gives Expreſſions!

E'n

E'n *Poiſons* praiſe thee. Should a Thing be loſt?
Should Creatures want, for want of Heed, their Due?
Since where are Poiſons, Antidotes are moſt;
Thy Help ſtands cloſe, and keeps the Fear in View.

The Sea, which ſeems to ſtop the Traveller,
Is by a Ship the ſpeedier Paſſage made;
The Winds, who think they rule the Mariner,
Are rul'd by him, and taught to ſerve his Trade.

And as Thy Houſe is full, ſo I adore
Thy curious Art in marſhaling thy Goods.
The Hills with Health abound; the Vales with Store;
The *South* with Marble; the *North* with Furs and Woods.

Light without Wind is Glaſs: Warm without Weight
Is Wool and Furs: Cool without Cloſeneſs, Shade;
Speed without Pains, a Horſe: Tall without Height,
A ſervile Hawk: Low without Loſs, a Spade.

All Countries have enough to ſerve their Need:
If they ſeek fine Things, Thou doſt make them run
For their Offence; and then doſt turn their Speed
To be Commerce and Trade from Sun to Sun.

Nothing wears Cloaths but Man; nothing doth need
But he to wear them. Nothing uſeth Fire,
But Man alone, to ſhew his Heav'nly Breed:
And only He hath Fewel in Deſire.

When th' Earth was dry, Thou mad'ſt a Sea of Wet:
When that lay gather'd, Thou didſt broach the Mountains:

When

When yet ſome Places could no Moiſture get,
The Winds grew Gard'ners, and the Clouds good Fountains.

Rains, do not hurt my Flowers; but gently ſpend
Your Honey-Drops: Preſs not to ſmell them here:
When they are ripe, their Odour will aſcend,
And at your Lodging with their Thanks appear.

How harſh are Thorns to Pears! and yet they make
A better Hedge, and needful Reparation.
How ſmooth are Silks compared with a Stake,
Or with a Stone! yet make no good Foundation.

Sometimes Thou doſt divide thy Gifts to Man,
Sometimes unite. The *Indian* Nut alone
Is Cloathing, Meat, and Trencher, Drink, and Can,
Boat, Cable, Sail, and Needle, all in one.

Moſt Herbs that grow in Brooks, are hot and dry.
Cold Fruits warm Kernels help againſt the Wind.
The Lemon's Juice and Rind cure mutually.
The Whey of Milk doth looſe, the Milk doth bind.

Thy Creatures leap not, but expreſs a Feaſt,
Where all the Gueſts ſit cloſe, and nothing wants.
Frogs marry, Fiſh and Fleſh; Bats, Bird, and Beaſt;
Sponges, Non-ſenſe and Senſe; Mines, th' Earth and Plants.

But who hath Praiſe enough? Nay, who hath any?
None can expreſs thy Works, *but* He that knows them:
And none can know thy Works, which are ſo many,
And ſo compleat, but only He that owns them.

All

All Things that are, though they have ſeveral Ways,
Yet in their Being join with One Advice
To honour Thee: And ſo I give Thee Praiſe
In all my other Hymns, but in this twice.

Each Thing that is, although in Uſe and Name
It go for One, hath many Ways in Store
To honour Thee: And ſo each Hymn thy Fame
Extolleth many Ways, yet this once more.

ISAIAH XXXIV.

I.

AWAKE, and with Attention hear,
Thou *drowſy World*, for it concerns thee near:
Awake, I ſay, and liſten well
To what from GOD, I, his *loud Prophet* tell.
Bid both the *Poles* ſuppreſs their ſtormy Noiſe,
And bid the roaring *Sea* contain its Voice.
Be ſtill thou *Sea*, be ſtill thou *Air* and *Earth*,
Still as old *Chaos*, before Motion's Birth;
A dreadful *Hoſt* of *Judgments* is gone out,
In Strength and Number more
Than e'er was rais'd by GOD before,
To ſcourge the Rebel-World, and march it round about.

II.

I ſee the *Sword* of GOD brandiſh't above,
And from it ſtreams a diſmal Ray;
I ſee the *Scabbard* caſt away:
How red anon with *Slaughter* will it prove!

How will it *ſweat* and *reek* in *Blood!*
How will the *Scarlet-Glutton* be *o'er-gorg'd* with Food!
And devour all the mighty *Feaſt!*
Nothing ſoon but Bones will reſt.
GOD does a ſolemn *Sacrifice* prepare;
But not of Oxen, nor of Rams,
Not of Kids, nor of their Dams,
Not of Heifers, nor of Lambs.
The *Altar*, all the *Land*, and all *Men* in't the *Victims* are.
Some wicked *Men's* more guilty Blood to ſpare,
The *Beaſts* ſo long have ſacrificed been,
Since Men their *Birth-Right* forfeit ſtill by Sin,
'Tis fit at laſt *Beaſts* their *Revenge* ſhould have,
And *ſacrificed* Men their better *Brethren* ſave.

III.

So will they fall, ſo will they flee,
Such will the *Creatures* wild Diſtraction be,
When at the Final Doom
Nature and *Time* ſhall both be ſlain,
Shall ſtruggle with *Death's Pangs* in vain,
And the whole *World* their *Funeral-Pile* become.
The wide-ſtretch'd *Scrowl* of *Heav'n*, which we
Immortal as the DEITY think,
With all the beauteous *Characters* that in it
With ſuch deep *Senſe* by GOD's own *Hand* were writ,
Whoſe *Eloquence* tho' we underſtand not, we admire,
Shall crackle, and the Parts together ſhrink
Like *Parchment* in a Fire.
Th' exauſted *Sun* to the *Moon* no more ſhall lend;
But truly then headlong into the *Sea* deſcend.

The

The glittering *Hoſt* now in ſuch fair Array,
So proud, ſo well appointed, and ſo gay,
Like fearful *Troops* in ſome ſtrong Ambuſh ta'en
Shall ſome fly routed, ſome fall ſlain,
Thick as ripe *Fruit*, or *Leaves* in *Autumn* fall,
With ſuch a violent *Storm* as blows down *Tree* and *All*.

IV.

And thou, O curſed *Land*,
Which wilt not ſee the *Precipice* where thou doſt ſtand,
Tho' thou ſtand'ſt juſt upon the Brink,
Thou of this poiſon'd *Bowl* the bitter Dregs ſhall drink.
Thy *Rivers* and thy *Lakes* ſhall ſo
With human Blood o'erflow;
That they ſhall fetch the ſlaughter'd Corps away,
Which in the Fields around unburried lay.
And rob the *Beaſts* and *Birds* to give the *Fiſh* their Prey.
The rotting Corps ſhall ſo infect the Air,
Beget ſuch *Plagues* and putrid *Venoms* there,
That by thine own *Dead* ſhall be ſlain
All thy few *Living* that remain.
As one who buys, *ſurveys* a Ground,
So the *Deſtroying-Angel meaſures* it around;
So careful and ſo ſtrict he is,
Leſt any *Nook* or *Corner* he ſhould miſs;
He walks about the periſhing Nation,
Ruin behind him ſtalks and empty *Deſolation*.

V.

Then ſhall the *Market* and the *Pleading-Place*
Be choak'd with *Brambles*, and o'ergrown with *Graſs*:

The *Serpents* through thy *Streets* ſhall rowl,
And in thy lower Rooms the *Wolves* ſhall howl,
And thy gilt Chambers lodge the *Raven* and the *Owl*;
And all the wing'd *Ill-Omens* of the Air,
Though no *new Ills* can be *foreboded* there.
The *Lion* then ſhall to the *Leopard* ſay,
Brother Leopard come away;
Behold a Land which GOD has given us in Prey!
Behold a Land from whence we ſee
Mankind expulſt *his* and *our* common *Enemy!*
The *Brother-Leopard* ſhakes himſelf, and does not ſtay.

VI.

The glutted *Vulturs* ſhall expect in vain
New *Armies* to be ſlain:
Shall find at laſt the Buſineſs done,
Leave their conſumed *Quarters*, and be gone.
Th' unburied *Ghoſts* ſhall ſadly moan,
The *Satyrs* laugh to hear them groan.
The *Evil-Spirits* that delight
To dance and revel in the *Maſk* of *Night*;
The *Moon* and *Stars*, their ſole *Spectators*, ſhall affright.
And if of loſt *Mankind*
Ought happen to be left behind,
If any *Reliques* but remain,
They in the *Dens* ſhall lurk, *Beaſts* in the *Palaces* ſhall reign.

LIFE and *FAME.*

I.

OH Life, thou *Nothing*'s *younger Brother!*
So *like*, that one may take *one* for the *other!*
In all the Cobwebs of the Schoolmen's Trade
We no ſuch nice Diſtinction woven ſee,
As 'tis *To be*, or *Not to be.*
Dream of a *Shadow!* a *Reflection* made
From the falſe Glories of the *watry Row*,
Is a more *ſolid* Thing than *Thou.*
Vain weak-built *Iſthmus!* which doſt proudly riſe
Up between *two Eternities*;
Yet can'ſt not *Wave*, nor Wind *ſuſtain*,
But *broken* and *o'erwhelm'd* the *Oceans* meet again.

II.

And with what rare *Inventions* do we ſtrive,
Ourſelves then to ſurvive?
Some with vaſt coſtly *Tombs* would purchaſe it,
And by the *Proofs* of *Death* pretend to *live.*
Here lies the Great---Falſe *Marble* where?
Nothing but *ſmall* and *ſordid Duſt* lies there.
Some build Enormous Mountain-*Palaces*,
The *Fools* and *Architects* to pleaſe:
A laſting *Life* in well-hewn *Stone* they rear:
So he who on the *Egyptian* Shore
Was ſlain ſo many hundred Years before,

Lives ſtill (Oh *Life* moſt *happy* and moſt *dear!*
O *Life* that *Epicures* envy to hear!)
Lives in the *Ruins* of his *Amphitheatre.*

III.

Cæſar an higher Place does claim
In the *Seraphick Entity* of *Fame:*
He ſince that *Toy* his *Death*
Does fill all Mouths, and *breaths* in all Mens *Breath.*
——The two *Immortal Syllables* remain;
But O! ye learned Men explain,
What *Eſſence,* what *Exiſtence* this
In *ſix poor Letters* is?
In thoſe alone does the *Great* CÆSAR *live;*
'Tis all the *Conquer'd World* could give!
We *Poets* madder yet than all,
With a refin'd *Fantaſtick Vanity,*
Think we not only *Have* but *Give Eternity.*
Fain would I ſee that *Prodigal,*
Who his *Tomorrow* would beſtow,
For all old HOMER's *Life* e'er ſince he *dy'd* till *now.*

L I F E.

Naſcentes morimur. MANIL.

WE'RE ill by theſe *Grammarians* us'd;
We are abus'd by *Words,* groſsly abus'd:
From the *Maternal Tomb,*
To the *Grave's* fruitful *Womb,*

[*From Mr.* COWLEY.] We

We call her *Life*; but *Life's* a *Name*
That nothing here can truly claim:
Tho' wretched *Inn*, where we ſcarce ſtay to *bait*,
We call our *Dwelling-Place*;
We call one *Step* a *Race*:
But *Angels* in their full enlighten'd *State*,
Angels who *live*, and know what 'tis to *Be*,
Who all the *Nonſenſe* of our *Language* ſee,
Who Words, our ill-drawn *Pictures* ſcorn,
When we by' a *fooliſh Figure* ſay,
Behold an old Man dead! then they
Speak properly, and cry, *Behold a Man-Child born.*

II.

My Eyes are open'd, and I ſee
Through the *tranſparent Fallacy*:
Becauſe we wiſely ſeem to talk
Like *Men* of *Buſineſs*; and for *Buſineſs* walk
From Place to Place,
And mighty *Voyages* we take,
And mighty *Journeys* ſeem to make
Becauſe we *fight* and *Battles* gain;
Some *Captives* call and ſay, *the reſt are ſlain*:
Becauſe we heap up *yellow Earth*, and ſo
Rich, valiant, wiſe, and virtuous ſeem to grow:
Becauſe we draw a long *Nobility*
From *Hieroglyphick* Proofs of *Heraldry*,
And *impudently* talk of a *Poſterity*;
We grow at laſt by *Cuſtom* to believe,
That really we live:
Whilſt all theſe *Shadows* that for *Things* we take,
Are but the empty *Dreams* which in Death's *Sleep* we make.

The

THE PLAGUES of *EGYPT.*

I.

IS this thy *Bravery, Man,* is this thy *Pride?*
Rebel to GOD, and *Slave* to all beſide!
Captiv'd by every Thing! and only *Free*
To fly from thine *own Liberty!*
All *Creatures* the *Creator* ſaid *were thine;*
No *Creature* but might ſince ſay, *Man is Mine!*
In black *Egyptian Slavery* we lye;
And ſweat and toil in the vile Drudgery
Of Tyrant Sin;
To which we *Trophies* raiſe, and wear out all our Breath,
In building up the *Monuments* of *Death;*
We, the *choice Race,* to GOD, and *Angels* Kin!
In vain the *Prophets* and *Apoſtles* come
To call us home,
Home to the promis'd *Canaan* above,
Which does with nouriſhing *Milk,* and pleaſant Honey flow;
And even i'th' Way to which we ſhould be fed
With *Angels taſteful Bread:*
But we alas! the *Fleſh-pots* love,
We love the very *Leeks,* and ſordid Roots below.

[*From Mr.* COWLEY.]

In

II.

In vain we *Judgments* feel, and Wonders ſee;
In vain did GOD to deſcend hither deign,
He was his *own Ambaſſador* in vain,
Our *Moſes* and our *Guide* himſelf to be!
We will not let *our ſelves* to go,
And with worſe hardned Hearts do our *own Pharoahs* grow;
Ah, leſt at laſt we periſh ſo!
Think, ſtubborn Man, think of th' *Egyptian Prince*,
(Hard of *Belief*, and *Will*, but not ſo hard as thou)
Think with what dreadful Proofs GOD did convince
The feeble Arguments that human Power could ſhow;
Think what Plagues atrend on Thee
Who *Moſes* GOD doſt now refuſe, more oft than *Moſes* He.

III.

If from ſome God you come (ſaid the proud *King*)
With half a Smile and half a Frown;
(But ſay, what GOD's to *Egypt* yet unknown?)
What *Sign*, what *Powers*, what *Credence* do you bring?
Behold his *Seal*, behold his Hand,
Cries *Moſes*, and caſts down th' *Almighty Wand*!
Th' *Almighty Wand* ſcarce touch'd the Earth,
When with an undiſcerned Birth,
Th' *Almighty Wand* a *Serpent* grew,
And his long Half in painted Folds behind him drew,
Upwards his threatning Tail he threw,
Upwards he caſt his threatning *Head*,
He gape'd and hiſt aloud,
With flaming Eyes ſurvey'd the trembling Crowd,

And

And like a *Baſiliſk* almoſt *look'd* the Aſſembly dead;
Swift fled th' *Amazed King*, the *Guards* before him fled!

IV.

Jannes and *Jambres* ſtopp'd their Flight,
And with proud Words allay'd th' Affright.
The God of *Slaves!* (ſaid they) how can he be
More powerful than their *Maſter's Deity?*
And down they caſt their *Rods*,
And muttered ſecret Sounds that charm the *ſervile*
Gods.
The evil Spirits their Charms obey,
And in a ſubtle Cloud they ſnatch the *Rods* away,
And *Serpents* in their Place the airy *Juglers* lay.
Serpents in *Egypt*'s monſt'rous Land
Were ready ſtill at hand,
And all at the *Old Serpent*'s firſt Command.
And they too gape'd, and they too hiſt,
And they their threat'ning Tails did twiſt;
But ſtrait on both the *Hebrew Serpent* flew;
Broke both their active *Backs*, and both it ſlew,
And both almoſt at once devour'd;
So much was over-power'd
By GOD's miraculous *Creation*
His *Servant-Nature*'s ſlightly wrought and feeble *Generation!*

V.

On the fame'd Bank the Prophets ſtood
Touch'd with their *Rod* and *wounded* all the *Flood*;
Flood now no more, but a long *Vein* of putrid *Blood*.
The helpleſs *Fiſh* were found
In their ſtrange *Current* drown'd;

The

The Herbs and Trees waſh'd by the *mortal Tide*
About it *bluſh'd* and *dy'd*.
Th' amazed *Crocodiles* made Haſte to Ground:
From their vaſt Trunks the dropping Gore they ſpy'd,
Thought it their *own*, and dreadfully aloud they cry'd.
Nor all thy *Prieſts*, nor *Thou*
Oh *King!* could'ſt ever ſhow
From whence thy wand'ring *Nile* begins his Courſe;
Of this *new Nile* thou ſee'ſt the *ſacred* Source;
And as thy Land *that* does o'reflow,
Take heed leſt *this* do ſo.
What *Plague* more juſt could on thy *Waters* fall?
The *Hebrew Infant's Murder* ſtains them All.
The kind, *inſtructing Puniſhment* enjoy;
Whom the *Red River* cannot *mend* the *Red-Sea* ſhall *deſtroy*.

VI.

The *River* yet gave one *Inſtruction* more,
And from the rotting Fiſh and unconcocted Gore,
Which was but *Water* juſt before,
A loathſome *Hoſt* was quickly made,
That ſcale the *Banks*, and all the Land invade,
As when the *Nile* forſakes his ſacred *Bed*
(But like a *Friend* he viſits all the Land
With welcome Preſents in his Hand)
So did this *Living Tide* the Fields o'erſpread.
In vain the alarmed Country tries
To kill their noiſome Enemies;
From th' unexhauſted *Source* ſtill new *Recruits* ariſe,
Nor does the *Earth* theſe greedy *Troops* ſuffice,
The *Towns* and *Houſes* they poſſeſs,
The *Temples* and the *Palaces*; Nor

Nor *Pharoah*, nor his Gods they ſear;
Both their important Croakings hear.
Unſatiate yet, they mount up higher,
Where never *Sun-born-Frog* durſt to aſpire,
And in the Silken *Beds* their ſlimy Members place;
A *Luxury* unknown before to all the *watry Race*.

VII.

The *Water* thus her *Wonders did produce*;
But both were to no Uſe.
The *Sorcerer's mimick Power* ſerv'd for Excuſe.
Try what the *Earth* will do (ſaid GOD) and, Lo!
They ſtroke the *Earth* a *fertile* Blow,
And All the *Duſt* did ſtrait to ſtir begin;
One would have thought ſome ſudden *Wind* 't had been;
But lo, 'twas nimble *Life* was got within!
And all the little *Springs* did move,
And every *Duſt* did an arm'd *Virmine* prove,
Of an unknown and new created Kind,
Such as the *Magick Gods* could neither *make* nor *find*.
The wretched ſhameful *Foe* allow'd no Reſt
Either to Man or Beaſt.
Not *Pharoah* from the unquiet Plague could be,
With all his Change of Raiment free;
The Devils themſelves confeſt
This *was* GOD's Hand; and 'twas but juſt
To puniſh thus Man's Pride, to puniſh *Duſt* with *Duſt*.

VIII.

Lo! the *third Element* does his Plagues prepare,
And ſwarming Clouds of *Inſects* fill the Air,

With

With ſullen Noiſe they take their Flight,
And march in *Bodies* infinite;
In vain 'tis Day *above*, 'tis ſtill *beneath* them *Night*.
Of harmful *Flies* the *Nations* numberleſs
Compos'd this mighty Army's ſpacious Boaſt;
Of different *Manners*, different *Languages*
And different *Habits* too they wore,
And different *Arms* they bore:
And ſome like *Scythians* liv'd on *Blood*,
And ſome on *Green* and ſome on *Flowry Food*,
And *Accaron* the airy Prince, led on this various *Hoſt*.
Houſes ſecure not Men, the populous Ill
Did all the Houſes fill.
The Country all around
Did with the Cries of tortured Cattle ſound;
About the Fields enrag'd they flew,
And wiſh'd the Plague that was t' enſue.

IX.

From *poiſonous Stars* a mortal *Influence* came,
(The mingled Malice of their Flame)
A ſkilful Angel did the Ingredients take,
And with juſt Hands the ſad *Compoſure* make,
And over all the Land did the full *Viol* ſhake.
Thirſt, Giddineſs, and putrid Heats,
And *pining Pains* and *ſhiv'ring Sweats*
On all the Cattle, all the Beaſts did fall;
With *deform'd Death* the Country's cover'd all.
The labouring *Ox* drops down before the *Plow*;
The Crowned *Victims* to the *Altar* led
Sink, and prevent the *lifted Blow*.
The generous *Horſe* from the *full Manger* turns his
Head,

Does his lov'd Floods and Paſtures ſcorn,
Hates the ſhrill Trumpet and the Horn,
Nor can his lifeleſs Noſtril pleaſe,
With the once raviſhing Smell of all his dappled *Miſtreſſes*.
The ſtarving *Sheep* refuſe to feed,
They bleat their innocent Souls out into Air;
The faithful *Dogs* lie gaſping by them there;
Th' aſtoniſh'd *Shepherd* weeps and breaks his tuneful Reed.

X.

Thus did the *Beaſts* for *Man's Rebellion* die;
GOD did on Man a gentler Medicine try,
And a Diſeaſe for Phyſick did apply.
Warm Aſhes from the Furnace *Moſes* took;
The Sorcerers did with Wonder on him look;
And ſmil'd at th' unaccuſtom'd Spell,
Which no *Egyptian Rituals* tell.
He flings the *pregnant Aſhes* thro' the Air,
And ſpeaks a mighty Prayer,
Both which the *miniſtring Winds* around all *Egypt bear*.
As gentle Eaſtern Gales with downy Wings
Hatching the tender *Springs*,
To th' unborn *Buds* with vital Whiſpers ſay,
Ye *living Buds* why do ye ſtay?
The paſſionate *Buds* break thro' the *Bark* their Way:
So whereſoe'er this *tainted Wind* but blew,
Swelling *Pains* and *Ulcers* grew;
It from the Body call'd all *ſleeping Poiſons* out,
And to them added New;
A noiſome *Spring* of *Sores*, as thick as *Leaves* did ſprout.

Hea-

XI.

Heaven itself is angry next;
Wo to *Man* when *Heaven* is vext!
With sullen Brow it frown'd,
And murmur'd first in an imperfect Sound.
'Till *Moses* lifting up his Hand,
Waves th' expected *Signal* of his *Wand*,
And all the full-charg'd *Clouds* in ranged Squadrons move,
And fill the spacious *Plains* above,
Through which the rolling *Thunder* first does play,
And opens wide the Tempests noisy Way.
And strait a *stony Shower*
Of monstrous *Hail* does downward pour;
Such as ne'er *Winter* yet brought forth,
From all her stormy *Magazines* of the *North*.
It all the *Beasts* and *Men* abroad did slay,
O'er the Defaced Corps like *Monuments* it lay;
The Houses and strong-bodied Trees it broke,
Nor ask'd Aid from the *Thunder*'s Stroke.
The *Thunder* but for *Terror* through it flew;
The Hail alone the Work could do.
The dismal *Lightnings* all around,
Some flying thro' the *Air*, some running on the *Ground*,
Some swiming o'er the *Water*'s Face,
Fill'd with *bright Horror* every Place;
One would have thought their *dreadful Day* to have seen,
The very *Hail* and *Rain* itself had *kindled* been.

XII.

The Infant *Corn*, which yet did ſcarce appear,
Eſcape'd this general *Maſſacre*
Of every Thing that grew,
And the well ſtor'd *Egyptian Year*
Began to cloath her Fields and Trees anew:
When lo! a *ſcorching Wind* from the burnt Countries blew!
And endleſs *Legions* with it drew
Of greedy *Locuſts*, who where-e'er
With ſounding Wings they flew,
Left all the Earth depopulate and bare;
As if *Winter* itſelf had march'd by there.
What e'er the *Sun* and *Nile*
Gave with large Bounty to the thankful Soil,
The wretched *Pillagers* bore away,
And the whole *Summer* was their Prey;
'Till *Moſes* with a Prayer
Breath'd forth a violent Weſtern Wind,
Which all theſe *living Clouds* did headlong bear
(No *Stragglers* left behind)
Into the *purple Sea*, and there beſtow
On the luxurious *Fiſh* a Feaſt they ne'er did know.
With *untaught Joy Pharaoh* the News does hear,
And little thinks *their Fate* attends on *him* and *his* ſo near.

XIII.

What *Blindneſs* or what *Darkneſs* did there e'er
Like this *undocil King*'s appear?
What e'er but that which now does repreſent
And point the *Crime* out in the *Puniſhment?*

From

From the deep, baleful Caves of *Hell* below,
Where the old *Mother Night* does grow,
Subſtantial Night, that does diſclaim
Privation's empty Name,
Through ſecret Conduits monſtrous *Shapes* aroſe,
Such as the Sun's whole Force could not oppoſe,
They with a *ſolid Cloud*
All Heaven's *eclipſed Face* did ſhroud,
Seem'd with large *Wings* ſpread o'er the Sea and Earth
To brood up a new *Chaos* his deformed Birth.
And every *Lamp* and every *Fire*,
Did at the dreadful Sight *wink* and *expire*,
To th' *Empyrean Source* all *Streams* of *Light* ſeem'd to retire.
The *living Men* were in their *ſtanding*-Houſes *buried*;
But the *long Night* no *Slumber* knows,
But the *ſhort Death* finds no *Repoſe*.
Ten Thouſand Terrors through the Darkneſs fled,
And *Ghoſts* complain'd, and Spirits murmured;
And *Fancy*'s multiplying Sight
View'd all the *Scenes Inviſible* of *Night*.

XIV.

Of GOD's dreadful Anger theſe
Were but the firſt light *Skirmiſhes*;
The *Shock* and bloody *Battle* now begins,
The plenteous *Harveſt* of full ripen'd Sins.
It was the Time when the ſtill *Moon*
Was mounted ſoftly to her *Noon*.
Michael the warlike *Prince*, does downward fly
Swift as the Journeys of the Sight,
Swift as the Race of Light,

And with his *winged Will* cuts thro' the yielding
Sky;
He paſs'd thro' many a Star, and as he paſs'd,
Shone (like a *Star* in them) more brightly there,
Than *they* did in their *Sphere*.
On a tall *Pyramid's* pointed Head he ſtopt at laſt,
And a mild Look of ſacred *Pity* caſt
Down on the ſinful Land where he was ſent,
T' inflict th' *tardy Puniſhment*.
Ah! yet (ſaid he) yet ſtubborn King repent;
Whilſt thus unarm'd I ſtand,
E'er the keen *Sword* of GOD fill my *commanded Hand*;
Suffer but yet *thy ſelf*, and *thine* to live;
Who would alas! believe
That it for *Man* (ſaid he)
So hard to be *forgiven* ſhould be,
And yet for GOD ſo eaſy to *forgive*!

XV.

He ſpoke, and downwards flew,
And o'er his ſhining *Form* a well-cut *Cloud* he threw,
Made of the blackeſt *Fleece* of Night.
And cloſe-wrought to keep in the powerful *Light*,
Yet wrought ſo *fine* it hindred not his *Flight*.
But through the Key-Holes and the Chinks of Doors,
And thro' th' narroweſt *Walks* of crooked *Pores*,
He paſt more ſwift and free,
Than in wide Air the wanton *Swallows* flee.
He took a *pointed Peſtilence* in his Hand,
The *Spirits* of Thouſand mortal Poiſons made
The ſtrongly-temper'd Blade,
The ſharpeſt *Sword* that e'er was laid

Up

Up in the *Magazines* of GOD, to ſcourge a wicked Land.

Through *Egypt*'s wicked Land his March he took,
And as he march'd, the *ſacred Firſt-born* ſtrook
Of every Womb; none did he ſpare;
None from the meaneſt Beaſt to *Cenchre*'s *purple Heir*.

XVI.

The ſwift Approach of endleſs *Night*,
Breaks ope the wounded *Sleepers* rolling Eyes;
They awake the reſt with dying Cries,
And *Darkneſs* doubles th' Affright.
The mixed Sounds of *ſcatter'd Deaths* they hear,
And loſe their parted *Souls* 'twixt *Grief* and *Fear*.
Louder than all, the ſhrieking *Women*'s Voice
Pierces this *Chaos* of confuſed Noiſe.
As brighter *Lightning* cuts a Way,
Clear and diſtinguiſh'd thro' the *Day*.
Whilſt *Health*, and *Strength*, and *Gladneſs* does poſſeſs
The feſtal *Hebrew Cottages*;
The bleſt *Deſtroyer* comes not there,
To interrupt the ſacred Cheer,
That now begins their well-reformed *Year*.
Upon their Doors he read and underſtood,
GOD's *Protection* writ in Blood;
Well was he ſkill'd i' th' *Character Divine*;
And tho' he paſs'd by it in Haſte,
He bow'd and worſhip'd, as he paſt,
The mighty *Myſtery* through it's *humble Sign*.

The

XVII.

The *Sword* ſtrikes now too deep and near,
Longer with its Edge to play;
No Diligence or Coſt they ſpare
To haſte the *Hebrews* now away,
Pharaoh Himſelf chides their Delay;
So kind and bountiful is *Fear!*
But, O! the *Bounty* which to *Fear* we owe,
Is but like *Fire* ſtruck out of *Stone*;
So hardly got, and quickly gone,
That it ſcarce out-lives the *Blow*.
Sorrow and Fear ſoon quit the *Tyrant's* Breaſt,
Rage and *Revenge* their Place poſſeſt:
With a vaſt Hoſt of *Chariots* and of *Horſe*,
And all his powerful Kingdom's ready Force,
The *travelling Nation* he purſues:
Ten Times o'er-come, he ſtill the unequal War renews,
Fill'd with proud Hopes at laſt (ſaid he)
Th' *Egyptian* Gods, from *Syrian Magick* free,
Will now revenge *themſelves* and *me*;
Behold! what paſsleſs Rocks on either Hand,
Like *Priſon-Walls* about them ſtand!
Whilſt the *Sea* bounds their Flight before:
And in our injured *Juſtice* they muſt find
A far worſe Stop than *Rocks* and *Seas* behind,
Which ſhall with crimſon Gore
New paint the *Water's Name*, and *doubly dye* the *Shore*.
He ſpoke and all his Hoſt
Approv'd with Shouts th' *unhappy Boaſt*,
A bidden *Wind* bore his vain *Words* away,
And drown'd them in the neighbouring Sea.

No

No Means t' eſcape the faithful *Travellers* ſpy,
And with degenerate Fear to die,
Curſe their new-gotten *Liberty*.
But the great *Guide* well knew he led them right,
And ſaw a *Path* hid yet from Human Sight.
He ſtrikes the Waves, the Waves on either Side
Unlooſe their cloſe *Embraces* and divide;
And backward preſs, as in ſome ſolemn Show
The crowding People do,
(Though juſt before no Space was ſeen)
To let th' admired *Triumph* paſs between.
The *wond'ring Army* ſaw, on either Hand,
The no leſs *wond'ring Waves*, like *Rocks* of *Chryſtal* ſtand.
They march'd betwixt, and boldly trod
The *ſecret Paths* of GOD;
And here and there, all ſcatter'd in their Way,
The Sea's old Spoils and gaping *Fiſhes* lay
Deſerted on the Sandy Plain.
The *Sun* did with Aſtoniſhment behold
The inmoſt Chambers of the open'd Main;
For whatſoe'er of old
By his *own Prieſts*, the *Poets*, has been ſaid,
He never ſunk 'till then into the *Ocean's Bed*.

XIX.

Led chearfully by a bright *Captain Flame*,
To th' other Shore at Morning Dawn they came,
And ſaw behind th' unguided Foe
March diſorderly and ſlow.
The *Prophet* ſtrait from the *Idumæan* Strand
Shakes his *Imperious Wand*.

The

The upper Waves that higheſt crowded lie,
The beck'ning *Wand* eſpy.
Strait their firſt Right-hand *Files* begin to move,
And with a murmuring Wind,
Give the Word *march* to all behind.
The Left-hand *Squadrons* no leſs ready prove,
But with a joyful louder Noiſe,
Anſwer their diſtant Fellows Voice,
And Haſte to meet them make,
As ſeveral *Troops* at once a common *Signal* take.
What Tongue the Amazement and th' Affright can tell
Which on the *Chamian Army* fell,
When on both Sides they ſaw the roaring Main
Broke looſe from his *Inviſible Chain?*
They ſaw the *monſtrous Death* and *watry War*,
Come rolling down loud Ruin from afar.
In vain ſome backward, and ſome forward fly
With helpleſs Haſte; in vain they cry
To their *cæleſtial Beaſts* for Aid;
In vain their guilty *King* they upbraid,
In vain on *Moſes he*, and *Moſes*'s GOD does call,
With a *Repentance, true too late*;
They're compaſt round with *devouring Fate*,
That draws, like a ſtrong *Net*, the mighty *Sea* upon them *All*.

PARA-

PARAPHRASE

ON THE

CXLVIII^th PSALM.

O *Azure Vaults! O Chryſtal Sky!*
The World's tranſparent Canopy;
Break your long Silence, and let Mortals know,
With what Contempt ye look on Things below.

Wing'd Squadrons of the GOD of War,
Who conquer whereſoe'er you are:
Let ecchoing Anthems make his Praiſes known
On Earth his Foot-ſtool, as in Heaven his Throne:

Great Eye of all, whoſe glorious Ray
Rules the bright Empire of Day.
O praiſe his Name, without whoſe purer Light,
Thou hadſt been hid in an Abyſs of Night.

Ye *Moon* and *Planets*, who diſpenſe,
By GOD's Command, your Influence,
Reſign to Him, as your Creator's Due,
That Veneration which Men pay to you.

Faireſt, as well as Firſt of Things,
From whom all Joy, all Beauty ſprings,
O praiſe th' Almighty Ruler of the Globe,
Who uſeth thee for his Empyreal Robe:

[*From Lord* ROSCOMMON.] Praiſe

Praiſe Him ye loud *harmonius Spheres*,
Whoſe ſacred Stamp all Nature bears,
Who did all Forms from the rude *Chaos* draw,
And whoſe Command is th' univerſal Law.

Ye *watry Mountains* of the Sky,
And ye ſo far above our Eye,
Vaſt ever-moving Orbs, exalt his Name,
Who gave its Being to your glorious Fame.

Ye Dragons whoſe contagious Breath,
Peoples the dark Retreats of Death,
Change your fierce Hiſſing into joyful Song,
And praiſe your Maker with your forked Tongue.

Praiſe Him ye *Monſters* of the *Deep*,
That in the Sea's vaſt Boſom ſleep,
At whoſe Command the foaming Billows roar,
Yet know their Limits: Tremble and adore.

Ye *Miſts* and *Vapours*, *Hail* and *Snow*,
And you who through the Concave blow;
Swift Executors of his holy Word,
Whirlwinds and *Tempeſts*, praiſe the Almighty LORD.

Mountains, who to your Maker's View,
Seem leſs than Mole-Hills do to you,
Remember how, when firſt JEHOVAH ſpoke,
All Heaven was Fire, and *Sinai* hid in Smoke.

Praiſe Him *ſweet Offspring* of the Ground,
With heavenly Nectar yearly crown'd:
And ye tall *Cedars*, celebrate his Praiſe,
That in his Temple ſacred Altars raiſe.

Idle

Idle *Muſicians* of the *Spring*
Whoſe only Care's to love and ſing,
Fly thro' the World, and let your trembling Throat
Praiſe your Creator with the ſweeteſt Note.

Praiſe him each Salvage furious *Beaſt*,
That on his Stores do daily Feaſt.
And you *tame Slaves* of the laborious Plow,
Your weary Knees to your Creator bow.

Majeſtick *Monarchs*, *Mortal Gods*,
Whoſe Power hath here no Periods,
May all Attempts againſt your Crown be vain,
But ſtill remember by whoſe Power you reign.

Let the wide World his Praiſes ſing,
Where *Tagus* and *Euphrates* ſpring:
And from the *Danube*'s froſty Banks, to thoſe,
Where from an unknown Head great *Nilus* flows.

You that diſpoſe of all our Lives,
Praiſe Him from whom your Power derives.
Be true and juſt like Him, and fear his Word,
As much as Malefactors do your Sword.

Praiſe Him old *Monuments* of *Time*,
O praiſe Him in your youthful Prime.
Praiſe Him fair Idols of our greedy Senſe,
Exalt His Name, ſweet Age of Innocence:

JEHOVAH's Name ſhall only laſt,
When Heaven, Earth, and all is paſt.
Nothing great GOD, is to be found in Thee,
But unconceivable Eternity.

Exalt, O *Jacob*'s ſacred Race,
The GOD of Gods, the GOD of Grace:
Who will above the Stars your Empire raiſe,
And with His Glory recompence your Praiſe.

A HYMN *to* *DARKNESS.*

I.

DARKNESS, thou firſt kind Parent of us all,
Thou art our great Original!
Since from thy univerſal Womb
Does all thou ſhad'ſt below, thy num'rous Offspring, come.

II.

Thy wond'rous Birth is ev'n to Time unknown,
Or, like Eternity, thou'dſt none:
Whilſt Light did its firſt Being owe
Unto that awful Shade, it dares to *Rival* now.

III.

Say in what diſtant Region doſt thou dwell!
To Reaſon inacceſſible:
From Form, and duller Matter, free,
Thou ſoar'ſt above the Reach of Man's Philoſophy.

IV.

Involv'd in thee, we firſt receive our Breath,
Thou art our Refuge too in Death:
Great Monarch of the Grave and Womb!
Where e'er our Souls ſhall go, to thee our Bodies come.

[*By Mr.* YALDEN.]

The

V.

The ſilent Globe is ſtruck with awful Fear,
When thy Majeſtick Shades appear:
Thou doſt compoſe the Air and Sea;
And Earth a Sabbath keeps ſacred to Reſt and Thee.

VI.

In thy ſerener Shades our Ghoſts delight,
And court the Umbrage of the Night:
In Vaults, and gloomy Caves, they ſtray,
But fly the Morning's Beams, and ſicken at the Day.

VII.

Tho' ſolid Bodies dare exclude the Light,
Nor will the brighteſt Ray admit:
No Subſtance can thy Force repel;
Thou reign'ſt in Depths below, do'ſt at the Center dwell.

VIII.

The ſparkling Gems, and Ore in Mines below,
To thee their beauteous Luſtre owe:
Tho' form'd within the Womb of Night,
Bright as their Sire they ſhine with native Rays of Light.

IX.

When thou doſt raiſe thy venerable Head,
And art in genuine Night array'd:
Thy *Negro* Beauties then delight,
Beauties like poliſh'd Jet, with their own Darkneſs bright.

X.

Thou doſt thy Smiles impartially beſtow,
And know'ſt no Diff'rence here below:
All Things appear the ſame by thee,
Tho' Light Diſtinction makes, thou giv'ſt Equality.

XI.

Calm, as the Bleſs'd above, the *Anchorites* dwell,
Within their peaceful, gloomy Cell:
Their Minds with Heav'nly Joys are fill'd,
The Pleaſures Light denies, thy Shades for ever yield.

XII.

When the Almighty did on *Horeb* ſtand,
Thy Shades inclos'd the hallow'd Land:
In Clouds of Night he was array'd,
And venerable Darkneſs his Pavillion made.

XIII.

When He appear'd arm'd in his Pow'r and Might,
He veil'd the Beatifick Light:
When terrible with Majeſty,
In Tempeſts he gave Laws, and clad himſelf with Thee.

XIV.

E'er the Foundation of the Earth was laid,
Or brighter Firmament was made:
E'er Matter, Time, or Place were known,
Thou Monarch Darkneſs ſway'dſt theſe ſpacious Realms alone.

XV.

But now the Moon (though gay with borrow'd Light)
Invades thy ſcanty Lot of Night:
By Rebel Subjects thou 'rt betray'd,
The Anarchy of Stars depoſe their Monarch Shade.

XVI.

Yet fading Light its Empire muſt reſign,
And Nature's Pow'r ſubmit to Thine:
An univerſal Ruin ſhall erect thy Throne,
And Fate confirm thy Kingdom evermore thy own.

HORACE, Lib. 2. *Ode* 14.

Eheu Fugaces, Poſthume, Poſthume
Labuntur Anni, &c.

I.

AH! no, 'tis all in vain, believe me 'tis,
This pious Artifice.
Not all theſe Pray'rs and Alms can buy
One Moment tow'rd Eternity.
Eternity! that boundleſs Race,
Which Time himſelf can never run:
(Swift, as he flies with an unweary'd Pace)
Which, when Ten Thouſand, Thouſand Years are done,

[*By Mr.* CONGREVE.]

Is ſtill the ſame, and ſtill to be begun.
Fix'd are thoſe Limits, which preſcribe
A ſhort Extent to the moſt laſting Breath;
And though thou cou'dſt for Sacrifice lay down
Millions of other Lives to ſave thy own,
'Twere fruitleſs all: Not all would bribe
One Supernumerary Gaſp from Death.

II.

In vain's thy inexhauſted Store
Of Wealth, in vain thy Pow'r,
The Rich, the Great, the Innocent and Juſt
Muſt all be huddl'd to the Grave,
With the moſt Vile and Ignominious Slave,
And undiſtinguiſh'd lie in Duſt.
In vain the Fearful flies Alarms,
In vain he is ſecure from Wounds of Arms,
In vain avoids the faithleſs Seas,
And is confin'd to Home and Eaſe,
Bounding his Knowledge to extend his Days.
In vain are all thoſe Arts we try,
All our Evaſions, and Regret to die:
From the Contagion of Mortality,
No Clime is pure, no Air is free:
And no Retreat
Is ſo Obſcure, as to be hid from Fate.

III.

Thou muſt, alas! thou muſt, my Friend:
(The very Hour thou now doſt ſpend
In ſtudying to avoid, brings on thine End,)

Thou

Thou muſt forego the deareſt Joys of Life;
Leave the warm Boſom of thy tender Wife,
And all the much-lov'd Off-ſpring of her Womb,
To moulder in the cold Embraces of a Tomb.
All muſt be left, and all be loſt;
Thy Houſe, whoſe ſtately Structure ſo much coſt,
Shall not afford
Room for the ſtinking Carcaſs of its Lord.
Of all thy pleaſant Gardens, Grots and Bow'rs,
Thy coſtly Fruits, thy far-fetch'd Plants and Flow'rs,
Nought ſhalt thou ſave;
Unleſs a Sprig of Roſemary thou have,
To wither with thee in the Grave:
The reſt ſhall live and flouriſh, to upbraid
Their Tranſitory Maſter Dead.

HORACE, Lib. 2. Ode 3.

Oequam Memento ——

I.

BE calm, my *Delius*, and ſerene,
However Fortune change the Scene!
In thy moſt dejected State,
Sink not underneath the Weight;
Nor yet, when happy Days begin,
And the full Tide comes rolling in,
Let a fierce unruly Joy
The ſettled Quiet of thy Mind deſtroy:

[*From Mr.* DRYDEN's *Miſcellanies.*] How-

However Fortune change the Scene,
Be calm, my *Delius*, and ſerene!

II.

Be thy Lot good, or be it ill,
Life ebbs out at the ſame Rate ſtill:
Whether with buſy Cares oppreſt,
You wear the ſullen Time away;
Or whether to ſweet Eaſe and Reſt
You ſometimes give a Day;
Careleſly laid,
Underneath a friendly Shade,
By Pines and Poplars mixt Embraces made;
Near a River's ſliding Stream,
Fetter'd in Sleep, bleſs'd with a Golden Dream.

III.

Here, here, in this much envy'd State,
Let ev'ry Bleſſing on thee wait;
And let the Roſes ſhort-liv'd Flow'r,
The ſmiling Daughter of an Hour,
Flouriſh on thy Brow:
Enjoy the *very, very* Now!
While the good Hand of Life is in,
While yet the fatal Sifters Spin.

IV.

A little hence, my Friend, and Thou
Muſt into other Hands reſign
Thy Gardens and thy Parks, and all that now
Bears the pleaſing Name of Thine!
Thy Meadows, by whoſe planted Sides,

Silver

Silver *Tyber* gently glides,
Thy pleaſant Houſes; all muſt go;
The Gold that's hoarded in 'em too:
A jolly Heir ſhall ſet it free,
And give th' impriſon'd Monarchs Liberty.

V.

Nor matters it, what Figure here,
Thou doſt among thy Fellow-Mortals bear;
How thou wert born, or how begot;
Impartial Death matters it not:
With what Titles thou doſt ſhine,
Or who was firſt of all thy Line:
Life's vain Amuſements! amidſt which we dwell;
Nor weigh'd, nor underſtood, by the Grim God of Hell!

VI.

In the ſame Road (alas!) all travel on!
By all the ſame ſad Journey muſt be gone!
Our blended Lots together lie,
Mingled in one common Urn:
Sooner or later out they fly:
The fatal Boat then wafts us to the Shore,
Whence we never ſhall return,
Never! —— never more?

THE CHARACTER OF A GOOD PARSON.

Imitated from CHAUCER.

A Pariſh-Prieſt was of the Pilgrim-Train;
An Awful, Rev'rend, and Religious Man.
His Eyes diffus'd a venerable Grace,
And Charity itſelf was in his Face.
Rich was his Soul, tho' his Attire was poor;
(As GOD had cloth'd his own Ambaſſador;)
For ſuch, on Earth, his bleſs'd Redeemer bore.
Of Sixty Years he ſeem'd; and well might laſt
To Sixty more, but that he liv'd too faſt;
Refin'd himſelf to Soul, to curb the Senſe;
And made almoſt a Sin of Abſtinence.
Yet, had his Aſpect nothing of ſevere,
But ſuch a Face as promis'd him ſincere.
Nothing reſerv'd or ſullen was to ſee:
But ſweet Regards; and pleaſing Sanctity;
Mild was his Accent, and his Action free.
With Eloquence innate his Tongue was arm'd;
Tho' harſh the Precept, yet the Preacher charm'd.

[*By Mr.* DRYDEN.]

For,

For, letting down the golden Chain from high,
He drew his Audience upward to the Sky:
And oft, with holy Hymns, he charm'd their Ears;
(A Muſick more melodious than the Spheres.)
For *David* left him, when he went to Reſt,
His Lyre; and after him, he ſung the beſt.
He bore his great Commiſſion in his Look:
But ſweetly temper'd Awe; and ſoftned all he ſpoke.
He preach'd the Joys of Heav'n, and Pains of Hell;
And warn'd the Sinner with becoming Zeal:
But on eternal Mercy lov'd to dwell.
He taught the Goſpel rather than the Law:
And forc'd himſelf to drive; but lov'd to draw.
For Fear but freezes Minds; but Love, like Heat,
Exhales the Soul ſublime, to ſeek her Native Seat.
To Threats, the ſtubborn Sinner oft is hard:
Wrapp'd in his Crimes, againſt the Storm prepar'd;
But, when the milder Beams of Mercy play,
He melts, and throws his cumb'rous Cloak away.

Lightning and Thunder (Heav'n's Artillery)
As Harbingers before th' Almighty fly:
Thoſe but proclaim his Stile, and diſappear;
The ſtiller Sound ſucceeds; and GOD is there.

Still of his little, he had ſome to ſpare,
To feed the Famiſh'd, and to clothe the Bare:
For Mortify'd he was to that Degree,
A poorer than Himſelf he wou'd not ſee.
True Prieſts, he ſaid, and Preachers of the Word
Were only Stewards of their Sov'reign LORD;

Nothing

Nothing was theirs; but all the publick Store,
Intruſted Riches, to relieve the Poor.
Who, ſhou'd they ſteal, for want of his Relief,
He judg'd himſelf Accomplice with the Thief.

Wide was his Pariſh; not contracted cloſe
In Streets, but here and there a ſtraggling Houſe;
Yet ſtill he was at hand, without Requeſt,
To ſerve the Sick; to ſuccour the Diſtreſs'd:
Tempting, on Foot alone, without affright,
The Dangers of a dark tempeſtuous Night.

All this, the good old Man perform'd alone,
Nor ſpar'd his Pains; for Curate he had none.
Yet duly watch'd his Flock, by Night and Day,
And from the prowling Wolf redeem'd the Prey,
And hungry ſent the wily Fox away.

The Proud he tame'd, the Penitent he chear'd:
Nor to rebuke the *Rich* Offender fear'd.
His Preaching much, but more his Practice wrought;
(A living Sermon of the Truths he taught;)
For this by Rules ſevere his Life he ſquare'd:
That all might *ſee* the Doctrine which they *heard*.
For Prieſts, he ſaid, are Patterns for the reſt:
(The Gold of Heav'n, who bear the GOD impreſs'd)
But when the precious Coin is kept unclean,
The Sov'reign's Image is no longer ſeen.
If they be foul, on whom the People truſt,
Well may the baſer Braſs contract a Ruſt.

The Prelate, for his Holy Life, he priz'd;
The worldly Pomp of Prelacy deſpis'd,

His

His Saviour came not with a gaudy Show;
Nor was his Kingdom of the World below.
Patience in Want, and Poverty of Mind,
Theſe Marks of Church and Churchmen he deſign'd,
And living taught; and dying left behind.
The Crown He wore was of the pointed Thorn:
In Purple He was Crucify'd, not Born.
They who contend for Place and high Degree,
Are not his Sons, but thoſe of *Zebedee*.

Such was the Saint; who ſhone with every Grace,
Reflecting, *Moſes*-like, his Maker's Face.
GOD ſaw his Image lively was expreſs'd;
And his new Work, as in Creation, bleſs'd.

THE MEDITATION.

I.

IT muſt be done (my Soul) but 'tis a ſtrange,
A diſmal and myſterious Change,
When thou ſhalt leave this Tenement of Clay,
And to an unknown Somewhere wing away;
When Time ſhall be Eternity, and thou
Shalt be thou know'ſt not what, and live thou know'ſt
not how.

II.

Amazing State! No Wonder that we dread
To think of Death, or view the Dead.
Thou'rt all wrapt up in Clouds, as if to thee
Our very Knowledge had Antipathy.
Death could not a more ſad Retinue find,
Sickneſs and Pain before, and Darkneſs all behind.

III.

Some courteous Ghoſt, tell this great Secrecy,
What 'tis you are, and we muſt be.
You warn us of approaching Death, and why
May we not know from you what 'tis to die?
But you, having ſhot the Gulph, delight to ſee
Succeeding Souls plunge in with like Uncertainty.

[*From Mr.* NORRIS.] When

IV.

When Life's cloſe Knot by Writ from Deſtiny,
Diſeaſe ſhall cut, or Age untye;
When after ſome Delays, ſome dying Strife,
The Soul ſtands ſhivering on the Ridge of Life;
With what a dreadful Curioſity
Does ſhe launch out into the Sea of vaſt Eternity!

V.

So when the ſpacious Globe was delug'd o'er,
And lower Holds could ſave no more,
On th' utmoſt Bough th' aſtoniſh'd Sinners ſtood,
And view'd th' Advances of th' encroaching Flood.
O'ertopp'd at length by th' Element's Increaſe,
With Horror they reſign'd to the untry'd Abyſs.

A

PROSPECT of *DEATH.*

I.

SINCE we can die but once, and after Death
Our State no Alteration knows;
But when we have reſign'd our Breath,
The immortal Spirit goes
To endleſs Joys, or everlaſting Woes:
Wiſe is the Man who labours to ſecure
That mighty and important Stake;
And by all Methods, ſtrives to make

[*From Mr.* POMFRET.] His

His Paſſage ſafe, and his Reception ſure.
Meerly to die no Man of Reaſon fears;
For certainly we muſt,
As we are born, return to Duſt:
'Tis the laſt Point of many ling'ring Years.
But whither then we go,
Whither, we fain would know,
But human Underſtanding cannot ſhow.
This makes us tremble, and creates
Strange Apprehenſions in the Mind;
Fills it with reſtleſs Doubts, and wild Debates
Concerning what, we Living cannot find.
None know what Death is but the Dead;
Therefore we all by Nature, Dying dread,
As a ſtrange, doubtful Way, we know not how to tread.

II.

When to the Margin of the Grave we come,
And ſcarce have one black painful Hour to live,
No Hopes, no Proſpect of a kind Reprieve,
To ſtop our ſpeedy Paſſage to the Tomb:
How moving and how monrnful is the Sight?
How wond'rous pitiful, how wond'rous ſad?
Where then is Refuge, where is Comfort to be had,
In the dark Minutes of the dreadful Night,
To chear our drooping Souls for their amazing Flight?
Feeble and languiſhing in Bed we lie,
Deſpairing to recover, void of Reſt,
Wiſhing for Death, and yet afraid to die:
Terrors and Doubts diſtract our Breaſt,
With mighty Agonies, and mighty Pains oppreſt.

Our

III.

Our Face is moiſten'd with a clammy Sweat;
Faint and irregular the Pulſes beat;
The Blood unactive grows,
And thickens as it flows,
Depriv'd of all its Vigour, all its vital Heat.
Our Dying Eyes roll heavily about,
Their Light juſt going out;
And for ſome kind Aſſiſtance call;
But Pity, uſeleſs Pity's all
Our weeping Friends can give,
Or we receive;
Tho' their Deſires are great, their Powers are ſmall.
The Tongue's unable to declare
The Pains and Griefs, the Miſeries we bear,
How inſupportable our Torments are.
Muſick no more delights our deaf'ning Ears,
Reſtores our Joys, or diſſipates our Fears;
But all is melancholly, all is ſad,
In Robes of deepeſt Mourning clad:
For every Faculty, and every Senſe,
Partakes the Woe of this dire Exigence.
Then we are ſenſible too late,
'Tis no Advantage to be Rich or Great:
For all the fulſome Pride of Pageantry and State,
No Conſolation brings;
Riches and Honours then are uſeleſs Things;
Taſtleſs or bitter all;
And like the Book which the Apoſtle eat,
To the ill-judging Palate ſweet,
But turn at laſt to Nauſeouſneſs and Gall.

Nothing will then our drooping Spirits chear
But the Remembrance of good Actions paſt.
Virtue's a Joy that will forever laſt,
And makes pale Death leſs terrible appear;
Takes out his baneful Sting, and palliates our Fear;
In the dark Anti-chamber of the Grave
What would we give, even all we have,
All that our Cares and Induſtry had gain'd,
All that our Fraud, our Policy, our Art obtain'd;
Could we recall thoſe fatal Hours again,
Which we conſum'd in ſenſeleſs Vanities,
Ambitious Follies, and Luxurious Eaſe?
For then they urge our Terrors and increaſe our Pain.

V.

Our Friends and Relatives ſtand weeping by,
Diſſolv'd in Tears to ſee us die;
And plunge into the deep Abyſs of wide Eternity.
In vain they mourn, in vain they grieve,
Their Sorrows cannot ours relieve.
They Pity our deplorable Eſtate;
But what, alas, can Pity do
To ſoften the Decrees of Fate?
Beſides, the Sentence is irrevocable too.
All their Endeavours to preſerve our Breath,
Tho' they do unſucceſsful prove,
Show us how much, how tenderly they love,
But cannot cut off the Entail of Death.
Mournful they look and croud about our Bed,
One with officious Haſte
Brings us a Cordial we want Senſe to taſte:
Another ſoftly raiſes up our Head;

This

This wipes away the Sweat; that, ſighing cries,
See what Convulſions, what ſtrong Agonies
Both Soul and Body undergo!
His Pains no Intermiſſion know;
For every Gaſp of Air he draws, returns in Sighs.
Each would his kind Aſſiſtance lend,
To ſerve his dear Relation or his dearer Friend;
But ſtill in vain with Deſtiny they all contend.

VI.

Our Father, pale with Grief and Watching grown,
Takes our cold Hand in his, and cries, Adieu!
Adieu, my Child, now I muſt follow you:
Then weeps and gently lays it down.
Our Sons who in their tender Years,
Were Objects of our Cares, and of our Fears;
Come trembling to our Bed, and kneeling, cry,
Bleſs us, O Father! now before you die;
Bleſs us, and be you bleſt to all Eternity.
Our Friend, whom equal to ourſelves we love,
Compaſſionate and kind,
Cries, will you leave me here behind,
Without me fly to the bleſt Seats above?
Without me, did I ſay? Ah no!
Without thy Friend thou can'ſt not go:
For tho' thou leav'ſt me grov'ling here below,
My Soul with thee ſhall upward fly,
And bear thy Spirit Company,
Thro' the bright Paſſage of the yielding Sky.
Even Death that parts thee from thy ſelf ſhall be
Incapable to ſeparate
(For 'tis not in the Power of Fate)

My

My Friend, my beſt, my deareſt Friend, and me:
But ſince it muſt be ſo, farewel;
For ever? No: for we ſhall meet again,
And live like GODS, tho' now we die like Men,
In the eternal Regions where juſt Spirits dwell.

VII.

The Soul, unable to maintain
The fruitleſs and unequal Strife,
Finding her weak Endeavours vain,
To keep the Counterſcarp of Life,
By ſlow Degrees retires toward the Heart,
And fortifies that little Fort
With all the kind Artilleries of Art;
Botanick Legions guarding every Port.
But Death, whoſe Arms no Mortal can repel,
A formal Siege diſdains to lay,
Summons his fierce Battalions to the Fray,
And in a Minute ſtorms the feeble Citadel.
Sometimes we may capitulate, and he
Pretends to make a ſolid Peace;
But 'tis all Sham, all Artifice;
That we may negligent and careleſs be;
For if his Armies are withdrawn to Day,
And we believe no Danger near,
But all is peaceable, and all is clear,
His Troops return ſome unſuſpected Way,
While in the ſoft Embrace of Sleep we lie,
The ſecret Murd'rer ſtabs us, and we die.

Since

VIII.

Since our Firſt Parents Fall,
Inevitable Death deſcends on All,
A Portion none of Human Race can miſs:
But that which makes it ſweet, or bitter, is,
The Fears of Miſery or certain Hopes of Bliſs:
For when the Impenitent and Wicked die
Loaded with Crimes, and Infamy,
If any Senſe at that ſad Time remains,
They feel amazing Terrors, mighty Pains.
The Earneſt of that vaſt ſtupendous Woe;
Which they to all Eternity muſt undergo;
Confin'd in Hell with everlaſting Chains.
Infernal Spirits hover in the Air,
Like rav'nous Wolves, to ſieze upon the Prey,
And hurry the departed Souls away
To the dark Receptacles of Deſpair;
Where they muſt dwell 'till that tremendous Day,
When the loud Trump ſhall call them to appear
Before a Judge moſt terrible, and moſt ſevere,
By whoſe juſt Sentence they muſt go
To everlaſting Pains, to endleſs Woe.

IX.

But the good Man, whoſe Soul is pure,
Unſpotted, regular, and free
From all the Stains of Luſt and Villany,
Of Mercy, and of Pardon ſure;
Looks thro' the Darkneſs of the gloomy Night,
And ſees the Dawning of a glorious Day;
Sees Crouds of Angels ready to convey

His

His Soul, when e'er she takes her Flight
To the surprizing Mansions of Immortal Light.
Then the Cœlestial Guards around him stand,
Nor suffer the black Dæmons of the Air
T' oppose his Passage to the promis'd Land;
Or terrify his Thoughts with wild Despair,
But all is calm within, and all without is fair.
And when the Soul's releas'd from dull Mortality,
She passes up in Triumph thro' the Sky,
Where she's united to a glorious Throng
Of Angels, who with a Cœlestial Song,
Congratulate her Conquest as she flies along.
There Joy in full Perfection flows,
And in endless Circle moves,
Thro' the vast Round of Beatifick Love,
Which no Cessation knows.

An ODE.

Inſcribed to the Memory of the

Hon. Col. *George Villiers*,

Drowned in the River *Piava*, in the Country of *Friuli*. 1703.

In Imitation of *HORACE*, Ode 28. Lib. I.

Te Maris & Terræ numeroque carentis arenæ
Menſorem cohibent, Archyta, &c.

SAY, deareſt VILLIERS, poor departed Friend,
(Since fleeting Life thus ſuddenly muſt end)
Say, what did all thy buſy Hopes avail,
That anxious Thou from Pole to Pole didſt ſail;
E'er on thy Chin the ſpringing Beard began
To ſpread a doubtful Down, and promiſe Man?
What profited thy Thoughts, and Toils, and Cares,
In Vigour more confirm'd, and riper Years?
To wake e'er Morning-dawn to loud Alarms,
And march 'till Cloſe of Night in heavy Arms;
To ſcorn the Summer Suns and Winter Snows,
And ſearch thro' ev'ry Clime thy Country's Foes?
That Thou might'ſt Fortune to thy Side ingage;
That gentle Peace might quell BELLONA's Rage;
And ANNA's Bounty crown Her Soldier's hoary Age?

[*From Mr.* PRIOR.] In

In vain We think that free-will'd Man has Pow'r
To haſten or protract th' appointed Hour.
Our Term of Life depends not on our Deed:
Before our Birth our Funeral was decreed.
Nor aw'd by Foreſight, nor miſ-led by Chance,
Imperious Death directs His Ebon Lance;
Peoples great HENRY's Tombs; and leads up HOLBEN's Dance.

Alike muſt ev'ry State, and ev'ry Age
Suſtain the univerſal Tyrant's Rage:
For neither WILLIAM's Pow'r, nor MARY's Charms
Could or repel, or pacify his Arms:
Young CHURCHILL fell, as Life began to bloom:
And BRADFORD's trembling Age expects the Tomb.
Wiſdom and Eloquence in vain would plead
One Moment's Reſpite for the learned Head:
Judges of Writings and of Men have dy'd;
MECÆNAS, SACKVILLE, SOCRATES, and HYDE:
And in their various Turns the Sons muſt tread
Thoſe gloomy Journeys, which their Sires have led.

The ancient Sage, who did ſo long maintain,
That Bodies die, but Souls return again,
With all the Births and Deaths he had in Store,
Went out PYTHAGORAS, and came no more.
And modern As----L, whoſe capricious Thought
Is yet with Stores of wilder Notions fraught.
Too ſoon convinc'd, ſhall yield that fleeting Breath,
Which play'd ſo idly with the Darts of Death.

Some from the ſtranded Veſſel force their Way;
Fearful of Fate, they meet it in the Sea:

Some

Some who eſcape the Fury of the Wave,
Sicken on Earth, and ſink into a Grave:
In Journeys or at home, in War or Peace,
By Hardſhips Many, Many fall by Eaſe.
Each changing Seaſon does its Poiſon bring;
Rheums chill the Winter, Agues blaſt the Spring:
Wet, Dry, Cold, Hot, at the appointed Hour,
All act ſubſervient to th' Almighty's Pow'r:
And when obedient Nature knows His Will,
A Fly, a Grapeſtone, or a Hair can kill.

For reſtleſs *Proſerpine* for ever treads
In Paths unſeen, o'er our devoted Heads;
And on the ſpacious Land, and liquid Main
Spreads ſlow Diſeaſe, or darts afflictive Pain:
Variety of Deaths confirms her endleſs Reign.

On ſad *Piave*'s Banks the Goddeſs ſtood,
Show'd her dire Warrant to the riſing Flood;
When what I long muſt love, and long muſt mourn,
With fatal Speed was urging his Return;
In his dear Country, to diſpenſe his Care,
And arm himſelf by Reſt for future War;
To chide his anxious Friends officious Fears,
And promiſe to their Joys his elder Years.

Oh! deſtin'd Head; and oh! ſevere Decree;
Nor native Country Thou, nor Friend ſhalt ſee;
Nor War haſt thou to wage, nor Year to come,
Impending Death is thine, and inſtant Doom.

Hark! the imperious Goddeſs is obey'd:
Winds murmur; Snows deſcend; and Waters ſpread:

Oh! Kinſman, Friend, —— Oh! vain are all the Cries
Of human Voice; ſtrong Deſtiny replies;
Weep you on Earth; for He ſhall ſleep below:
Thence none return; and thither All muſt go.

Whoe'er thou art, whom Choice or Buſineſs leads
To this ſad River, or the neighb'ring Meads;
If Thou may'ſt happen on the dreary Shores
To find the Object which This Verſe deplores,
Cleanſe the pale Corps with a religious Hand
From the polluting Weed and common Sand;
Lay the dead Hero graceful in a Grave;
(The only Honour He can now receive)
And fragrant Mould upon his Body throw:
And plant the Warrior Lawrel o'er his Brow:
Light lye the Earth; and flouriſh green the Bough.

So may juſt Heav'n ſecure thy future Life
From foreign Dangers, and domeſtick Strife:
And when th' Infernal Judges diſmal Pow'r
From the dark Urn ſhall throw Thy deſtin'd Hour;
When yielding to the Sentence, breathleſs Thou
And pale ſhalt lie, as what Thou burieſt now;
May ſome kind Friend the piteous Object ſee,
And equal Rites perform, to That which once was Thee.

CHARITY.

A PARAPHRASE

ON THE

Thirteenth CHAPTER *of the First* EPISTLE *to the* CORINTHIANS.

DID ſweeter Sounds adorn my flowing Tongue,
Than ever Man pronounc'd, or Angel ſung:
Had I all Knowledge, Human and Divine,
That Thought can reach, or Science can define;
And had I Pow'r to give that Knowledge Birth,
In all the Speeches of the babling Earth:
Did *Shadrack's* Zeal my glowing Breaſt inſpire,
To weary Tortures, and rejoice in Fire:
Or had I Faith like that which *Iſrael* ſaw,
When *Moſes* gave them Miracles, and Law:
Yet, gracious CHARITY, indulgent Gueſt,
Were not Thy Pow'r exerted in my Breaſt;
Thoſe Speeches would ſend up unheeded Pray'r:
That Scorn of Life would be but wild Deſpair:
A Cymbal's Sound were better than my Voice:
My Faith were Form: my Eloquence were Noiſe.

CHARITY, decent, modeſt, eaſy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject Mind;
Knows with juſt Reins, and even Hand to guide,
Betwixt vile Shame, and arbritary Pride.
Not ſoon provok'd, She eaſily forgives;
And much She ſuffers, as She much believes.
Soft Peace She brings where-ever She arrives:
She builds our Quiet, as She forms our Lives;
Lays the rough Paths of peeviſh Nature ev'n;
And opens in each Heart a little Heav'n.

Each other Gift, which GOD on Man beſtows,
Its proper Bounds, and due Reſtriction knows;
To one fixt Purpoſe dedicates it's Pow'r;
And finiſhing its Act, exiſts no more.
Thus, in Obedience to what Heav'n decrees,
Knowledge ſhall fail, and Prophecy ſhall ceaſe:
But laſting CHARITY's more ample Sway,
Nor bound by Time, nor ſubject to Decay,
In happy Triumph ſhall for ever live,
And endleſs Good diffuſe, and endleſs Praiſe receive.

As thro' the Artiſt's intervening Glaſs,
Our Eye obſerves the diſtant Planets paſs;
A little we diſcover, but allow,
That more remains unſeen, than Art can ſhow:
So whilſt our Mind its Knowledge wou'd improve
(Its feeble Eye intent on Things above)
High as We may, We lift our Reaſon up,
By *Faith* directed, and confirm'd by *Hope*:
Yet are We able only to ſurvey
Dawnings of Beams, and Promiſes of Day.

Heaven's

Heaven's fuller Effluence mocks our dazl'd Sight;
Too great its Swiftneſs, and too ſtrong its Light.

But ſoon the mediate Clouds ſhall be diſpell'd:
The Sun ſhall ſoon be Face to Face beheld,
In all His Robes, with all His Glory on,
Seated ſublime on his Meridian Throne.

Then conſtant FAITH, and holy HOPE ſhall dye,
One loſt in Certainty, and One in Joy:
Whilſt Thou, more happy Pow'r, fair CHARITY,
Triumphant Siſter, greateſt of the Three,
Thy Office, and Thy Nature ſtill the ſame,
Laſting thy Lamp, and unconſum'd thy Flame,
Shalt ſtill ſurvive———
Shalt ſtand before the Hoſt of HEAV'N confeſt,
For ever bleſſing, and for ever bleſt.

Heaven's fuller Influence mocks our dazzl'd Sight:
Too great its Swiftness, and too strong its Light.

But soon the mediate Clouds shall be dispell'd:
The Sun shall soon be Face to Face beheld,
In all His Robes, with all His Glory on,
Seated sublime on his Meridian Throne.

Then constant FAITH, and holy HOPE shall dye,
One lost in Certainty, and One in Joy:
Whilst THOU, more happy Pow'r, fair CHARITY,
Triumphant Sister, greatest of the Three,
Thy Office, and Thy Nature still the same,
Lasting thy Lamp, and unconsum'd thy Flame,
Shalt still survive ——
Shalt stand before the Throne of HEAV'N confest,
For ever blessing, and for ever blest.

KNOWLEDGE.

THE

FIRST BOOK.

KNOWLEDGE.

FIRST BOOK.

The ARGUMENT.

SOLOMON *seeking Happineſs from* Knowledge, *convenes the Learned Men of His Kingdom; requires them to explain to Him the various Operations and Effects of Nature; diſcourſes of Vegetables, Animals, and Man; propoſes ſome Queſtions concerning the Origin, and Situation of the habitable Earth; proceeds to examine the* Syſtem *of the viſible Heaven; doubts if there may not be a Plurality of Worlds; enquires into the Nature of Spirits and Angels; and wiſhes to be more fully informed, as to the Attributes of the Supreme* Being. *He is imperfectly anſwered by the* Rabbins, *and Doctors; blames His own Curioſity; and concludes, that as to Human Science,* ALL IS VANITY.

The ARGUMENT.

SOLOMON finding Nothing but Vanity from Knowledge, convinces the Learned Men of His Kingdom; requires them to explain to Him the various Operations and Effects of Nature; discovers of Vegetables, Animals, and Man; proposes some Questions concerning the Original, and Situation of the habitable Earth; proceeds to examine the System of the visible Heavens; doubts if there may not be a Plurality of Worlds; enquires into the Nature of Spirits and Angels; and wishes to be more fully informed, as to the Attributes of the Supreme Being. He is interrupted by the Rabbins, and Doctors; blames His own Curiosity; and concludes, that as to Human Science, ALL IS VANITY.

TEXT

TEXTS chiefly alluded to in this Book.

The Words of the Preacher, the Son of DAVID, *King of* JERUSALEM. Eccleſ. Chap. i. Ver. 1.

Vanity of Vanities, ſaith the Preacher, Vanity of Vanities, all is Vanity. Ver. 2.

I communed with mine own Heart, ſaying, Lo, I am come to great Eſtate, and have gotten more Wiſdom, than all they that have been before me in JERUSALEM: *Yea, my Heart had great Experience of Wiſdom and Knowledge.* Ver. 16.

He ſpake of Trees, from the Cedar-*tree that is in* LEBANON, *even unto the* Hyſſop *that ſpringeth out of the Wall: He ſpake alſo of Beaſts, and of Fowl, and of creeping Things, and of Fiſhes.* 1 Kings, Chap. iv. Ver. 33.

I know, that whatſoever GOD *doeth, it ſhall be for ever: nothing can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it: and* GOD *doeth it, that Men ſhould fear before him.* Eccleſ. Chap. iii. Ver. 14.

He hath made every thing beautiful in his time: Alſo he hath ſet the World in their Heart, ſo that no Man can find out the Work that GOD *maketh from the Beginning to the End.* Ver. 11.

For in much Wiſdom is much Grief: and He that increaſeth Knowledge, increaſeth Sorrow. Chap. i. Ver. 18.

And further, by theſe, my Son, be admoniſhed: of making many Books there is no End; and much Study is a Wearineſs of the Fleſh. Chap. xii. Ver. 12.



KNOW-



KNOWLEDGE.

THE

FIRST BOOK.

YE Sons of Men, with juſt Regard attend,
Obſerve the Preacher, and believe the Friend,
Whoſe ſerious MUSE inſpires him to explain,
That all we Act, and all we Think is Vain.
That in this Pilgrimage of Seventy Years,
O'er Rocks of Perils, and thro' Vales of Tears
Deſtin'd to march, our doubtful Steps we tend,
Tir'd with the Toil, yet fearful of its End,
That from the Womb we take our fatal Shares
Of Follies, Paſſions, Labours, Tumults, Cares;
And at th' Approach of Death ſhall only know
The Truths which from theſe penſive Numbers flow,
That we purſue falſe Joy, and ſuffer real Woe.

Happineſs, Object of that waking Dream,
Which we call Life, miſtaking; Fugitive Theme
Of my purſuing Verſe, Ideal Shade,
Notional Good, by Fancy only made,

And by Tradition nurs'd, fallacious Fire,
Whoſe dancing Beams miſ-lead our fond Deſire,
Cauſe of our Care, and Error of our Mind:
O! had'ſt Thou ever been by Heav'n deſign'd
For *Adam*, and his Mortal Race; the Boon
Entire had been reſerv'd for *Solamon*:
On Me the partial Lot had been beſtow'd;
And in my Cup the golden Draught had flow'd.

But O! e'er yet Original Man was made;
E'er the Foundations of this Earth were laid;
It was, opponent to our Search, ordain'd,
That Joy, ſtill ſought, ſhould never be attain'd.
This, ſad Experience cites me to reveal;
And what I dictate, is from what I feel.

Born as I was, great *David*'s fav'rite Son,
Dear to my People, on the *Hebrew* Throne
Sublime, my Court with *Ophir*'s Treaſures bleſt,
My Name extended to the fartheſt Eaſt,
My Body cloath'd with every outward Grace,
Strength in my Limbs, and Beauty in my Face,
My ſhining Thought with fruitful Notions crown'd,
Quick my Invention, and my Judgment ſound.
Ariſe (I commun'd with my ſelf) ariſe;
Think, to be happy; to be Great, be Wiſe:
Content of Spirit muſt from Science flow;
For 'tis a Godlike Attribute, to Know.

I ſaid; and ſent my Edict thro' the Land:
Around my Throne the Letter'd *Rabbins* ſtand,

Hiſtoric

Hiſtoric Leaves revolve, long Volumes ſpread,
The Old diſcourſing, as the Younger read:
Attent I heard, propos'd my Doubts, and ſaid:

The *Vegetable* World, each Plant, and Tree
Its Seed, its Name, its Nature, its Degree
I am allow'd, as *Fame* reports, to know;
From the fair *Cedar*, on the craggy Brow
Of *Lebanon* nodding ſupremely tall,
To creeping *Moſs*, and *Hyſſop* on the Wall:
Yet juſt and conſcious to my ſelf, I find
A thouſand Doubts oppoſe the ſearching Mind.

I know not why the *Beach* delights the Glade
With Boughs extended, and a rounder Shade;
Whilſt tow'ring *Firrs* in *Conic* Forms ariſe,
And with a pointed Spear divide the Skies:
Nor why again the changing *Oak* ſhould ſhed
The Yearly Honour of his ſtately Head;
Whilſt the diſtinguiſh'd *Yew* is ever ſeen,
Unchang'd his Branch, and permanent his Green.
Wanting the Sun why does the *Caltha* fade?
Why does the *Cypreſs* flouriſh in the Shade?
The *Fig* and *Date*, why love they to remain
In middle Station, and an even Plain;
While in the lower Marſh the *Gourd* is found;
And while the Hill with *Olive*-ſhade is crown'd?
Why does one Climate, and one Soil endue
The bluſhing *Poppy* with a crimſon Hue;
Yet leave the *Lilly* pale, and tinge the *Violet* blue?
Why does the fond *Carnation* love to ſhoot
A various Colour from one Parent Root;

While the fantaſtic *Tulip* ſtrives to break
In two-fold Beauty, and a parted Streak?
The twining *Jaſmine*, and the bluſhing *Roſe*,
With laviſh Grace their Morning Scents diſcloſe:
The ſmelling *Tub'roſe* and *Junquele* declare,
The ſtronger Impulſe of an Evening Air.
Whence has the Tree (reſolve me) or the Flow'r
A various Inſtinct, or a diff'rent Pow'r?
Why ſhould one Earth, one Clime, one Stream, one Breath
Raiſe this to Strength, and ſicken That to Death?

Whence does it happen, that the Plant which well
We name the *Senſitive*, ſhould move and feel?
Whence know her Leaves to anſwer her Command,
And with quick Horror fly the Neighb'ring Hand?

Along the Sunny Bank, or wat'ry Mead,
Ten thouſand Stalks their various Bloſſoms ſpread:
Peaceful and lowly in their native Soil,
They neither know to ſpin, nor care to toil;
Yet with confeſs'd Magnificence deride
Our vile Attire, and Impotence of Pride.
The *Cowſlip* ſmiles, in brighter Yellow dreſs'd,
Than That which veils the nubile Virgin's Breaſt.
A fairer Red ſtands bluſhing in the *Roſe*,
Than That which on the Bridegroom's Veſtment flows.
Take but the humbleſt *Lilly* of the Field;
And if our Pride will to our Reaſon yield,
It muſt by ſure Compariſon be ſhown,
That on the Regal Seat great *David*'s Son,

Array'd in all his Robes, and Types of Pow'r,
Shines with leſs Glory than that ſimple Flow'r.

Of Fiſhes next, my Friends, I would enquire,
How the mute Race engender, or reſpire;
From the ſmall Fry that glide on *Jordan*'s Stream
Unmark'd, a Multitude without a Name,
To that *Leviathan*, who o'er the Seas
Immenſe rolls onward his impetuous Ways,
And mocks the Wind, and in the Tempeſt plays.
How They in warlike Bands march greatly forth
From freezing Waters, and the colder North,
To Southern Climes directing their Career,
Their Station changing with th' inverted Year.
How all with careful Knowledge are indu'd,
To chuſe their proper Bed, and Wave, and Food:
To guard their Spawn, and educate their Brood.

Of Birds, how each according to her Kind
Proper Materials for her Neſt can find;
And build a Frame, which deepeſt Thought in Man
Would or amend, or imitate in vain.
How in ſmall Flights They know to try their Young,
And teach the callow Child her Parent's Song.
Why theſe frequent the Plain, and thoſe the Wood,
Why ev'ry Land has her ſpecific Brood.
Where the tall *Crane* or winding *Swallow* goes,
Fearful of gathering Winds, and falling Snows:
If into Rocks, or hollow Trees they creep,
In temporary Death confin'd to Sleep;
Or conſcious of the coming Evil, fly
To milder Regions, and a Southern Sky.

Of Beaſts and creeping Inſects ſhall we trace
The wond'rous Nature, and the various Race;
Or wild or tame, or Friend to Man or Foe,
Of Us what They, or what of Them We know?

Tell me, Ye ſtudious, who pretend to ſee
Far into Nature's Boſom, whence the *Bee*
Was firſt inform'd her vent'rous Flight to ſteer
Thro' tractleſs Paths, and an Abyſs of Air.
Whence She avoids the ſlimy Marſh, and knows
The fertile Hills, where ſweeter Herbage grows,
And Honey-making Flow'rs their opening Buds diſcloſe.
How from the thicken'd Miſt, and ſetting Sun
Finds She the Labour of her Day is done?
Who taught Her againſt Winds and Rains to ſtrive,
To bring her Burden to the certain Hive,
And thro' the liquid Fields again to paſs
Duteous, and hark'ning to the ſounding Braſs?

And, O Thou Sluggard, tell me why the *Ant*
'Midſt Summer's Plenty thinks of Winter's Want:
By conſtant Journies careful to prepare
Her Stores; and bringing home the Corney Ear,
By what Inſtruction does She bite the Grain,
Leſt hid in Earth, and taking Root again,
It might elude the Foreſight of her Care?
Diſtinct in either Inſect's Deed appear
The Marks of Thought, Contrivance, Hope, and Fear.

Fix thy corporeal, and internal Eye
On the young *Gnat*, or new-engender'd *Fly*;
On the vile *Worm*, that Yeſterday began
To crawl; Thy Fellow-Creature, abject Man!
Like Thee they breath, they move, they taſte, they ſee,
They ſhow their Paſſions by their Acts like Thee:
Darting their Stings, they previouſly declare
Deſign'd Revenge, and fierce Intent of War.
Laying their Eggs, they evidently prove
The Genial Pow'r, and full Effect of Love.
Each then has Organs to digeſt his Food,
One to beget, and one receive the Brood:
Has Limbs and Sinews, Blood, and Heart, and Brain,
Life and her proper Functions to ſuſtain;
Tho' the whole Fabric ſmaller than a Grain.
What more can our penurious Reaſon grant
To the large *Whale* or Caſtled *Elephant*,
To thoſe enormous Terrors of the *Nile*,
The creſted *Snake*, or long-tail'd *Crocodile*,
Than that all differ but in Shape and Name,
Each deſtin'd to a leſs, or larger Frame?

For potent Nature loves a various Act,
Prone to enlarge, or ſtudious to contract:
Now forms her Work too ſmall, now too immenſe,
And ſcorns the Meaſures of our feeble Senſe.
The Object ſpread too far, or rais'd too high,
Denies its real Image to the Eye:
Too little, it eludes the dazl'd Sight;
Becomes mixt Blackneſs, or unparted Light.
Water and Air the varied Form confound;
The Strait looks crooked, and the Square grows round.

Thus

Thus while with fruitleſs Hope, and weary Pain,
We ſeek great Nature's Pow'r, but ſeek in vain;
Safe ſits the Goddeſs in her dark Retreat;
Around Her, Myriads of *Ideas* wait,
And endleſs Shapes, which the Myſterious Queen
Can take or quit, can alter or retain:
As from our loſt Purſuit She wills to hide
Her cloſe Decrees, and chaſten human Pride.

Untam'd and fierce the *Tiger* ſtill remains:
He tires his Life in biting of his Chains:
For the kind Gifts of Water, and of Food,
Ungrateful, and returning Ill for Good,
He ſeeks his Keeper's Fleſh, and thirſts his Blood:
While the ſtrong *Camel*, and the gen'rous *Horſe*,
Reſtrain'd and aw'd by Man's inferior Force,
Do to the Rider's Will their Rage ſubmit,
And anſwer to the Spur, and own the Bit;
Stretch their glad Mouths to meet the Feeder's Hand,
Pleas'd with his Weight, and proud of his Command.

Again; the lonely *Fox* roams far abroad,
On ſecret Rapine bent, and Midnight Fraud;
Now haunts the Cliff, now traverſes the Lawn;
And flies the hated Neighbourhood of Man:
While the kind *Spaniel*, and the faithful *Hound*,
Likeſt that *Fox* in Shape and Species found,
Refuſes thro' theſe Cliffs and Lawns to roam;
Purſues the noted Path, and covets home;
Does with kind Joy domeſtic Faces meet,
Takes what the glutted Child denies to eat;
And dying, licks his long-lov'd Maſter's Feet.

By what immediate Cauſe they are inclin'd
In many Acts, 'tis hard, I own, to find.
I ſee in others, or I think I ſee,
That ſtrict their Principles, and ours agree.
Evil like Us they ſhun, and covet Good;
Abhor the Poiſon, and receive the Food.
Like Us they love or hate; like Us they know,
To joy the Friend, or grapple with the Foe.
With ſeeming Thought their Action they intend,
And uſe the Means proportion'd to the End.
Then vainly the Philoſopher avers,
That Reaſon guides our Deed, and Inſtinct their's.
How can We juſtly diff'rent Cauſes frame,
When the Effects entirely are the ſame?
Inſtinct and Reaſon how can we divide?
'Tis the Fool's Ignorance, and the Pedant's Pride.

The Combatant too late the Field declines;
When now the Sword is girded to his Loins.
When the ſwift Veſſel flies before the Wind;
Too late the Sailor views the Land behind.
And 'tis too late now back again to bring
Enquiry, rais'd and tow'ring on the Wing:
Forward She ſtrives, averſe to be withheld
From nobler Objects, and a larger Field.

Conſider with me this Ætherial Space,
Yielding to Earth and Sea the middle Place.
Anxious I aſk Ye, how the Penſile Ball
Should never ſtrive to riſe, nor fear to fall.
When I reflect, how the revolving Sun
Does round our Globe his crooked Journies run;

I doubt of many Lands, if they contain
Or Herd of Beaſt, or Colony of Man:
If any Nations paſs their deſtin'd Days
Beneath the neighb'ring Sun's directer Rays:
If any ſuffer on the Polar Coaſt,
The Rage of *Arctos*, and eternal Froſt.

May not the Pleaſure of Omnipotence
To each of Theſe ſome ſecret Good diſpenſe?
Thoſe who amidſt the Torrid Regions live,
May they not Gales unknown to us receive;
See daily Show'rs rejoice the thirſty Earth,
And bleſs the flow'ry Buds ſucceeding Birth?
May they not pity Us, condemn'd to bear
The various Heav'n of an obliquer Sphere;
While by fix'd Laws, and with a juſt Return,
They feel twelve Hours that ſhade, for twelve that burn;
And praiſe the neighb'ring Sun, whoſe conſtant Flame
Enlightens them with Seaſons ſtill the ſame?
And may not Thoſe, whoſe diſtant Lot is caſt
North beyond *Tartary*'s extended Waſte;
Where thro' the Plains of one continual Day,
Six ſhining Months purſue their even Way;
And ſix ſucceeding urge their duſky Flight,
Obſcur'd with Vapours and o'erwhelm'd in Night:
May not, I aſk, the Natives of theſe Climes
(As Annals may inform ſucceeding Times)
To our Quotidian Change of Heav'n prefer
Their own Viciſſitude, and equal Share
Of Day and Night, diſparted thro' the Year?
May they not ſcorn our Sun's repeated Race,
To narrow Bounds preſcrib'd, and little Space,

Haſt-

Haſt'ning from Morn, and headlong driv'n from Noon,
Half of our Daily Toil yet ſcarcely done?
May they not juſtly to our Climes upbraid
Shortneſs of Night, and Penury of Shade;
That e'er our weary'd Limbs are juſtly bleſt
With wholſom Sleep, and neceſſary Reſt;
Another Sun demands return of Care,
The remnant Toil of Yeſterday to bear?
Whilſt, when the Solar Beams ſalute their Sight,
Bold and ſecure in half a Year of Light,
Uninterrupted Voyages they take
To the remoteſt Wood, and fartheſt Lake;
Manage the Fiſhing, and purſue the Courſe
With more extended Nerves, and more continu'd Force.
And when declining Day forſakes their Sky;
When gath'ring Clouds ſpeak gloomy Winter nigh;
With Plenty for the coming Seaſon bleſt,
Six ſolid Months (an Age) they live, releas'd
From all the Labour, Proceſs, Clamour, Woe,
Which our ſad Scenes of daily Action know:
They light the ſhining Lamp, prepare the Feaſt,
And with full Mirth receive the welcome Gueſt:
Or tell their tender Loves (the only Care
Which now they ſuffer) to the liſtn'ng Fair;
And rais'd in Pleaſure, or repos'd in Eaſe
(Grateful Alternates of ſubſtantial Peace)
They bleſs the long Nocturnal Influence ſhed
On the crown'd Goblets, and the Genial Bed.

How ſhall we next o'er Earth and Seas purſue
The vary'd Forms of every thing we view;

That

That all is chang'd, tho' all is ſtill the ſame,
Fluid the Parts, yet durable the Frame?
Of thoſe Materials, which have been confeſs'd
The priſtine Springs, and Parents of the reſt,
Each becomes other. Water ſtop'd gives Birth
To Graſs and Plants, and thickens into Earth:
Diffus'd it riſes in a higher Sphere;
Dilates its Drops and ſoftens into Air:
Thoſe finer Parts of Air again aſpire;
Move into Warmth, and brighten into Fire:
That Fire once more by thicker Air o'ercome,
And downward forc'd, in Earth's capacious Womb
Alters its Particles: is Fire no more;
But lies reſplendent Duſt, and ſhining Oar;
Or running thro' the mighty Mother's Veins,
Changes its Shape; puts off its old Remains;
With wat'ry Parts its leſſen'd Force divides;
Flows into Waves, and riſes into Tides.

Diſparted Streams ſhall from their Channels fly,
And deep ſurcharg'd by ſandy Mountains lye,
Obſcurely ſepulcher'd. By eating Rain,
And furious Wind, down to the diſtant Plain
The Hill, that hides his Head above the Skies,
Shall fall: The Plain by ſlow Degrees ſhall riſe
Higher than erſt had ſtood the Summit-Hill:
For Time muſt Nature's great Beheſts fulfill.

Thus by a length of Years, and Change of Fate,
All Things are light or heavy, ſmall or great:
Thus *Jordan's* Waves ſhall future Clouds appear;
And *Egypt's Pyramids* refine to Air.

Thus

Thus later Age ſhall aſk for *Piſon*'s Flood,
And Travellers enquire, where *Babel* ſtood.

Now where we ſee theſe Changes often fall,
Sedate we paſs them by, as Natural:
Where to our Eye more rarely they appear,
The pompous Name of Prodigy they bear:
Let active Thought theſe cloſe *Mæanders* trace:
Let Human Wit their dubious Bound'ries place.
Are all Things Miracle; or nothing ſuch?
And prove We not too little, or too much?

For that a Branch cut off, a wither'd Rod
Should at a Word pronounc'd revive and bud:
Is this more ſtrange, than that the Mountain's Brow,
Strip'd by *December*'s Froſt, and white with Snow,
Should puſh, in Spring, ten thouſand thouſand Buds;
And boaſt returning Leaves, and blooming Woods?
That each ſucceſſive Night from opening Heav'n
The Food of Angels ſhould to Man be giv'n;
Is this more ſtrange, than that with common Bread
Our fainting Bodies every Day are fed;
Than that each Grain and Seed conſum'd in Earth,
Raiſes its Store, and multiplies its Birth;
And from the Handful, which the Tiller ſows,
The labour'd Fields rejoice, and future Harveſt flows?

Then from whate'er We can to Senſe produce
Common and plain, or wond'rous and abſtruſe,
From Nature's conſtant or Eccentric Laws,
The thoughtful Soul this gen'ral Influence draws,
That an Effect muſt preſuppoſe a Cauſe.

And while She does her upward Flight ſuſtain,
Touching each Link of the continu'd Chain,
At length ſhe is oblig'd and forc'd to ſee
A Firſt, a Source, a Life, a Deity;
What has for ever been, and muſt for ever be.

This great Exiſtence thus by Reaſon found,
Bleſt with all Pow'r, with all Perfection crown'd:
How can we bind or limit His Decree,
By what our Ear has heard, or Eye may ſee?
Say then: Is all in Heaps of Water loſt,
Beyond the Iſlands, and the Mid-land Coaſt?
Or has that GOD, who gave our World its Birth,
Sever'd thoſe Waters by ſome other Earth,
Countries by future Plowſhares to be torn,
And Cities rais'd by Nations yet unborn?
E'er the progreſſive Courſe of reſtleſs Age
Performs three thouſand Times its Annual Stage;
May not our Pow'r and Learning be ſuppreſt;
And Arts and Empire learn to travel Weſt?

Now let us leave this Earth, and lift our Eye
To the large Convex of yon' Azure Sky:
Behold it like an ample Curtain ſpread,
Now ſtreak'd and glowing with a Morning Red;
Anon at Noon in flaming Yellow bright,
And chuſing Sable for the peaceful Night.
Aſk Reaſon now, whence Light and Shade were giv'n,
And whence this great Variety of Heav'n;
Reaſon our Guide, what can She more reply,
Than that the Sun illuminates the Sky;
Than that Night riſes from his abſent Ray,
And his returning Luſtre kindles Day?

But we expect the Morning Red in vain:
'Tis hid in Vapours, or obſcur'd by Rain.
The Noontyde Yellow we in vain require:
'Tis black in Storm, or red in Light'ning Fire.
Pitchy and dark the Night ſometimes appears,
Friend to our Woe, and Parent of our Fears:
Our Joys and Wonder ſometimes She excites,
With Stars unnumber'd, and eternal Lights.
Send forth, ye Wiſe, ſend forth your lab'ring Thought:
Let it return with empty Notions fraught,
Of airy Columns every Moment broke,
Of circling Whirpools, and of Spheres of Smoke:
Yet this Solution but once more affords
New Change of Terms, and ſcaffolding of Words:
In other Garb my Queſtion I receive;
And take the Doubt the very ſame I gave.

Lo! as a Giant ſtrong the luſty Sun
Multiply'd Rounds in one great Round does run,
Twofold his Courſe, yet conſtant his Career,
Changing the Day, and finiſhing the Year.
Again when his deſcending Orb retires,
And Earth perceives the Abſence of his Fires;
The Moon affords us Her alternate Ray,
And with kind Beams diſtributes fainter Day:
Yet keeps the Stages of her Monthly Race,
Various her Beams, and changeable her Face.
Each Planet ſhining in his proper Sphere,
Does with juſt Speed his radiant Voyage ſteer:
Each ſees his Lamp with diff'rent Luſtre crown'd:
Each knows his Courſe with diff'rent Periods bound;

And in his Paſſage thro' the liquid Space,
Nor haſtens, nor retards his Neighbour's Race.
Now, ſhine theſe Planets with ſubſtantial Rays?
Does innate Luſtre gild their meaſur'd Days?
Or do they (as your Schemes, I think, have ſhown)
Dart furtive Beams, and Glory not their own,
All Servants to that Source of Light, the Sun?

Again I ſee ten thouſand thouſand Stars,
Nor caſt in Lines, in Circles, nor in Squares:
(Poor Rules, with which our bounded Mind is fill'd,
When We would plant, or cultivate, or build)
But ſhining with ſuch vaſt, ſuch various Light,
As ſpeaks the Hand, that form'd, them, Infinite:
How mean the Order and Perfection fought
In the beſt Product of the human Thought,
Compar'd to the great Harmony that reigns
In what the Spirit of the World ordains!

Now if the Sun on Earth tranſmits his Ray,
Yet does not ſcorch us with too fierce a Day;
How ſmall a Portion of his Pow'r is giv'n
To Orbs more diſtant, and remoter Heav'n?
And of thoſe Stars, which our imperfect Eye
Has doom'd and fix'd to one Eternal Sky,
Each by a native Stock of Honor great,
May dart ſtrong Influence, and diffuſe kind Heat,
It ſelf a Sun; and with tranſmiſive Light
Enliven Worlds deny'd to human Sight:
Around the Circles of their ambient Skies
New Moons may grow or wane, may ſet or riſe;
And other Stars may to thoſe Suns be Earths;
Give their own Elements their proper Births;

Divide their Climes, or elevate their Pole;
See their Lands flouriſh, and their Oceans roll;
Yet theſe great Orbs thus radically bright,
Primitive Founts, and Origins of Light,
May each to other (as their diff'rent Sphere
Makes or their Diſtance, or their Height appear)
Be ſeen a nobler, or inferior Star;
And in that Space, which We call Air and Sky,
Myriads of Earths, and Moons, and Suns may lie
Unmeaſur'd, and unknown by human Eye.

In vain We meaſure this amazing Sphere,
And find and fix its Centre here or there;
Whilſt its Circumf'rence, ſcorning to be brought
Ev'n into fancy'd Space, illudes our vanquiſh'd Thought.

Where then are all the radiant *Monſters* driv'n,
With which your Gueſſes fill'd the frighten'd Heav'n?
Where will their fictious Images remain?
In Paper Schemes, and the *Chaldean*'s Brain.

This Problem yet, this Offspring of a Gueſs,
Let Us for once a Child of Truth confeſs;
That theſe fair Stars, theſe Objects of Delight,
And Terror to our ſearching dazl'd Sight,
Are Worlds immenſe, unnumber'd, infinite:
But do theſe Worlds diſplay their Beams, or guide
Their Orbs, to ſerve thy Uſe, to pleaſe thy Pride?
Thy ſelf but Duſt, thy Stature but a Span,
A Moment thy Duration; fooliſh Man!
As well may the minuteſt Emmet ſay,
That *Caucaſus* was rais'd to pave his Way:

The Snail, that *Lebanon*'s extended Wood
Was deſtin'd only for his Walk, and Food;
The vileſt Cockle, gaping on the Coaſt
That rounds the ample Seas, as well may boaſt,
The craggy Rock projects above the Sky,
That He in Safety at its Foot may lie;
And the whole Ocean's confluent Waters ſwell,
Only to quench his Thirſt, or move and blanch his Shell.

A higher Flight the ven'trous *Goddeſs* tries,
Leaving material Worlds, and local Skies:
Enquires, what are the Beings, where the Space,
That form'd and held the *Angels* ancient Race,
For Rebel *Lucifer* with *Michael* fought
(I offer only what Tradition taught)
Embattl'd Cherub againſt Cherub roſe;
Did Shield to Shield, and Pow'r to Pow'r oppoſe:
Heav'n rung with Triumph: Hell was fill'd with Woes.
What were theſe Forms of which your Volumes tell,
How ſome fought great, and others recreant fell?
Theſe bound to bear an everlaſting Load,
Durance of Chain, and Baniſhment of GOD;
By fatal Turns their wretched Strength to tire;
To ſwim in Sulpuh'rous Lakes, or land on ſolid Fire:
While Thoſe exalted to primæval Light,
Exceſs of Bleſſing, and Supreme Delight,
Only perceive ſome little Pauſe of Joys
In thoſe great Moments, when their GOD imploys
Their Miniſtry, to pour his threaten'd Hate
On the proud King, or the Rebellious State:

Or

Or to reverſe JEHOVAH's high Command,
And ſpeak the Thunder falling from his Hand,
When to his Duty the proud King returns;
And the Rebellious State in Aſhes mourns.
How can good Angels be in Heav'n confin'd;
Or view that Preſence, which no Space can bind?
Is GOD above, beneath, or yon', or here?
He who made All, is He not ev'ry where?
O how can wicked Angels find a Night
So dark, to hide them from that piercing Light,
Which form'd the Eye, and gave the Pow'r of Sight?

Now, when my Mind has all this World ſurvey'd,
And found, that Nothing by it ſelf was made;
When Thought has rais'd it ſelf by juſt Degrees,
From Vallies crown'd with Flow'r, and Hills with Trees;
From ſmoaking Min'rals, and from riſing Streams;
From fatt'ning *Nilus*, or victorious *Thames*;
From all the Living, that four-footed move
Along the Shore, the Meadow, or the Grove;
From all that can with Finns, or Feathers fly
Thro' the Aërial or the Wat'ry Sky;
From the poor Reptil with a reas'ning Soul,
That miſerable Maſter of the Whole;
From this great Object of the Body's Eye,
This fair Half-round, this ample azure Sky,
Terribly large, and wonderfully bright
With Stars unnumber'd, and unmeaſur'd Light;
From Eſſences unſeen, Celeſtial Names,
Enlight'ning Spirits, and miniſterial Flames,
Angels, Dominions, Potentates, and Thrones,

All

All that in each Degree the Name of Cratures owns:
Lift we our Reaſon to that Sov'reign Cauſe,
Who bleſt the whole with Life, and bounded it with Laws;
Who forth from Nothing call'd this comly Frame,
His Will and Act, His Word and Work the ſame;
To whom a thouſand Years are but a Day;
Who bad the Light her genial Beams diſplay;
And ſet the Moon, and taught the Sun his Way;
Who waking Time, his Creature, from the Source
Primæval, order'd his predeſtin'd Courſe;

Himſelf, as in the Hollow of his Hand,
Holding, obedient to His high Command,
The deep Abyſs, the long continu'd Store,
Where Months, and Days, and Hours, and Minutes pour
Their floating Parts, and thenceforth are no more.
This *Alpha* and *Omega*, Firſt and Laſt,
Who like the Potter in a Mould has caſt
The World's great Frame, commanding it to be
Such as the Eyes of Senſe and Reaſon ſee;
Yet if He wills, may change or ſpoil the Whole:
May take yon' beauteous, myſtic, ſtarry Roll,
And burn it, like a uſeleſs Parchment Scroll:
May from its *Baſis* in one Moment pour
This melted Earth ——
Like liquid Metal, and like burning Oar;
Who, ſole in Pow'r, at the Beginning ſaid;
Let Sea, and Air, and Earth, and Heav'n be made;
And it was ſo——And when He ſhall ordain
In other Sort, has but to ſpeak again,

And

And they ſhall be no more: Of this great Theme,
This Glorious, Hallow'd, Everlaſting Name,
This GOD, I would diſcourſe ———

The learned Elders ſat appall'd, amaz'd;
And each with mutual Look on other gaz'd.
Nor Speech they meditate, nor Anſwer frame:
Too plain, alas! their Silence ſpake their Shame:
'Till One, in whom an outward Mien appear'd,
And turn Superior to the vulgar Herd,
Began; that Human Learning's furtheſt Reach
Was but to Note the Doctrines I could teach;
That Mine to Speak, and Their's was to Obey:
For I in Knowledge more, than Pow'r did ſway;
And the aſtoniſh'd World in Me beheld
MOSES eclips'd, and JESSE's Son excell'd.
Humble a Second bow'd, and took the Word;
Foreſaw my Name by future Age ador'd.
O Live, ſaid He, Thou Wiſeſt of the Wiſe!
As None has equall'd, None ſhall ever riſe
Excelling Thee ——

Parent of wicked, Bane of honeſt Deeds,
Pernicious Flatt'ry! Thy malignant Seeds
In an ill Hour, and by a fatal Hand
Sadly diffus'd o'er Virtue's Gleby Land,
With riſing Pride amidſt the Corn appear,
And choak the Hopes and Harveſt of the Year.

And now the whole preplex'd ignoble Crowd
Mute in my Queſtions, in my Praiſes loud,
Echo'd the Word: whence Things roſe, or how
They thus exiſt, the Apteſt nothing know:

What

What yet is not, but is ordain'd to be,
All Veil of Doubt apart, the Dulleſt ſee.

My Prophets, and my Sophiſts finiſh'd here
Their Civil Efforts of the Verbal War:
Not ſo my *Rabbins*, and Logicians yield:
Retiring ſtill they combat: from the Field
Of open Arms unwilling they depart,
And ſculk behind the Subterfuge of Art.
To ſpeak one Thing mix'd Dialects they join;
Divide the Simple, and the Plain define;
Fix fancy'd Laws, and form imagin'd Rules,
Terms of their Art, and Jargon of their Schools,
Ill-grounded Maxims by falſe Gloſs enlarg'd,
And captious Science againſt Reaſon charg'd.

Soon their crude Notions with each other fought:
The adverſe Sect deny'd, what This had taught;
And He at length the ampleſt Triumph gain'd,
Who contradicted what the laſt maintain'd.

O wretched Impotence of human Mind!
We erring ſtill Excuſe for Error find;
And darkling grope, not knowing We are blind.

Vain Man! ſince firſt thy bluſhing Sire eſſay'd
His Folly with connected Leaves to ſhade;
How does the Crime of thy reſembling Race,
With like Attempt that priſtine Error trace?
Too plain thy Nakedneſs of Soul eſpy'd,
Why doſt Thou ſtrive the conſcious Shame to hide
By Maſks of Eloquence, and Veils of Pride?

With

With outward Smiles their Flatt'ry I receiv'd;
Own'd my Sick Mind by their Diſcourſe reliev'd;
But bent and inward to my Self again
Perplex'd, theſe Matters I revolv'd: In vain.
My Search ſtill tir'd, my Labour ſtill renew'd,
At length I Ignorance, and Knowledge view'd,
Impartial; Both in equal Balance laid:
Light flew the knowing Scale; the doubtful Heavy weigh'd.

Forc'd by reflective Reaſon, I confeſs,
That human Science is uncertain Gueſs.
Alas! We graſp at Clouds, and beat the Air,
Vexing that Spirit We intend to clear.
Can Thought beyond the Bounds of Matter climb?
Or who ſhall tell Me, what is Space or Time?
In vain We lift up our preſumptuous Eyes
To what our Maker to their Ken denies:
The Searcher follows faſt; the Object faſter flies.
The little which imperfectly we find,
Seduces only the bewilder'd Mind
To fruitleſs Search of Something yet behind.
Various Diſcuſſions tear our heated Brain:
Opinions often turn; ſtill Doubts remain;
And who indulges Thought, increaſes Pain.

How narrow Limits were to Wiſdom giv'n?
Earth She ſurveys: She thence would meaſure Heav'n:
Thro' Miſts obſcure, now wings her tedious Way:
Now wanders dazl'd with too bright a Day;
And from the Summit of a pathleſs Coaſt
Sees *Infinite*, and in that Sight is loſt.

Remem-

Remember, that the curs'd Desire to know,
Off-spring of *Adam*, was thy Source of Woe;
Why wilt Thou then renew the vain Pursuit,
And rashly catch at the forbidden Fruit?
With empty Labour and eluded Strife
Seeking by Knowlecge, to attain to Life;
For ever from that fatal Tree debarr'd,
Which flaming Swords and angry *Cherubs* guard.



PLEA-

PLEASURE.

THE

SECOND BOOK.

SECOND BOOK



The ARGUMENT.

SOLOMON *again ſeeking Happineſs, enquires if Wealth and Greatneſs can produce it: begins with the Magnificence of Gardens and Buildings, the Luxury of Muſic and Feaſting; and proceeds to the Hopes and Deſires of Love. In two Epiſodes are ſhewn the Follies and Troubles of that Paſſion.* SOLOMON *ſtill diſappointed, falls under the Temptations of Libertiniſm and Idolatry; recovers his Thought, reaſons aright, and concludes, that as to the Purſuit of Pleaſure, and ſenſual Delight,* ALL IS VANITY AND VEXATION OF SPIRIT.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TEXTS chiefly alluded to in this Book.

I ſaid in my own Heart, go to now, I will prove thee with Mirth; therefore enjoy Pleaſure. Eccleſiaſtes, Chap. ii. Verſ. 1.

I made me great Works, I builded me Houſes, I planted me Vineyards. Verſ. 4.

I made me Gardens and Orchards; and I planted Trees in them of all kinds of Fruits. Verſ. 5.

I made me Pools of Water, to water therewith the Wood that bringeth forth Trees. Verſ. 6.

Then I looked on all the Works that my Hands had wrought, and on the Labour that I had laboured to do: And behold all was Vanity and Vexation of Spirit; and there was no Profit under the Sun. Verſ. 11.

I gat me Men-Singers and Women-Singers, and the Delights of the Sons of Men, as Muſical Inſtruments, and that of all Sorts. Verſ. 8.

I ſought in mine Heart to give my ſelf unto Wine (yet acquainting mine Heart with Wiſdom) and to lay hold on Folly, 'till I might ſee what was that Good for the Sons of Men, which they ſhould do under Heaven, all the Days of their Life. Verſ. 3.

Then I ſaid in my Heart, as it happeneth unto the Fool, ſo it happeneth even unto Me; and why was I then more

Wiſe? Then I ſaid in my Heart, that this alſo is Vanity. Verſ. 15.

Therefore I hated Life, becauſe the Work that is wrought under the Sun is grievous unto me. Chap. ii. Verſ. 27.

Dead Flies cauſe the Oyntment to ſend forth a ſtinking Savour: ſo doth the little Folly him that is in Reputation for Wiſdom and Honour. Chap. x. Verſ. 1.

The Memory of the Juſt is bleſſed, but the Memory of the Wicked ſhall rot. Proverbs, Chap. x Verſ. 7.

PLEA-



PLEASURE.

THE SECOND BOOK.

TRY then, O Man, the Moments to deceive,
That from the Womb attend Thee to the Grave:
For weary'd Nature find ſome apter Scheme:
Health be thy Hope; and PLEASURE be thy Theme:
From the perplexing and unequal Ways,
Where Study brings Thee; from the endleſs Maze,
Which Doubt perſuades to run, forewarn'd recede,
To the gay Field, and flow'ry Path, that lead
To jocund Mirth, ſoft Joy, and careleſs Eaſe:
Forſake what may inſtruct, for what may pleaſe:
Eſſay amuſing Art, and proud Expence;
And make thy Reaſon ſubject to thy Senſe.

I commun'd thus: the Pow'r of Wealth I try'd,
And all the various Luxe of coſtly Pride.
Artiſts and Plans reliev'd my ſolemn Hours;
I founded Palaces, and planted Bow'rs.

Birds

Birds, Fiſhes, Beaſts of each Exotic Kind
I to the Limits of my Court confin'd.
To Trees transferr'd I gave a ſecond Birth;
And bid a foreign Shade grace *Judah's* Earth.
Fiſh-ponds were made, where former Foreſts grew;
And Hills were levell'd to extend the View.
Rivers diverted from their Native Courſe,
And bound with Chains of Artificial Force,
From large Caſcades in pleaſing Tumult roll'd;
Or roſe thro' figur'd Stone, or breathing Gold.
From furtheſt *Africa's* tormented Womb
The Marble brought, erects the ſpacious Dome,
Or forms the Pillars long-extended Rows,
On which the planted Grove, and penſile Garden grows.

The Workmen here obey the Maſter's Call,
To guild the Turret, and to paint the Wall;
To mark the Pavement there with various Stone;
And on the Jaſper Steps to rear the Throne:
The ſpreading *Cedar*, that an Age had ſtood,
Supreme of Trees, and Miſtreſs of the Woods,
Cut down and carv'd, my ſhining Roof adorns;
And *Lebanon* his ruin'd Honor mourns.

A thouſand Artiſts ſhew their cunning Pow'r,
To raiſe the Wonders of the Iv'ry Tow'r.
A thouſand Maidens ply the purple Loom,
To weave the Bed, and deck the Regal Room;
'Till *Tyre* confeſſes her exhauſted Store,
That on her Coaſt the *Murex* is no more;
'Till from the *Parian* Iſle, and *Libya's* Coaſt,
The Mountains grieve their Hopes of Marble loſt;

And

And *India's* Woods return their juſt Complaints
Their Brood decay'd, and want of *Elephant*.

My full Deſign with vaſt Expence atchiev'd,
I came, beheld, admir'd, reflected, griev'd.
I chid the Folly of my thoughtleſs Haſt;
For, the Work perfected, the Joy was paſt.

To my new Courts ſad Thought did ſtill repair;
And round my gilded Roofs hung hov'ring Care.
In vain on ſilken Beds I ſought Repoſe;
And reſtleſs oft from purple Couches roſe:
Vexatious Thought ſtill found my flying Mind,
Nor bound by Limits, nor to Place confin'd;
Haunted my Nights, and terrify'd my Days;
Stalk'd thro' my Gardens, and purſu'd my Ways,
Nor ſhut from artful Bow'r, nor loſt in winding Maze.

Yet take thy Bent, my Soul; another Senſe
Indulge; add Muſick to Magnificence:
Eſſay, if Harmony may Grief controll;
Or Pow'r of Sound prevail upon the Soul.
Often our Seers and Poets have confeſt,
That Muſic's Force can tame the furious Beaſt;
Can make the Wolf, or foaming Boar reſtrain
His Rage; the Lion drop his creſted Main.
Attentive to the Song; the Lynx forget
His Wrath to Man, and lick the Minſtrel's Feet.
Are we, alaſs! more ſavage yet than theſe?
Elſe Muſic ſure may human Cares appeaſe.

I ſpake my Purpoſe; and the chearful Choir
Parted their Shares of Harmony: the Lyre

Soften'd

Soften'd the Timbrel's Noiſe: the Trumpet's Sound
Provok'd the *Dorian* Flute (both ſweeter found
When mix'd:) the Fife the Viol's Notes refin'd;
And ev'ry Strength with ev'ry Grace was join'd.
Each Morn they wak'd Me with a ſprightly Lay:
Of opening Heav'n they ſung, and gladſome Day.
Each Evening their repeated Skill expreſs'd
Scenes of Repoſe, and Images of Reſt:
Yet ſtill in vain: for Muſic gather'd Thought:
But how unequal the Effects it brought?
The Soft *Ideas* of the chearful Note,
Lightly receiv'd, were eaſily forgot:
The ſolemn Violence of the graver Sound
Knew to ſtrike deep, and leave a laſting Wound.

And now reflecting, I with Grief deſcry
The fickly Luſt of the fantaſtic Eye;
How the weak Organ is with Seeing cloy'd,
Flying e'er Night what it at Noon enjoy'd.
And now (unhappy Search of Thought!) I found
The fickle Ear ſoon glutted with the Sound,
Condemn'd eternal Changes to purſue,
Tir'd with the laſt, and eager of the New.

I bad the Virgins and the Youth advance,
To temper Muſic with the ſprightly Dance.
In vain! too low the Mimic-Motions ſeem:
What takes our Heart, muſt Merit our Eſteem.
Nature, I thought, perform'd too mean a Part,
Forming her Movements to the Rules of Art;
And vex'd I found, that the Muſician's Hand
Had o'er the Dancer's Mind too great Command.

I drank;

I drank; I lik'd it not: 'twas Rage; 'twas Noiſe;
An airy Scene of tranſitory Joys.
In vain I truſted, that the flowing Bowl
Would baniſh Sorrow, and enlarge the Soul.
To the late Revel, and protracted Feaſt
Wild Dreams ſucceeded, and diſorder'd Reſt;
And as at Dawn of Morn fair Reaſon's Light
Broke thro' the Fumes and Phantoms of the Night,
What had been ſaid, I aſk'd my Soul, what done;
How flow'd our Mirth, and when the Source begun,
Perhaps the Jeſt that charm'd the ſprightly Croud,
And made the Jovial Table laugh ſo loud,
To ſome falſe Notion ow'd its poor Pretence,
To an ambiguous Word's perverted Senſe,
To a wild Sonnet, or a wanton Air,
Offence and Torture to the ſober Ear.
Perhaps, alas! the pleaſing Stream was brought
From this Man's Error, from another's Fault;
From Topics which Good-nature would forget,
And Prudence mention with the laſt Regret.

Add yet unnumber'd Ills, that lye unſeen
In the pernicious Draught; the Word obſcene
Or harſh, which once elanc'd muſt ever fly
Irrevocable; the too prompt Reply,
Seed of ſevere Diſtruſt, and fierce Debate;
What We ſhould ſhun, and what We ought to hate.

Add too the Blood impoveriſh'd, and the Courſe
Of Health ſuppreſs'd, by Wine's continu'd Force.

Unhappy Man! whom Sorrow thus and Rage
To diff'rent Ills alternately engage.

Who

Who drinks, alas! but to forget; nor ſees,
That melancholy Sloth, ſevere Diſeaſe,
Mem'ry confus'd, and interrupted Thought,
Death's Harbingers, lye latent in the Draught:
And in the Flow'rs that wreath the ſparkling Bowl,
Fell Adders hiſs, and poys'nous Serpents roll.

Remains there Ought untry'd, that may remove
Sickneſs of Mind, and heal the Boſom?——Love,
Love yet remains: Indulge his genial Fire,
Cheriſh fair Hope, ſolicit young Deſire,
And boldly bid thy anxious Soul explore
This laſt great Remedy's Myſterious Pow'r.

Why therefore heſitates my doubtful Breaſt?
Why ceaſes it one Moment to be bleſt;
Fly ſwift, my Friends; my Servants, fly; employ
Your inſtant Pains to bring your Maſter Joy.
Let all my Wives and Concubines be dreſs'd:
Let them to-night attend the Royal Feaſt;
All *Iſrael*'s Beauty, all the foreign Fair,
The Gifts of Princes, or the Spoils of War.
Before their Monarch they ſhall ſingly paſs,
And the moſt Worthy ſhall obtain the Grace.

I ſaid: the Feaſt ſerv'd: the Bowl was crown'd:
To the King's Pleaſure went the mirthful Round:
The Women came: as Cuſtom wills, they paſt:
On One (O that diſtinguiſh'd One!) I caſt
The fav'rite Glance: O! yet my Mind returns
That fond Beginning of my infant Pains.
Mature the Virgin was of *Egypt*'s Race
Grace ſhap'd her Limbs; and Beauty deck'd her Face

Eaſy

Eaſy her Motion ſeem'd, ſerene her Air:
Full, tho' unzon'd, her Boſom roſe: her Hair
Unty'd, and ignorant of artful Aid,
Adown her Shoulders looſely lay diſplay'd;
And in the Jetty Curls ten thouſand *Cupids* play'd.

Fix'd on her Charms, and pleas'd that I could love,
Aid me my Friends, contribute to improve
Your Monarch's Bliſs, I ſaid; freſh Roſes bring
To ſtrow my Bed; 'till the impov'riſh'd Spring
Confeſs her Want; around my am'rous Head
Be dropping Myrrhe, and liquid Amber ſhed,
'Till *Arab* has no more. From the ſoft Lyre,
Sweet Flute, and ten-ſtring'd Inſtrument, require
Sounds of Delight: and Thou, fair Nymph, draw nigh;
Thou, in whoſe graceful Form, and potent Eye
Thy Maſter's Joy long ſought at length is found;
And as thy Brow, let my Deſires be crown'd;
O fav'rite Virgin, that haſt warm'd the Breaſt,
Whoſe ſov'reign Dictates ſubjugate the Eaſt!

I ſaid; and ſudden from the golden Throne
With a ſubmiſſive Step I haſted down.
The glowing Garland from my Hair I took,
Love in my Heart, Obedience in my Look;
Prepar'd to place it on her comely Head:
O fav'rite Virgin! (yet again I ſaid)
Receive the Honours deſtin'd to thy Brow;
And O above thy Fellows happy Thou!
Their Duty muſt thy ſov'reign Word obey.
Riſe up, my Love; my fair One, come away.

What Pang, alas! what Ecſtaſy of Smart
Tore up my Senſes, and tranſfix'd my Heart;
When She with modeſt Scorn the Wreath return'd,
Reclin'd her beauteous Neck, and inward mourn'd?

Forc'd by my Pride, I my Concern ſuppreſs'd,
Pretended Drowſineſs, and Wiſh of Reſt;
And ſullen I forſook th' Imperfect Feaſt:
Ordering the Eunuchs, to whoſe proper Care
Our Eaſtern Grandeur gives th' impriſon'd Fair,
To lead Her forth to a diſtinguiſh'd Bow'r,
And bid her dreſs the Bed, and wait the Hour.

Reſtleſs I follow'd this obdurate Maid
(Swift are the Steps that Love and Anger tread)
Approach'd her Perſon, courted her Embrace,
Renew'd my Flame, repeated my Diſgrace:
By Turns put on the Suppliant, and the Lord:
Threaten'd this Moment, and the next implor'd:
Offer'd again the unaccepted Wreath,
And Choice of happy Love, or inſtant Death.

Averſe to all her am'rous King deſir'd,
Far as She might, She decently retir'd:
And darting Scorn, and Sorrow from her Eyes,
What means, ſaid She, King *Solomon* the Wiſe?

This wretched Body trembles at your Pow'r:
Thus far could Fortune: but She can no more.
Free to her ſelf my potent Mind remains:
Nor fears the Victor's Rage, nor feels his Chains.

'Tis ſaid, that Thou can'ſt plauſible diſpute,
Supreme of Seers, of Angel, Man, and Brute;

Can'ſt

Can'ſt plead, with ſubtil Wit and fair Diſcourſe,
Of Paſſion's Folly, and of Reaſon's Force.
That to the Tribes attentive Thou can'ſt ſhow,
Whence their Misfortunes, or their Bleſſings flow.
That Thou in Science, as in Pow'r art great;
And Truth and Honour on Thy Edicts wait.
Where is that Knowledge now, that Regal Thought,
With juſt Advice, and timely Counſel fraught?
Where now, O Judge of *Iſrael*, does it rove——
What in one Moment doſt Thou offer? Love——
Love? why 'tis Joy or Sorrow, Peace or Strife:
'Tis all the Colour of remaining Life:
And Human Mis'ry muſt begin or end,
As He becomes a Tyrant, or a Friend.
Would *David's* Son, religious, juſt, and grave,
To the firſt Bride-bed of the World receive
A Foreigner, a Heathen, and a Slave?
Or grant, Thy Paſſion has theſe Names deſtroy'd;
That Love, like Death, makes all Diſtinctions void;
Yet in his Empire o'er Thy abject Breaſt,
His Flames and Torments only are expreſt:
His Rage can in my Smiles alone relent,
And all his Joys ſolicit my Conſent.

Soft Love, ſpontaneous Tree, its parted Root
Muſt from two Hearts with equal Vigour ſhoot:
Cheriſh'd with Hope, and fed with Joy it grows:
Its chearful Buds their opening Bloom diſcloſe;
And round the happy Soil diffuſive Odor flows.
If angry Fate that mutual Care denies;
The fading Plant bewails its due Supplies:
Wild with Deſpair, or ſick with Grief, it dies.

By Force Beaſts act, and are by Force reſtrain'd:
The Human Mind by gentle Means is gain'd.
Thy uſeleſs Strength, miſtaken King, employ:
Sated with Rage, and ignorant of Joy,
Thou ſhalt not gain what I deny to yield;
Nor reap the Harveſt, tho' Thou ſpoil'ſt the Field.
Know, *Solomon*, Thy poor Extent of Sway;
Contract thy Brow, and *Iſrael* ſhall obey:
But wilful Love Thou muſt with Smiles appeaſe;
Approach his awful Throne by juſt Degrees;
And if Thou would'ſt be Happy, learn to pleaſe.

Not that thoſe Arts can here ſucceſsful prove:
For I am deſtin'd to another's Love.
Beyond the cruel Bounds of thy Command,
To my dear Equal, in my Native Land,
My plighted Vow I gave: I His receiv'd:
Each ſwore with Truth: with Pleaſure each believ'd.
The mutual Contract was to Heav'n convey'd:
In equal Scales the buſy Angels weigh'd
Its ſolemn Force, and clap'd their Wings and ſpread
The laſting Roll, recording what We ſaid.

Now in my Heart behold Thy Poniard ſtain'd:
Take the ſad Life which I have long diſdain'd:
End, in a dying Virgin's wretched Fate,
Thy ill-ſtarr'd Paſſion, and My ſteadfaſt Hate.
For long as Blood informs theſe circling Veins;
Or fleeting Breath its lateſt Pow'r retains;
Hear me to *Egypt*'s vengeful Gods declare,
Hate is My Part: be Thine, O King, Deſpair.

Now

Now ſtrike, She ſaid, and open'd bare her Breaſt:
Stand it in *Juda's* Chronicles confeſt,
That *David's* Son, by impious Paſſion mov'd,
Smote a She Slave, and murther'd what He lov'd.

Aſham'd, confus'd I ſtarted from the Bed;
And to my Soul yet uncollected ſaid:
Into Thy ſelf, fond *Solomon*, return;
Reflect again, and Thou again ſhalt mourn.
When I through number'd Years have Pleaſure ſought;
And in vain Hope the wanton Phantom caught;
To mock my Senſe, and mortify my Pride.
'Tis in another's Pow'r and is deny'd.
Am I a King, great Heav'n! does Life or Death
Hang on the Wrath, or Mercy of My Breath;
While kneeling I My Servant's Smiles implore;
And One mad Dam'ſel dares diſpute My Pow'r?

To Raviſh Her? That Thought was ſoon depreſs'd,
Which muſt debaſe the Monarch to the Beaſt.
To ſend Her back? O whither, and to whom?
To Lands where *Solomon* muſt never come;
To that Inſulting Rival's happy Arms,
For whom, diſdaining Me, She keeps her Charms.

My Soul thus ſtrugling in the fatal Net,
Unable to enjoy, or to forget;
I reaſon'd much, alas! but more I lov'd:
Sent and recall'd, ordain'd and diſapprov'd:
'Till hopeleſs plung'd in an Abyſs of Grief,
I from Neceſſity receiv'd Relief:
Time gently aided to aſſwage my Pain;
And Wiſdom took once more the ſlacken'd Rein.

But O how ſhort My Interval of Woe!
Our Griefs how ſwift: our Remedies how ſlow!
Another Nymph (for ſo did Heav'n ordain,
To change the Manner, but renew the Pain)
Another Nymph, amongſt the many Fair,
That made My ſofter Hours their ſolemn Care
Before the reſt affected ſtill to ſtand;
And watch'd My Eye, preventing My Command.
Abra, She ſo was call'd, did ſooneſt haſt
To grace my Preſence; *Abra* went the laſt:
Abra was ready e'er I call'd her Name;
And tho' I call'd another, *Abra* came.

Her Equals firſt obſerv'd her growing Zeal;
And laughing gloſs'd, that *Abra* ſerv'd ſo well.
To Me her Actions did unheeded dye,
Or were remark'd but with a common Eye;
'Till more appris'd of what the Rumour ſaid,
More I obſerv'd peculiar in the Maid.

The Sun declin'd had ſhot his Weſtern Ray;
When tir'd with Bus'neſs of the ſolemn Day,
I purpos'd to unbend the Evening Hours,
And banquet private in the Women's Bow'rs.
I call'd, before I ſat, to waſh My Hands:
For ſo the Precept of the Law commands.
Love had ordain'd, that it was *Abra*'s Turn
To mix the Sweets, and miniſter the Urn.

With awful Homage, and ſubmiſſive Dread
The Maid approach'd on my declining Head
To pour the Oyls: She trembled as ſhe pour'd;
With an unguarded Look She now devour'd

My

My nearer Face, and now recall'd her Eye,
And heav'd and ſtrove to hide a ſudden Sigh.
And whence, ſaid I, canſt thou have Dread, or Pain?
What can thy Imag'ry Sorrow mean?
Secluded from the World, and all its Care,
Haſt Thou to grieve or Joy, to hope or fear?
For ſure, I added, ſure thy little Heart
Ne'er felt Love's Anger, or receiv'd his Dart.

Abaſh'd She bluſh'd, and with Diſorder ſpoke:
Her riſing Shame adorn'd the Words it broke.

If the great Maſter will deſcend to hear
The humble Series of His Hand-maid's Care;
O! while She tells it, let him not put on
The Look, that awes the Nations from the Throne:
O! let not Death ſevere in Glory lye
In the King's Frown, and Terror of his Eye.

Mine to obey; Thy Part is to ordain:
And tho' to mention, be to ſuffer Pain;
If the King ſmiles, whilſt I my Woe recite;
If weeping I find Favour in His Sight;
Flow faſt my Tears, full riſing his Delight.

O! Witneſs Earth beneath, and Heav'n above;
For can I hide it? I am ſick of Love:
If Madneſs may the Name of Paſſion bear;
Or Love be call'd, what is indeed Deſpair.

Thou Sov'reign Pow'r, whoſe ſecret Will controlls
The inward Bent and Motion of our Souls!
Why haſt Thou plac'd ſuch infinite Degrees
Between the Cauſe and Cure of my Diſeaſe?

The mighty Object of that raging Fire,
In which unpity'd *Abra* muſt expire,
Had He been born ſome ſimple Shepherd's Heir,
The lowing Herd, or fleecy Sheep his Care;
At Morn with him I o'er the Hills had run,
Scornful of Winter's Froſt, and Summer's Sun,
Still aſking, where He made his Flock to reſt at Noon.
For him at Night, the dear expected Gueſt,
I had with haſty Joy prepar'd the Feaſt:
And from the Cottage o'er the diſtant Plain,
Sent forth by longing Eye to meet the Swain;
Wav'ring, impatient, toſs'd by Hope and Fear;
'Till he and Joy together ſhould appear;
And the lov'd Dog declare his Maſter near.

Or if kind Heav'n propitious to my Flame
(For ſure from Heav'n the faithful Ardor came)
Had bleſt my Life, and deck'd my natal Hour
With Height of Title, and Extent of Pow'r:
Without a Crime my Paſſion had aſpir'd,
Round the lov'd Prince, and told what I deſir'd.

Then I had come, preventing *Sheba's* Queen,
To ſee the comlieſt of the Sons of Men;
To hear the charming Poet's am'rous Song,
And gather Honey falling from his Tongue;
To take the fragrant Kiſſes of his Mouth,
Sweeter than Breezes of her native South;
Likening his Grace, his Perſon, and his Mein
To all that Great or Beauteous I had ſeen.
Serene and bright his Eyes, as ſolar Beams
Reflecting temper'd Light from Cryſtal Streams;

Ruddy

Ruddy as Gold his Cheek; his Boſom fair
As Silver; the curl'd Ringlets of his Hair
Black as the Raven's Wing; his Lip more red,
Than Eaſtern Coral, or the Scarlet Thread;
His Stature all Majeſtic, all Divine,
Strait as the Palm-tree, ſtrong as is the Pine.
Saffron and Myrrhe are on his Garments ſhed:
And everlaſting Sweets bloom round his Head.
What utter I? where am I? wretched Maid!
Dye, *Abra*, dye: too plainly haſt Thou ſaid
Thy Soul's Deſire to meet His high Embrace,
And Bleſſings ſtamp'd upon thy future Race;
To bid attentive Nations bleſs thy Womb,
With unborn Monarch's charg'd, and *Solomons* to come.

Here o'er her Speech her flowing Eyes prevail.
O fooliſh Maid! and O unhappy Tale!
My ſuff'ring Heart for ever ſhall defy
New Wounds, and Danger from a future Eye.
O! yet my tortur'd Senſes deep retain
The wretched Mem'ry of my former Pain,
The dire Affront, and my *Egyptian* Chain.

As Time, I ſaid, may happily efface
That cruel Image of the King's Diſgrace;
Imperial Reaſon ſhall reſume her Seat;
And *Solomon* once fall'n, again be Great:
Betray'd by Paſſion, as ſubdu'd in War,
We wiſely ſhould exert a double Care,
Nor ever ought a ſecond Time to Err.

This

This *Abra* then——————
I ſaw Her; 'twas Humanity: it gave
Some Reſpite to the Sorrows of my Slave.
Her fond Exceſs proclaim'd her Paſſion true;
And generous Pity to that Truth was due.
Well I entreated Her, who well deſerv'd;
I call'd Her often; for She always ſerv'd.
Uſe made her Perſon eaſy to my Sight;
And Eaſe inſenſibly produc'd Delight.

Whene'er I revell'd in the Women's Bow'rs
(For firſt I ſought Her but at looſer Hours)
The Apples She had gather'd ſmelt moſt ſweet:
The Cake She kneaded was the fav'ry Meat:
But Fruits their Odor loſt, and Meats their Taſte;
If gentle *Abra* had not deck'd the Feaſt.
Diſhonour'd did the ſparkling Goblet ſtand:
Unleſs receiv'd from gentle *Abra*'s Hand:
And when the Virgins form'd the Evening Choir,
Raiſing their Voices to the Maſters Lyre;
Too flat I thought This Voice, and That too ſhrill;
One ſhow'd too much, and one too little Skill:
Nor could my Soul approve the Muſic's Tone;
'Till all was huſh'd, and *Abra* ſung alone.

And now I could behold, avow, and blame
The ſeveral Follies of my former Flame;
Willing my Heart for Recompence to prove
The certain Joys that lye in proſp'rous Love.
For what, ſaid I, from *Abra* can I fear,
Too humble to inſult, too ſoft to be ſevere?
The Dam'ſel's ſole Ambition is to pleaſe:
With Freedom I may like, and quit with Eaſe:

She

She ſooths, but never can enthral my Mind:
Why may not Peace and Love for once be join'd?

Great Heav'n! how frail thy Creature Man is made!
How by Himſelf inſenſibly betray'd!
In our own Strength unhappily ſecure,
Too little cautious of the adverſe Pow'r;
And by the Blaſt of Self-opinion mov'd,
We wiſh to charm, and ſeek to be belov'd.
On Pleaſure's flowing Brink We idly ſtray,
Maſters as yet of our returning Way:
Seeing no Danger, We diſarm our Mind;
And give our Conduct to the Waves and Wind:
Then in the flow'ry Mead, or verdant Shade
To wanton Dalliance negligently laid,
We weave the Chaplet, and We crown the Bowl;
And ſmiling ſee the nearer Waters roll;
'Till the ſtrong Guſts of raging Paſſion riſe;
'Till the dire Tempeſt mingles Earth and Skies;
And ſwift into the boundleſs Ocean born,
Our fooliſh Confidence too late We mourn:
Round our devoted Heads the Billows beat;
And from our troubl'd View the leſſening Lands retreat.

My Conqueror now, my lovely *Abra* held
My Freedom in her Chains: my Heart was fill'd
With Her, with Her alone: in Her alone
It fought its Peace and Joy: while She was gone,
It ſigh'd, and griev'd, impatient of her Stay:
Return'd, She chas'd thoſe Sighs, that Grief away:
Her Abſence made the Night: her Preſence brought the Day.

The

The Ball, the Play, the Mask by Turns ſucceed.
For Her I made the Song: the Dance with her I lead.
I court her various in each Shape and Dreſs,
That Luxury may form, or Thought expreſs.

To-day beneath the Palm-tree on the Plains
In *Deborah's* Arms and Habit *Abra* reigns:
The Wreath denoting Conqueſt guides her Brow:
And low, like *Barak*, at her Feet I bow.
The Mimic Chorus ſings her proſp'rous Hand;
As She had ſlain the Foe, and ſav'd the Land.

To-morrow ſhe approves a ſofter Air;
Forſakes the Pomp and Pageantry of War;
The Form of peaceful *Abigail* aſſumes;
And from the Village with a Preſent comes:
The Youthful Band depoſe their glitt'ring Arms;
Receive her Bounties, and recite her Charms:
Whilſt I aſſume my Father's Step and Mein,
To meet with due Regard my future Queen.

If hap'ly *Abra's* Will be now inclin'd
To range the Woods, or chace the flying Hind;
Soon as the Sun awakes, the ſprightly Court
Leave their Repoſe, and haſten to the Sport.
In leſſen'd Royalty, and humble State,
Thy King, *Jeruſalem*, deſcends to wait,
'Till *Abra* comes. She comes: a Milk-white Steed,
Mixture of *Perſia's*, and *Arabia's* Breed,
Suſtains the Nymph: her Garments flying looſe
(As the *Sydonian* Maids, or *Thracian* uſe)

And

And half her Knee, and half her Breaſt appear,
By Art, like Negligence, diſclos'd, and bear.
Her left Hand guides the hunting Courſer's Flight:
A Silver Bow She carries in her Right:
And from the golden Quiver at her Side,
Ruſtles the Ebon Arrow's feather'd Pride.

If tir'd this Evening with the hunted Woods,
To the large Fiſh-pools, or the glaſſy Floods,
Her Mind To-morrow points; a thouſand Hands
To-night employ'd, obey the King's Commands,
Upon the wat'ry Beach an artful Pile
Of Planks is join'd, and forms a moving Iſle.
A golden Chariot in the Midſt is ſet;
And ſilver Cygnets ſeem to feel its Weight.
Abra, bright Queen, aſcends her gaudy Throne,
In ſemblance of the *Grecian Venus* known:
Tritons and Sea-green *Naiads* round her move;
And ſing in moving Strains the Force of Love:
Whilſt as th' approaching Pageant does appear;
And echoing Crouds ſpeak mighty *Venus* near;
I, her Adorer, too devoutly ſtand
Faſt on the utmoſt Margin of the Land,
With Arms and Hopes extended, to receive
The fancy'd Goddeſs riſing from the Wave.

O ſubject Reaſon! O imperious Love!
Whither yet further would My Folly rove?
Is it enough, that *Abra* ſhould be great
In the wall'd Palace, or the Rural Seat?
That maſking Habits, and a borrow'd Name
Contrive to hide my Plenitude of Shame?

No, no, *Jeruſalem* combin'd muſt ſee
My open Fault, and Regal Infamy.
Solemn a Month is deſtin'd for the Feaſt:
Abra invites: the Nation is the Gueſt.
To have the Honour of each Day ſuſtain'd,
The Woods are travers'd, and the Lakes are drain'd:
Arabia's Wilds, and *Ægypt's* are explor'd:
The Edible Creation decks the Board:
Hardly the *Phenix* 'ſcapes——
The Men their Lyres, the Maids their Voices raiſe,
To ſing my Happineſs, and *Abra's* Praiſe.
And ſlaviſh Bards our mutual Loves rehearſe
In lying Strains, and ignominious Verſe:
While from the Banquet leading forth the Bride,
Whom prudent Love from public Eyes ſhould hide;
I ſhow Her to the World, confeſs'd and known
Queen of my Heart, and Partner of my Throne.

And now Her Friends and Flatt'rers fill the Court:
From *Dan*, and from *Beerſheba* They reſort:
They barter Places, and diſpoſe of Grants,
Whole Provinces unequal to their Wants.
They teach her to recede, or to debate;
With Toys of Love to mix Affairs of State;
By practis'd Rules her Empire to ſecure;
And in my Pleaſure make my Ruin ſure.
They gave, and She transferr'd the curs'd Advice,
That Monarchs ſhould their inward Soul diſguiſe,
Diſſemble and command, be falſe and wiſe;
By ignominious Arts for ſervile Ends
Should compliment their Foes, and ſhun their Friends.

And

And now I leave the true and juſt Supports
Of Legal Princes, and of Honeſt Courts,
Barzillai's, and the fierce *Benaiah's* Heirs;
Whoſe Sires, Great Part'ners in my Father's Cares,
Saluted their young King at *Hebron* crown'd,
Great by their Toil, and glorious by their Wound.
And now, unhappy Council, I prefer
Thoſe whom my Follies only made me fear,
Old *Corah's* Brood, and taunting *Shimei's* Race;
Miſcreants who ow'd their Lives to *David's* Grace;
Tho' they had ſpurn'd his Rule, and curs'd Him to his Face.

Still *Abra's* Pow'r, my Scandal ſtill increas'd;
Juſtice ſubmitted to what *Abra* pleas'd:
Her Will alone could ſettle or revoke;
And Law was fix'd by what She lateſt ſpoke.

Iſrael neglected, *Abra* was my Care:
I only acted, thought, and liv'd for Her.
I durſt not reaſon with my wounded Heart:
Abra poſſeſs'd; She was its better Part.
O! had I now review'd the famous Cauſe,
Which gave my righteous Youth ſo juſt Applauſe;
In vain on the diſſembl'd Mother's Tongue
Had cunning Art, and ſly Perſuaſion hung;
And real Care in vain, and native Love
In the true Parent's panting Breaſt had ſtrove;
While both deceiv'd had ſeen the deſtin'd Child
Or ſlain, or ſav'd, as *Abra* frown'd, or ſmil'd.

Unknowing to command, proud to obey,
A life-leſs King, a Royal Shade I lay.

Unheard the injur'd Orphans now complain:
The Widow's Cries addreſs the Throne in vain.
Cauſes unjug'd diſgrace the loaded File;
And ſleeping Laws the King's Neglect revile.
No more the Elders throng'd around my Throne,
To hear my Maxims, and reform their own.
No more the Young Nobility were taught,
How *Moſes* govern'd, and how *David* fought.
Looſe and undiſciplin'd the Soldier lay;
Or loſt in Drink and Game the ſolid Day:
Porches and Schools, deſign'd for public Good,
Uncover'd, and with Scaffolds cumber'd ſtood,
Or nodded, threat'ning Ruin ——
Half Pillars wanted their expected Height;
And Roofs imperfect prejudic'd the Sight.
The Artiſts grieve; the lab'ring People droop:
My Father's Legacy, my Country's Hope,
God's Temple lies unfiniſh'd ——

The Wiſe and Grave deplor'd their Monarch's Fate,
And future Miſchiefs of a ſinking State.
Is this, the Serious ſaid, is this the Man,
Whoſe active Soul thro' every Science ran?
Who by juſt Rule and elevated Skill
Preſcrib'd the dubious Bounds of Good and Ill?
Whoſe Golden Sayings, and Immortal Wit,
On large *Phylacteries* expreſſive writ,
Were to the Forehead of the *Rabbins* ty'd,
Our Youth's Inſtruction, and our Age's Pride?
Could not the Wiſe his wild Deſires reſtrain?
Then was our Hearing, and his Preaching vain!

What

What from his Life and Letters were we taught,
But that his Knowledge aggravates his Fault?

In lighter Mood the Humorous and the Gay
(As crown'd with Roſes at their Feaſts they lay)
Sent the full Goblet, charg'd with *Abra's* Name,
And Charms ſuperior to their Maſter's Fame:
Laughing ſome praiſe the King, who let 'em ſee,
How aptly Luxe and Empire might agree:
Some gloſs'd, how Love and Wiſdom were at Strife;
And brought my Proverbs to confront my Life.
However, Friend, here's to the King, one cries:
To Him who was the King, the Friend replies.
The King for *Judah's*, and for Wiſdom's Curſe,
To *Abra* yields; could I, or Thou do worſe?
Our looſer Lives let Chance or Folly ſteer:
If thus the Prudent and Determin'd err.
Let *Dinah* bind with Flowers her flowing Hair;
And touch the Lute, and ſound the wanton Air:
Let us the Bliſs without the Sting receive,
Free, as We will, or to enjoy, or leave.
Pleaſures on Levity's ſmooth Surface flow:
Thought brings the Weight, that ſinks the Soul to Woe.
Now be this Maxim to the King convey'd,
And added to the Thouſand He has made.

Sadly, O Reaſon, is thy Pow'r expreſs'd,
Thou gloomy Tyrant of the frighted Breaſt!
And harſh the Rules, which We from Thee receive;
If for our Wiſdom We our Pleaſure give;
And more to think be only more to grieve.

Yet thy inſulting Dictates ſhall be heard:
Virtue for once ſhall be Her own Reward:
Yes; Rebel *Iſrael*, this unhappy Maid
Shall be diſmiſs'd: the Crowd ſhall be obey'd:
The King his Paſſion, and his Rule ſhall leave,
No longer *Abra's*, but the People's Slave.
My Coward Soul ſhall bear its wayward Fate:
I will, alas! be wretched, to be great;
And ſigh in Royalty, and grieve in State.

I ſaid: reſolv'd to plunge into my Grief
At once ſo far, as to expect Relief
From my Deſpair alone——
I choſe to write the Thing I durſt not ſpeak,
To Her I lov'd; to Her I muſt forſake.
The harſh Epiſtle labour'd much to prove,
How inconſiſtent Majeſty, and Love.
I always ſhould, It ſaid, eſteem Her well;
But never ſee her more: It bid Her feel
No future Pain for Me; but inſtant wed
A Lover more proportion'd to her Bed;
And quiet dedicate her remnant Life
To the juſt Duties of an humble Wife.

She read; and forth to Me ſhe wildly ran,
To Me, the Eaſe of all her former Pain.
She kneel'd, intreated, ſtruggl'd, threaten'd, cry'd,
And with an alternate Paſſion liv'd, and dy'd:
'Till now deny'd the Liberty to mourn,
And by rude Fury from my Preſence torn,
This only Object of my real Care,
Cut off from Hope, abandon'd to Deſpair,

In

In ſome few poſting fatal Hours is hurl'd
From Wealth, from Pow'r, from Love, and from the World.

Here tell Me, if Thou dar'ſt, my conſcious Soul,
What diff'rent Sorrows did within Thee roll?
What Pangs, what Fires, what Racks didſt Thou ſuſtain?
What ſad Viciſſitudes of ſmarting Pain?
How oft from Pomp and State did I remove,
To feed Deſpair, and cheriſh hopeleſs Love?
How oft, all Day, recall'd *Abra's* Charms,
Her Beauties preſs'd, and panting in my Arms?
How oft, with Sighs, view'd every Female Face,
Where mimic Fancy might her Likeneſs trace?
How oft deſir'd to fly from *Iſrael's* Throne,
And live in Shades with Her and Love alone?
How oft, all Night, purſu'd her in my Dreams;
O'er flow'ry Vallies, and thro' Cryſtal Streams;
And waking, view'd with Grief the riſing Sun,
And fondly mourn'd the dear Deluſion gone?

When thus the gather'd Storms of wretched Love,
In my ſwoln Boſom, with long War had ſtrove;
At length they broke their Bounds: at length their Force
Bore down whatever met its ſtronger Courſe:
Lay'd all the Civil Bonds of Manhood waſte;
And ſcatter'd Ruin as the Torrent paſt.

So from the Hills, whoſe hollow Caves contain
The congregated Snow, and ſwelling Rain;
'Till the full Stores their ancient Bounds diſdain;

Preci-

Precipiate the furious Torrent flows:
In vain would Speed avoid, or Strength oppoſe:
Towns, Foreſts, Herds, and Men promiſcuous drown'd,
With one great Death deform the deary Ground:
The echo'd Woes from diſtant Rocks reſound.

And now, what impious Ways my Wiſhes took;
How they the Monarch, and the Man forſook;
And how I follow'd an abandon'd Will,
Thro' crooked Paths, and ſad Retreats of Ill;
How *Judah*'s Daughters now, now foreign Slaves,
By turns my proſtituted Bed receives;
Thro' Tribes of Women how I looſely rang'd
Impatient; lik'd To-night, To-morrow chang'd;
And by the Inſtinct of capricious Luſt,
Enjoy'd, diſdain'd, was grateful, or unjuſt:
O, be theſe Scenes from human Eyes conceal'd,
In Clouds of decent Silence juſtly veil'd!
O, be the wanton Images convey'd
To black Oblivion, and eternal Shade!
Or let their ſad *Epitome* alone,
And outward Lines to future Age be known,
Enough to propagate the ſure Belief,
That Vice engenders Shame; and Folly broods o'er Grief.

Bury'd in Sloth, and loſt in Eaſe I lay:
The Night I revell'd; and I ſlept the Day.
New Heaps of Fewel damp'd my kindling Fires;
And daily Change extinguiſh'd young Deſires.
By its own Force deſtroy'd, Fruition ceas'd;
And always weary'd, I was never pleas'd.

No

No longer now does my neglected Mind
Its wonted Stores, and old *Ideas* find.
Fix'd Judgment there no longer does abide,
To take the True, or ſet the Falſe aſide.
No longer does ſwift Mem'ry trace the Cells,
Where ſpringing Wit, or young Invention dwells.
Frequent Debauch to Habitude prevails:
Patience of Toil, and Love of Virtue fails.
By ſad Degrees impair'd my Vigor dyes;
Till I Command no longer ev'n in Vice.

The Women on my Dotage build their Sway:
They aſk; I grant: They threaten; I obey.
In Regal Garments now I gravely ſtride,
Aw'd by the *Perſian* Dam'ſel's haughty Pride.
Now with the looſer *Syrian* dance, and ſing,
In Robes tuck'd up, opprobrious to the King.

Charm'd by their Eyes, their Manners I acquire;
And ſhape my Fooliſhneſs to their Deſire.
Seduc'd and aw'd by the *Philiſtine* Dame,
At *Dagon's* Shrine I kindle impious Flame.
With the *Chaldean's* Charms her Rites prevail;
And curling Frankincenſe aſcends to *Baal*.
To each new Harlot I new Altars dreſs;
And ſerve Her God, whoſe Perſon I careſs.

Where, my deluded Senſe, was Reaſon flown?
Where the high Majeſty of *David's* Throne?
Where all the Maxims of Eternal Truth,
With which the Living GOD inform'd my Youth?
When with the lew'd *Egyptian* I adore
Vain Idols, Deities that ne'er before

In

In *Iſrael's* Land had fix'd their dire Abodes,
Beaſtly Divinities, and Droves of Gods:
Oſiris, *Apis*, Powr's that chew the Cud,
And *Dog Anubis*, Flatt'rer for his Rood:
When in the Woody Hill's forbidden Shade
I carv'd the Marble, and invok'd its Aid:
To Shrubs and Plants my vile Devotion paid;
When in the Fens to Snakes and Flies, with Zeal
Unworthy human Thought, I proſtrate fell;
And ſet the bearded Leek, to which I pray'd:
When to all Beings Sacred Rites were giv'n;
Forgot the Arbiter of Earth and Heav'n.

Thro' theſe ſad Shades, this *Chaos* in my Soul,
Some Seeds of Light at length began to roll.
The riſing Motion of an Infant Ray
Shot glimm'ring thro' the Cloud, and promis'd Day.
And now one Moment able to reflect,
I found the King abandon'd to Neglect,
Seen without Awe, and ſerv'd without Reſpect.
I found my Subjects amicably joyn,
To leſſen their Defects, by citing Mine.
The Prieſt with Pity pray'd for *David's* Race;
And left his Text, to dwell on my Diſgrace.
The Father, whilſt he warn'd his erring Son,
The ſad Examples which He ought to ſhun,
Deſcrib'd, and only nam'd not *Solomon*.
Each Bard, each Sire did to his Pupil ſing,
A Wiſe Child better than a Fooliſh King.

Into My ſelf my Reaſon's Eye I turn'd;
And as I much reflected, much I mourn'd.

A mighty

A mighty King I am, an Earthly God:
Nations obey my Word, and wait my Nod,
I raiſe or ſink, impriſon or ſet free;
And Life or Death depends on My Decree.
Fond the *Idea*, and the Thought is vain:
O'er *Judah's* Kings ten thouſand Tyrants reign.
Legions of Luſt, and various Pow'rs of Ill
Inſult the Maſter's Tributary Will:
And He, from whom the Nations ſhould receive
Juſtice and Freedom, lyes Himſelf a Slave,
Tortur'd by cruel Change of wild Deſires,
Laſh'd by mad Rage, and ſcorch'd by brutal Fires.

O Reaſon! once again to Thee I call:
Accept my Sorrow, and retrieve my Fall.
Wiſdom, Thou ſay'ſt, from Heav'n receiv'd her Birth;
Her Beams tranſmitted to the ſubject Earth.
Yet this great Empreſs of the human Soul
Does only with imagin'd Pow'r controul;
If reſtleſs Paſſion by Rebellious Sway
Compells the weak Uſurper to obey.

O troubled, weak, and Coward, as thou art!
Without thy poor Advice the lab'ring Heart
To worſe Extremes with ſwifter Steps would run,
Not ſav'd by Virtue, yet by Vice undone.

Oft have I ſaid; the Praiſe of doing well
Is to the Ear, as Oynment to the Smell.
Now if ſome Flies perchance, howeyer ſmall,
Into the Alabaſter Urn ſhould fall;
The Odors of the Sweets inclos'd would dye;
And Stench corrupt (ſad Change!) their Place ſupply.

So

So the leaſt Faults, if mix'd with faireſt Deed,
Of future Ill become the fatal Seed:
Into the Balm of pureſt Virtue caſt,
Annoy all Life with one contagious Blaſt.

Loſt SOLOMON! purſue this Thought no more:
Of thy paſt Errors recolleſt the Store:
And ſilent weep, that while the Deathleſs Muſe
Shall ſing the Juſt, ſhall o'er their Head diffuſe
Perfumes with laviſh Hand; She ſhall proclaim
Thy Crimes alone; and to thy evil Fame
Impartial, ſcatter Damps and Poiſons on thy Name.

Awaking therefore, as who long had dream'd,
Much of my Women, and their Gods aſham'd,
From this Abyſs of exemplary Vice
Reſolv'd, as Time might aid my Thought, to riſe;
Again I bid the mournful Goddeſs write
The fond Purſuit of fugitive Delight:
Bid her exalt her melancholy Wing,
And rais'd from Earth, and ſav'd from Paſſion, ſing
Of human Hope by croſs Event deſtroy'd,
Of uſeleſs Wealth, and Greatneſs unenjoy'd,
Of Luſt and Love, with their fantaſtic Train,
Their Wiſhes, Smiles, and Looks deceitful all, and vain.

6 SE 55

POWER.

THE

THIRD BOOK.

BRITISH MUSEUM

The ARGUMENT.

SOLOMON *conſiders Man through the ſeveral Stages and Conditions of Life; and concludes in general, that We are all Miſerable. He reflects more particularly upon the Trouble and Uncertainty of Greatneſs and Power; gives ſome Inſtances thereof from* ADAM *down to Himſelf; and ſtill concludes that* ALL *is* VANITY. *He reaſons again upon Life, Death, and a future Being; finds Human Wiſdom too imperfect to reſolve his Doubts; has Recourſe to Religion; is informed by an Angel, what ſhall happen to Himſelf, his Family, and his Kingdom, 'till the Redemption of* ISRAEL: *and, upon the Whole, reſolves to ſubmit his Enquiries and Anxieties to the Will of his Creator.*


BRITISH MUSEUM

TEXTS chiefly alluded to in this Book.

Or ever the Silver Cord be loosed, or the golden Bowl be broken, or the Pitcher be broken at the Fountain, or the Wheel broken at the Cistern. Ecclesiastes, Chap. xii. Vers. 6.

The Sun ariseth, and the San goeth down, and hasteth to his Place where He arose. Ecclesiastes, Chap. i. Vers. 5.

The Wind goeth towards the South, and turneth about unto the North. It whirleth about continually; and the Wind returneth again, according to his Circuit. Vers. 6.

All the Rivers run into the Sea: yet the Sea is not full. Unto the Place from whence the Rivers come, thither they return again. Vers. 7.

Then shall the Dust return to the Earth, as it was: and the Spirit shall return unto God *who gave it.* Ecclesiastes, Chap. xii. Vers. 7.

Now when Solomon *had made an End of Praying, the Fire came down from Heaven and consumed the Burnt-offering, and the Sacrifices; and the Glory of the Lord filled the House.* ii Chronicles, Chap. vii. Vers. i.

By the Rivers of Babylon, *there We sat down; Yea We wept, when We remembred Sion,* &c. Psalm cxxxvii. Vers. 1.

No Man can find out the Work that GOD *maketh, from the Beginning to the End.* Eccleſiaſtes, Chap. iii. Verſe. ii.

Whatſoever GOD *doth, it ſhall be for ever: nothing can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it: and God doeth it, that Men ſhould fear before Him.* Verſ. 14.

Let us hear the Concluſion of the whole Matter; Fear GOD, *and keep his Commandments; for this is the whole Duty of Man.* Eccleſiaſtes, Chap. xii. Verſe. 13.

POWER:

THE

THIRD BOOK.

COME then, my Soul: I call Thee by that Name,
Thou buſie Thing, from whence I know I am:
For knowing that I am, I know Thou art;
Since that muſt needs exiſt, which can impart.
But how thou cam'ſt to be, or whence Thy Spring:
For various of Thee Prieſts and Poets ſing.

Hear'ſt Thou ſubmiſſive, but a lowly Birth;
Some ſep'rate Particles of finer Earth,
A plain Effect, which Nature muſt beget,
As Motion orders, and as Atoms meet;
Companion of the Body's Good or Ill;
From Force of Inſtinct more than Choice of Will;
Conſcious of Fear or Valor, Joy or Pain,
As the wild Courſes of the Blood ordain;
Who as Degrees of Heat and Cold prevail,
In Youth doſt flouriſh, and with Age ſhalt fail;

'Till

'Till mingled with thy Part'ner's lateſt Breath
Thou fly'ſt, diſſolv'd in Air, and loſt in Death.

Or if Thy great Exiſtence would aſpire
To Cauſes more ſublime; of Heav'nly Fire
Wer't Thou a Spark ſtruck off? a ſep'rate Ray,
Ordain'd to mingle with Terreſtrial Clay;
With it condemn'd for certain Years to dwell,
To grieve its Frailties, and its Pains to feel;
To teach it Good and Ill, Diſgrace or Fame;
Pale it with Rage, or redden it with Shame:
To guide its Actions with informing Care,
In Peace to Judge, to Conquer in the War;
Render it Agile, Witty, Valiant, Sage,
As fits the various Courſe of human Age;
'Till as the Earthly Part decays and falls,
The Captive breaks Her Priſon's mould'ring Walls;
Hovers a-while upon the ſad Remains,
Which now the Pile, or Sepulchre contains;
And thence with Liberty unbounded flies,
Impatient to regain Her native Skies.

Whate'er Thou art, where-e'er ordain'd to go
(Points which We rather may diſpute, than know)
Come on, Thou little Inmate of this Breaſt,
Which for Thy ſake from Paſſions I diveſt:
For theſe, Thou ſay'ſt, raiſe all the ſtormy Strife,
Which hinder Thy Repoſe, and trouble Life.
Be the fair Level of Thy Actions laid,
As Temp'rance wills, and Prudence may perſwade:

By

By Thy Affections undiſturb'd and clear,
Guided to what may Great or Good appear;
And try if Life be worth the Liver's Care.

Amaſs'd in Man there juſtly is beheld
What thro' the whole Creation has excell'd:
The Life and Growth of Plants, of Beaſts the Senſe,
The Angel's Forecaſt and Intelligence:
Say from theſe glorious Seeds what Harveſt flows:
Recount our Bleſſings, and compare our Woes.
In its true Light let cleareſt Reaſon ſee
The Man dragg'd out to Act, and forc'd to Be;
Helpleſs and Naked on a Woman's Knees
To be expos'd or rear'd as She may pleaſe;
Feel her Neglect, and pine from her Diſeaſe.
His tender Eye by too direct a Ray
Wounded, and flying from unpractis'd Day;
His Heart aſſaulted by invading Air,
And beating fervent to the vital War;
To his Young Senſe how various Forms appear;
That ſtrike his Wonder, and excite his Fear?
By his Diſtortions he reveals his Pains:
He by his Tears, and by his Sighs complains;
'Til Time and Uſe aſſiſt the Infant Wretch,
By broken Words, and Rudiments of Speech.
His Wants in plainer Characters to ſhow,
And point more perfect Figures of his Woe,
Condemn'd to ſacrifice his childiſh Years
To babling Ign'rance, and to empty Fears;
To paſs the riper Period of his Age,
Acting his Part upon a crowded Stage;

To laſting Toils expos'd, and endleſs Cares,
To open Dangers, and to ſecret Snares;
To Malice which the vengeful Foe intends,
And the more dangerous Love of ſeeming Friends.
His Deeds examin'd by the People's Will,
Prone to forget the Good, and blame the Ill:
Or ſadly cenſur'd in their curs'd Debate,
Who in the Scorner's, or the Judge's Seat
Dare to condemn the Virtue which They hate.
Or would he rather leave this frantic Scene;
And Trees and Beaſts prefer to Courts and Men?
In the remoteſt Wood and lonely Grott
Certain to meet that worſt of Evils, Thought;
Diff'rent Ideas to his Mem'ry brought:
Some intricate, as are the pathleſs Woods;
Impetuous ſome, as the deſcending Floods:
With anxious Doubts, with raging Paſſions torn,
No ſweet Companion near, with whom to mourn;
He hears the Echoing Rock return his Sighs;
And from himſelf the frighted Hermit flies.

Thus, thro' what Path ſoe'er of Life We rove,
Rage companies our Hate, and Grief our Love:
Vex'd with the preſent Moment's heavy Gloom,
Why ſeek We Brightneſs from the Years to come?
Diſturb'd and broken like a ſick Man's Sleep,
Our troubl'd Thoughts to diſtant Proſpects leap:
Deſirous ſtill what flies us to o'ertake:
For Hope is but the Dream of Thoſe that wake:

But looking back, We ſee the dreadful Train
Of Woes, a-new which were We to ſuſtain
We ſhould refuſe to tread the Path again.
Still adding Grief, ſtill counting from the Firſt;
Judging the lateſt Evils ſtill the worſt;
And ſadly finding each progreſſive Hour
Heighten their Number, and augment their Pow'r:
'Till by one countleſs Sum of Woes oppreſt,
Hoary with Cares, and Ignorant of Reſt,
We find the vital Springs relax'd and worn;
Compell'd our common Impotence to mourn.
Thus, thro' the Round of Age, to Childhood We return.
Reflecting find, that naked from the Womb
We yeſterday came forth; that in the Tomb
Naked again We muſt To-morrow lye,
Born to lament, to labor, and to dye.

Paſs We the Ills, which each Man feels or dreads,
The Weight or fall'n, or hanging o'er our Heads;
The Bear, the Lyon, Terrors of the Plain,
The Sheepfold ſcatter'd, and the Shepherd ſlain;
The frequent Errors of the pathleſs Wood,
The giddy Precipice, and the dang'rous Flood;
The noiſom Peſt'lence, that in open War
Terrible, marches thro' the Mid-day Air,
And ſcatters Death; the Arrow that by Night
Cuts the dank Miſt, and fatal wings its Flight;
The billowing Snow and Violence of the Show'r,
That from the Hills diſperſe their dreadful Store,
And o'er the Vales collected Ruin pour;

The

The Worm that gnaws the ripening Fruit, ſad Gueſt,
Canker or Locuſt hurtful to infeſt
The Blade; while Huſks elude the Tiller's Care,
And Emminence of Want diſtinguiſhes the Year.

Paſs we the ſlow Diſeaſe, and ſubtil Pain,
Which our weak Frame is deſtin'd to ſuſtain;
The cruel Stone, with congregated War
Tearing his bloody Way; the cold Catarrh
With frequent Impulſe, and continu'd Strife,
Weak'ning the waſted Seats of irkſome Life;
The Gout's fierce Rack, the burning Fever's Rage,
The ſad Experience of Decay; and Age
Her ſelf the ſoreſt Ill; while Death, and Eaſe,
Oft and in vain envok'd, or to appeaſe,
Or end the Grief, with haſty Wings receed
From the vext Patient, and the ſickly Bed.

Nought ſhall it profit, that the charming Fair,
Angelic, ſofteſt Work of Heav'n, draws near
To the cold ſhaking paralytic Hand,
Senleſs of Beauty's Touch, or Love's Command,
No longer apt, or able to fulfill
The Dictates of its feeble Maſter's Will.

Nought ſhall the Pſaltry, and the Harp avail,
The pleaſing Song, or well repeated Tale;
When the quick Spirits their warm March forbear;
And numbing Coldneſs has unbrac'd the Ear.

The verdant Riſing of the flow'ry Hill,
The Vale enamell'd, and the Cryſtal Rill,

The

The Ocean rolling, and the ſhelly Shoar,
Beautiful Objects, ſhall delight no more;
When the lax'd Sinews of the weaken'd Eye
In wat'ry Damps, or dim Suffuſion lye.
Day follows Night; the Clouds return again
After the falling of the later Rain:
But to the Aged-blind ſhall ne'er return
Grateful Viciſſitude: He ſtill muſt mourn
The Sun, and Moon, and ev'ry Starry Light
Eclips'd to Him, and loſt in everlaſting Night.

Behold where Age's wretched Victim lies:
See his Head trembling, and his half-clos'd Eyes:
Frequent for Breath his panting Boſom heaves:
To broken Sleeps his remnant Senſe He gives;
And only by his Pains, awaking finds He Lives.

Loos'd by devouring Time the ſilver Cord
Diſſever'd lies: unhonor'd from the Board
The Chriſtian Urn, when broken, is thrown by;
And after Untenſils their Place ſupply.
Theſe Things and Thou muſt ſhare One equal Lot,
Dye and be loſt, corrupt and be forgot;
While ſtill another, and another Race
Shall now ſupply, and now give up the Place.
From Earth all came, to Earth muſt all return,
Frail as the Cord, and brittle as the Urn.

But be the Terror of theſe Ills ſuppreſs'd:
And view We Man with Health and Vigor bleſt.
Home He returns with the declining Sun,
His deſtin'd Taſk of Labor hardly done;

Goes forth again with the aſcending Ray,
Again his Travel for his Bread to pay,
And find the Ill ſufficient to the Day.
Hap'ly at Night He does with Horror ſhun
A widow'd Daughter, or a dying Son:
His Neighbor's Off-ſpring He To-morrow ſees;
And doubly feels his Want in their Increaſe:
The next Day, and the next he muſt attend
His Foe triumphant, or his buried Friend.
In ev'ry Act and Turn of Life he feels
Public Calamities, or Houſehold Ills:
The due Reward to juſt Deſarts refus'd:
The Truſt betray'd, the Nuptial Bed abus'd:
The Judge corrupt, the long depending Cauſe,
And doubtful Iſſue of miſconſtru'd Laws.
The crafty Turns of a diſhoneſt State,
And violent Will of the wrong-doing Great:
The Venom'd Tongue injurious to his Fame,
Which nor can Wiſdom ſhun, nor fair Advice reclaim.

Happy the Mortal Man, who now at laſt
Has thro' this doleful Vale of Mis'ry paſt;
Who to his deſtin'd Stage has carry'd on
The tedious Load, and laid his Burden down;
Whom the cut Braſs, or wounded Marble ſhows
Victor o'er Life, and all her Train of Woes.
He happyer yet, who privileg'd by Fate
To ſhorter Labor, and a lighter Weight,
Receiv'd but Yeſterday the Gift of Breath,
Order'd To-morrorow to return to Death.
But O! beyond Deſcription happyeſt He,
Who ne'er muſt roll on Life's tumultuous Sea;

Who

Who with bleſs'd Freedom from the gen'ral Doom
Exempt, muſt never force the teeming Womb,
Nor ſee the Sun, nor ſink into the Tomb.

Who breaths, muſt ſuffer; and who thinks, muſt mourn;
And he alone is bleſs'd, who ne'er was born.

" Yet in thy Turn, thou frowning Preacher, hear:
" Are not theſe general Maxims too ſevere?
" Say: cannot Pow'r ſecure its Owner's Bliſs?
" And is not Wealth the potent Sire of Peace?
" Are Victors bleſs'd with Fame, or Kings with Eaſe?

I tell Thee, Life is but one common Care;
And Man was born to ſuffer, and to fear.

" But is no Rank, no Station, no Degree
" From this contagious Taint of Sorrow free?

None, Mortal, None: Yet in a bolder Strain
Let me this melancholy Truth maintain:
But hence, Ye Worldly, and Prophane, retire:
For I adapt my Voice, and raiſe my Lyre
To Notions not by Vulgar Ear receiv'd:
Ye ſtill muſt covet Life, and be deceiv'd:
Your very Fear of Death ſhall make Ye try
To catch the Shade of Immortality;
Wiſhing on Earth to linger, and to ſave
Part of its Prey from the devouring Grave;
To thoſe who may ſurvive Ye, to bequeath
Something entire, in ſpight of Time, and Death;

A fancy'd Kind of Being to retrieve,
And in a Book, or from a Building live.
False Hope! vain Labor! let ſome Ages fly:
The Dome ſhall moulder and the Volume dye:
Wretches, ſtill taught, ſtill will Ye think it ſtrange
That all the Parts of this great Fabric change:
Quit their old Station, and Primæval Frame;
And loſe their Shape, their Eſſence, and their Name?

Reduce the Song: Our Hopes, our Joys are vain:
Our Lot is Sorrow; and our Portion Pain.

What Pauſe from Woe, what Hopes of Comfort bring
The Name of Wiſe or Great, of Judge or King?
What is a King? A Man condemn'd to bear
The public Burden of the Nation's Care;
Now crown'd ſome angry Faction to appeaſe;
Now falls a Victim to the People's Eaſe:
From the firſt blooming of his ill-taught Youth,
Nouriſh'd in Flatt'ry, and eſtrang'd from Truth:
At Home ſurrounded by a ſervile Crowd,
Prompt to abuſe, and in Detraction loud:
Abroad begirt with Men, and Swords, and Spears;
His very State acknowledging his Fears:
Marching amidſt a thouſand Guards, He ſhows
His ſecret Terror of a thouſand Foes:
Seeking to ſettle what for ever flies;
Sure of the Toil, uncertain of the Prize.

But he returns with Conqueſt on his Brow;
Brings up the Triumph, and abſolves the Vow:

The

The Captive Generals to his Carr are ty'd:
The Joyful Citizens tumultuous Tyde
Echoing his Glory, gratify his Pride.
What is the Triumph? Madneſs, Shouts, and Noiſe,
One great Collection of the People's Voice.
The Wretches he brings back, in Chains relate,
What may To-morrow be the Victor's Fate.
The Spoils and Trophies born before Him, ſhow
National Loſs, and Epidemic Woe,
Various Diſtreſs, which He and His may know.
Does He not mourn the valiant Thouſands ſlain;
The Heroes, once the Glory of the Plain,
Left in the Conflict of the fatal Day,
Or the Wolf's Portion, or the Vulture's Prey?
Does he not weep the Lawrel, which he wears,
Wet with the Soldier's Blood, and Widow's Tears?

See, where He comes, the Darling of the War!
See Millions crowding round the gilded Carr!
In the vaſt Joys of this Ecſtatic Hour,
And full Fruition of ſucceſsful Pow'r,
One Moment and one Thought might let Him ſcan
The various Turns of Life, and fickle State of Man.

Are the dire Images of ſad Diſtruſt,
And Popular Change obſcur'd a-mid the Duſt,
That riſes from the Victor's rapid Wheel?
Can the loud Clarion, or ſhrill Fife repel
The inward Cries of Care? can Nature's Voice
Plaintive be drown'd, or leſſen'd in the Noiſe;
Tho' Shouts as Thunder loud afflict the Air;
Stun the Birds now releas'd, and ſhake the Iv'ry Chair?

Yon' Crowd (He might reflect) yon' joyful Crowd,
Pleas'd with my Honors, in my Praiſes loud
(Should fleeting Vict'ry to the Vanquiſh'd go;
Should She depreſs my Arms, and raiſe the Foe)
Would for that Foe with equal Ardor wait
At the high Palace, or the crowded Gate;
With reſtleſs Rage would pull my Statues down,
And caſt the Braſs a-new to His Renown.

O impotent Deſire of Worldly Sway!
That I who make the Triumph of To-day,
May of To-morrow's Pomp one Part appear,
Ghaſtly with Wounds, and lifeleſs on the Bier!
Then (Vileneſs of Mankind!) then of all Theſe,
Whom my dilated Eye with Labor ſees,
Would one, alas! repeat Me Good, or Great?
Waſh my pale Body, or bewail my Fate?
Or, march'd I chain'd behind the Hoſtile Carr,
The Victor's Paſtime, and the Sport of War;
Would One, would One his pitying Sorrow lend,
Or be ſo poor, to own He was my Friend?

Avails it then, O Reaſon, to be wiſe?
To ſee this cruel Scene with quicker Eyes?
To know with more Diſtinction to complain,
And have ſuperior Senſe in feeling Pain?

Let us revolve that Roll with ſtricteſt Eye,
Where ſafe from Time diſtinguiſh'd Actions lye;
And judge if Greatneſs be exempt from Pain,
Or Pleaſure ever may with Pow'r Premain.

Adam,

Adam, great *Type*, for whom the World was made,
The faireſt Bleſſings to his Arms convey'd,
A charming Wife; and Air, and Sea, and Land,
And all that move therein, to his Command
Render'd obedient: Say, my penſive Muſe,
What did theſe golden Promiſes produce?
Scarce taſting Life, He was of Joy bereav'd:
One Day, I think, in *Paradiſe* He liv'd;
Deſtin'd the next His Journey to purſue,
Where wounding Thorns, and curſed Thiſtles grew.
E'er yet He earns his Bread, a-down his Brow,
Inclin'd to Earth, his lab'ring Sweat muſt flow:
His Limbs muſt ake, with daily Toils oppreſs'd;
E'er long-wiſh'd Night brings neceſſary Reſt:
Still viewing with Regret his Darling *Eve*,
He for Her Follies, and His own muſt grieve.
Bewailing ſtill a-freſh their hapleſs Choice;
His Ear oft frighted with the imag'd Voice.
Of Heav'n, when firſt it thunder'd; oft his View
A-ghaſt, as when the Infant Light'ning flew;
And the ſtern *Cherub* ſtopp'd the fatal Road,
Arm'd with the Flames of an Avenging GOD.
His Younger Son on the polluted Ground,
Firſt Fruit of Death, lies Plaintive of a Wound
Giv'n by a Brother's Hand: His Eldeſt Birth
Flies, mark'd by Heav'n, a Fugitive o'er Earth.

Each Age ſinn'd on, and Guilt advanc'd with Time;
The Son ſtill added to the Father's Crime;
'Till GOD aroſe, and great in Anger ſaid:
Lo! it repenteth Me, that Man was made.

With-

Withdraw thy Light, thou Sun! be dark, Ye Skies!
And from your deep Abyſs, Ye Waters, riſe!

The frighted Angels heard th' Almighty LORD;
And o'er the Earth from wrathful Viols pour'd
Tempeſts and Storms, obedient to his Word.
Mean time, His Providence to *Noah* gave
The Guard of All, that He deſign'd to ſave.
Exempt from general Doom the Patriarch ſtood;
Contemn'd the Waves, and triumph'd o'er the Flood.

The Winds fall ſilent; and the Waves decreaſe:
The Dove brings Quiet, and the Olive Peace:
Yet ſtill His Heart does inward Sorrow feel,
Which Faith alone forbids Him to reveal.
If on the backward World his Views are caſt;
'Tis Death diffus'd, and univerſal Waſte.
Preſent (ſad Proſpect!) can He Ought deſcry,
But (what affects his melancholy Eye)
The Beauties of the Ancient Fabric loſt,
In Chains of craggy Hill, or Lengths of dreary Coaſt:
While to high Heav'n his pious Breathings turn'd,
Weeping He hop'd, and Sacrificing mourn'd;
When of GOD's Image only Eight He found
Snatch'd from the Wat'ry Grave, and ſav'd from Nations drown'd;
And of three Sons, the future Hopes of Earth,
The Seed, whence Empires muſt receive their Birth,
One He foreſees excluded Heav'nly Grace,
And mark'd with Curſes, fatal to his Race.

Abraham, Potent Prince, the Friend of GOD,
Of Human Ills muſt bear the deſtin'd Load;

By

By Blood and Battles muſt his Pow'r maintain,
And ſlay the Monarchs, e'er He rules the Plain;
Muſt deal juſt Portions of a ſervile Life
To a proud Handmaid, and a peeviſh Wife;
Muſt with the Mother leave the weeping Son,
In Want to wander, and in Wilds to groan;
Muſt take his other Child, his Age's Hope,
To trembling *Moria's* melancholy Top,
Order'd to drench his Knife in filial Blood;
Deſtroy his Heir, or diſobey his GOD.

Moſes beheld that GOD; but how beheld?
The Deity in radiant Beams conceal'd,
And clouded in a deep Abyſs of Light;
While preſent, too ſevere for Human Sight,
Nor ſtaying longer than one ſwift-wing'd Night.
The following Days, and Months, and Years decreed
To fierce Encounter, and to toilſome Deed,
His Youth with Wants and Hardſhips muſt engage:
Plots and Rebellions muſt diſturb his Age.
Some *Corah* ſtill aroſe, ſome Rebel Slave,
Prompter to ſink the State, than He to ſave:
And *Iſrael* did his Rage ſo far provoke,
That what the God-head wrote, the Prophet broke,
His Voice ſcarce heard, his Dictates ſcarce believ'd,
In Camps, in Arms, in Pilgrimage, He liv'd;
And dy'd obedient to ſevereſt Law
Forbid to tread the promis'd Land, He ſaw.

My Father's Life was one long Line of Care,
A Scene of Danger, and a State of War.

Alarm'd,

Alarm'd, expos'd, his Childhood muſt engage
The Bear's rough Gripe, and foaming Lion's Rage.
By various Turns his threaten'd Youth muſt fear
Goliah's lifted Sword, and *Saul's* emitted Spear.
Forlorn He muſt, and perſecuted fly;
Climb the ſteep Mountain, in the Cavern lye;
And often ask, and be refus'd to dye.

For ever from His manly Toils, are known
The Weight of Pow'r, and Anguiſh of a Crown.
What Tongue can ſpeak the reſtleſs Monarch's Woes;
When GOD, and *Nathan* were declar'd his Foes?
When ev'ry Object his Offence revil'd,
The Huſband murder'd, and the Wife defil'd,
The Parent's Sins impreſs'd upon the dying Child?
What Heart can think the Grief which He ſuſtain'd;
When the King's Crime brought Vengeance on the Land
And the inexorable Prophet's Voice
Gave Famine, Plague, or War; and bid Him fix his Choice?

He dy'd; and Oh! may no Reflection ſhed
Its poys'nous Venom on the Royal Dead:
Yet the unwilling Truth muſt be expreſs'd;
Which long has labor'd in this penſive Breaſt:
Dying He added to my Weight of Care:
He made Me to his Crimes undoubted Heir:
Left his unfiniſh'd Murder to his Son,
And *Joab's* Blood intail'd on *Judah's* Crown.

Young as I was, I haſted to fulfill
The cruel Dictates of my Parent's Will.

Of his fair Deeds a diſtant View I took;
But turn'd the Tube upon His Faults to look;
Forgot his Youth, ſpent in his Country's Cauſe.
His Care of Right, his Rev'rence to the Laws:
But could with Joy his Years of Folly trace,
Broken and old in *Bathſheba's* Embrace;
Could follow Him, where-e'er He ſtray'd from Good,
And cite his ſad Example; whilſt I trod
Paths open to Deceit, and track'd with Blood.
Soon docile to the ſecret Acts of Ill,
With Smiles I could betray, with Temper kill:
Soon in a Brother could a Rival view;
Watch all his Acts, and all his Ways purſue.
In vain for Life He to the Altar fled:
Ambition and Revenge have certain Speed.
Ev'n there, My Soul, ev'n there He ſhould have fell;
But that my Intereſt did my Rage conceal.
Doubling my Crime, I promiſe, and deceive;
Purpoſe to ſlay, whilſt ſwearing to forgive.
Treaties, Perſwaſions, Sighs, and Tears are vain:
With a mean Lye curs'd Vengeance I ſuſtain;
Joyn Fraud to Force, and Policy to Pow'r;
'Till of the deſtin'd Fugitive ſecure,
In ſolemn State to Parricide I riſe;
And, as GOD lives, this Day my Brother dies.

Be Witneſs to my Tears, Celeſtial Muſe!
In vain I would forget, in vain excuſe
Fraternal Blood by my Direction ſpilt;
In vain on *Joab's* Head transfer the Guilt:
The Deed was acted by the Subject's Hand;
The Sword was pointed by the King's Command.

Mine

Mine was the Murder: it was Mine alone;
Years of Contrition muſt the Crime attone:
Nor can my guilty Soul expect Relief,
But from a long Sincerity of Grief.

With an imperfect Hand, and trembling Heart,
Her Love of Truth ſuperior to her Art,
Already the reflecting Muſe has trac'd
The mournful Figures of my Actions paſt.
The penſive Goddeſs has already taught,
How vain is Hope, and how vexatious Thought;
From growing Chilhood to declining Age,
How tedious ev'ry Step, how gloomy ev'ry Stage.
This Courſe of Vanity almoſt compleat,
Tir'd in the Field of Life, I hope Retreat
In the ſtill Shades of Death: for Dread and Pain,
And Grief will find their Shafts elanc'd in vain,
And their Points broke, retorted from the Head,
Safe in the Grave, and free among the Dead.

Yet tell Me, frighted Reaſon! what is Death?
Blood only ſtopp'd, and interrupted Breath?
The utmoſt Limit of a narrow Span,
And End of Motion which with Life began?
As Smoke that riſes from the kindling Fires
Is ſeen this Moment, and the next expires:
As empty Clouds by riſing Winds are toſt,
Their fleeting Forms ſcarce ſooner found than loſt:
So vaniſhes our State; ſo paſs our Days;
So Life but opens now, and now decays:
The Cradle and the Tomb, alas! ſo nigh;
To live is ſcarce diſtinguiſh'd from to dye.

Cure

Cure of the Miſer's Wiſh, and Coward's Fear,
Death only ſhews Us, what We knew was near.
With Courage therefore view th' appointed Hour;
Dread not Death's Anger; but expect his Pow'r;
Nor Nature's Law with fruitleſs Sorrow mourn;
But dye, O Mortal Man! for Thou waſt born.

Cautious thro' Doubt; by Want of Courage, Wiſe,
To ſuch Advice the Reas'ner ſtill replies.

Yet meaſuring all the long continu'd Space,
Ev'ry ſucceſſive Day's repeated Race,
Since Time firſt ſtarted from his priſtine Goal,
'Till He had reach'd that Hour, wherein my Soul
Joyn'd to my Body ſwell'd the Womb; I was,
(At leaſt I think ſo) Nothing: muſt I paſs
Again to Nothing, when this vital Breath
Ceaſing, conſigns Me o'er to Reſt, and Death?
Muſt the whole Man, amazing Thought! return
To the Cold Marble, or contracted Urn?
And never ſhall thoſe Particles agree,
That were in Life this Individual He?
But ſever'd, muſt They join the general Maſs,
Thro' other Forms, and Shapes ordain'd to paſs;
Nor Thought nor Image kept of what He was?
Does the great Word that gave him Senſe, ordain,
That Life ſhall never wake that Senſe again?
And will no Pow'r his ſinking Spirits ſave
From the dark Caves of Death, and Chambers of the Grave?

Each Evening I behold the ſetting Sun
With down-ward Speed into the Ocean run:

Yet the ſame Light (paſs but ſome fleeting Hours)
Exerts his Vigor, and renews his Pow'rs;
Starts the bright Race again: His conſtant Flame
Riſes and ſets, returning ſtill the Same.
I mark the various Fury of the Winds:
Theſe neither Seaſons guide, nor Order binds:
They now dilate, and now contract their Force:
Various their Speed, but endleſs is their Courſe.
From his firſt Fountain and beginning Ouze,
Down to the Sea each Brook, and Torrent flows:
Tho' ſundry Drops or leave, or ſwell the Stream;
The Whole ſtill runs, with equal Pace, the Same.
Still other Waves ſupply the riſing Urns;
And the eternal Flood no Want of Water mourns.

Why then muſt Man obey the ſad Decree,
Which ſubjects neither Sun, nor Wind, nor Sea?

A Flow'r, that does with opening Morn ariſe,
And flouriſhing the Day at Evening dyes;
A Winged Eaſtern Blaſt, juſt ſkimming o'er
The Ocean's Brow, and ſinking on the Shore;
A Fier whoſe Flames thro' crackling Stubble fly;
A Meteor ſhooting from the Summer Sky;
A Bowl a-down the bending Mountain roll'd;
A Bubble breaking, and a Fable told;
A Noon-tide Shadow, and a Mid-night Dream
Are Emblems, which with Semblance apt proclaim
Our Earthly Courſe: But, O my Soul! ſo faſt
Muſt Life run off; and Death for ever laſt?

This

This Dark Opinion, ſure, is too confin'd,
Elſe whence this Hope, and Terror of the Mind?
Does Something ſtill, and Somewhere yet remain,
Reward or Puniſhment, Delight or Pain?
Say: ſhall our Relicks ſecond Birth receive?
Sleep We to wake, and only dye to live?
When the ſad Wife has clos'd her Huſband's Eyes,
And pierc'd the Echoing Vault with doleful Cries;
Lies the pale Corpſe not yet entirely Dead?
The Spirit only from the Body fled,
The groſſer Part of Heat and Motion void,
To be by Fire, or Worm, or Time deſtroy'd;
The Soul, immortal Subſtance, to remain,
Conſcious of Joy, and capable of Pain?
And if Her Acts have been directed well,
While with her friendly Clay She deign'd to dwell;
Shall She with Safety reach her priſtine Seat?
Find her Reſt endleſs, and her Bliſs compleat?
And while the buried Man We idly mourn;
Do Angels joy to ſee His better Half return?
But if She has deform'd this Earthly Life
With murd'rous Rapine, and ſeditious Strife;
Amaz'd, repuls'd, and by thoſe Angels driv'n
From the Ætherial Seat, and bliſsful Heav'n,
In everlaſting Darkneſs muſt She lye,
Still more unhappy, that She cannot die?

Amid Two Seas on One ſmall Point of Land
Weary'd, uncertain, and amaz'd We ſtand:
On either Side our Thoughts inceſſant turn:
Forward We dread; and looking back We mourn.

Loſing the Preſent in this dubious Haſt;
And loſt Our ſelves betwixt the Future, and the Paſt.
Theſe cruel Doubts contending in my Breaſt,
My Reaſon ſtagg'ring, and my Hopes oppreſs'd,
Once more I ſaid: once more I will enquire,
What is this little, agile, pervious Fire,
This flutt'ring Motion, which We call the Mind?
How does She act? and where is She confin'd?
Have We the Pow'r to guide Her, as We pleaſe?
Whence then thoſe Evils, that obſtruct our Eaſe?
We Happineſs purſue; We fly from Pain;
Yet the Purſuit, and yet the Flight is vain:
And, while poor Nature labours to be bleſt,
By Day with Pleaſure, and by Night with Reſt;
Some ſtronger Pow'r eludes our ſickly Will;
Daſhes our riſing Hope with certain Ill;
And makes Us with reflective Trouble ſee,
That all is deſtin'd, which We fancy free.

That Pow'r ſuperior then, which rules our Mind,
Is His Decree by Human Pray'r inclin'd?
Will He for Sacrifice our Sorrows eaſe?
And can our Tears reverſe his firm Decrees?
Then let Religion aid, where Reaſon fails:
Throw Loads of Incenſe in to turn the Scales;
And let the ſilent Sanctuary ſhow,
What from the babling Schools We may not know,
How Man may ſhun, or bear his deſtin'd Part of Woe.

What ſhall amend, or what abſolve our Fate?
Anxious We hover in a mediate State,

Betwixt

Betwixt Infinity and Nothing; Bounds,
Or boundleſs Terms, whoſe doubtful Senſe confounds.
Unequal Thought; whilſt All We apprehend,
Is, that our Hopes muſt riſe, our Sorrows end;
As our Creator deigns to be our Friend.

I ſaid;——and inſtant bad the Prieſts prepare
The ritual Sacrifice, and ſolemn Pray'r.
Select from vulgar Herds, with Garlands gay,
A hundred Bulls aſcend the Sacred Way.
The artful Youth proceed to form the Choir;
They breath the Flute, or ſtrike the vocal Wire.
The Maids in comely Order next advance;
They beat the Tymbrel, and inſtruct the Dance.
Follows the choſen Tribe from *Levi* ſprung,
Chanting by juſt Return the holy Song.
Along the Choir in Solemn State they paſt,
.——The Anxious King came laſt.
The Sacred Hymn perform'd, my promis'd Vow
I paid; and bowing at the Altar low.

Father of Heav'n! I ſaid, and Judge of Earth!
Whoſe Word call'd out this Univerſe to Birth;
By whoſe kind Pow'r and influencing Care
The various Creatures move, and live, and are;
But, ceaſing once that Care, withdrawn that Pow'r,
They move (alas!) and live, and are no more:
Omni-ſcient Maſter, Omni-preſent King,
To Thee, To Thee, my laſt Diſtreſs I bring.

Thou, that can'ſt Still the Raging of the Seas,
Chain up the Winds, and bid the Tempeſts ceaſe;

Redeem my ſhip-wreck'd Soul from raging Guſts
Of cruel Paſſion, and deceitful Luſts:
From Storms of Rage, and dang'rous Rocks of Pride,
Let Thy ſtrong Hand this little Veſſel guide
(It was Thy Hand that made it) thro' the Tide.
Impetuous of this Life: let Thy Command
Direct my Courſe, and bring me ſafe to Land.

If, while this weary'd Fleſh draws fleeting Breath,
Not ſatisfy'd with Life, afraid of Death,
It hap'ly be Thy Will, that I ſhould know
Glimpſe of Delight, or Pauſe from anxious Woe;
From *Now*, from inſtant *Now*, great Sire, diſpell
The Clouds that preſs my Soul; from *Now* reveal
A gracious Beam of Light; from *Now* inſpire
My Tongue to ſing, my Hand to touch the Lyre;
My open'd Thought to joyous Proſpects raiſe;
And, for Thy Mercy, let me ſing Thy Praiſe.
Or, if Thy Will ordains, I ſtill ſhall wait
Some New *Here-after*, and a future State;
Permit me Strength, my Weight of Woe to bear;
And raiſe my Mind ſuperior to my Care.
Let Me, howe'er unable to explain
The ſecret Lab'rynths of Thy Ways to Man,
With humble Zeal confeſs Thy awful Pow'r;
Still weeping Hope, and wond'ring ſtill Adore.
So in my Conqueſt be Thy Might declar'd:
And, for Thy Juſtice, be Thy Name rever'd.

My Pray'r ſcarce ended, a ſtupendous Gloom
Darkens the Air; loud Thunder ſhakes the Dome:
To the beginning Miracle ſucceed
An awful Silence, and religious Dread.

Sudden

Sudden breaks forth a more than common Day:
The ſacred Wood, which on the Altar lay,
Untouch'd, unlighted glows——
Ambroſial Odor, ſuch as never flows
From *Arab's* Gum, or the *Sabæan* Roſe,
Does round the Air evolving Scents diffuſe:
The holy Ground is wet with Heav'nly Dews:
Celeſtial Muſic (ſuch *Jeſſides'* Lyre,
Such *Miriam's* Timbrel would in vain require)
Strikes to my Thought tho' my admiring Ear,
With Ecſtacy too ſind, and Pleaſure hard to bear:
And lo! what ſees my raviſh'd Eye? what feels
My wond'ring Soul? an opening Cloud reveals
An Heav'nly Form embody'd, and array'd
With Robes of Light. I heard: the Angel ſaid.

Ceaſe, Man of Woman born, to hope Relief
From daily Trouble, and continu'd Grief.
Thy Hope of Joy deliver to the Wind:
Suppreſs thy Paſſions; and prepare thy Mind.
Free and Familiar with Misfortune grow;
Be us'd to Sorrow, and inur'd to Woe.
By weak'ning Toil, and hoary Age o'ercome,
See thy Decreaſe; and haſten to thy Tomb.
Leave to thy Children Tumult, Strife, and War,
Portions of Toil, and Legacies of Care.
Send the Succeſſive Ills thro' Ages down;
And let each weeping Father tell his Son,
That deeper ſtruck, and more diſtinctly griev'd,
He muſt augment the Sorrows He receiv'd.

The Child to whoſe Succeſs thy Hope is bound,
E'er thou art ſcarce Interr'd, or he is Crown'd;

To

To Luſt of Arbitrary Sway inclin'd
(That curſed Poyſon to the Prince's Mind!)
Shall from thy Dictates and his Duty rove,
And loſe his great Defence, his People's Love.
Ill Counſell'd, Vanquiſh'd, Fugitive, Diſgrac'd,
Shall mourn the Fame of *Jacob's* Strength effac'd.
Shall ſigh, the King diminiſh'd, and the Crown
With leſſen'd Rays deſcending to his Son.
Shall ſee the Wreaths, His Grandſire knew to reap
By active Toil, and Military Sweat,
Pining incline their ſickly Leaves, and ſhed
Their falling Honours from His giddy Head.
By Arms, or Pray'r, unable to aſſwage
Domeſtic Horror, and inteſtine Rage,
Shall from the Victor, and the Vanquiſh'd fear,
From *Iſrael's* Arrow, and from *Judah's* Spear:
Shall caſt his weary'd Limbs on *Jordan's* Flood,
By Brother's Arms diſturb'd, and ſtain'd with Kindred-Blood.

Hence lab'ring Years ſhall weep their deſtin'd Race
Charg'd with ill Omens, ſully'd with Diſgrace,
Time by Neceſſity compell'd, ſhall go
Thro' Scenes of War, and Epocha's of Woe.
The Empire leſſen'd in a parted Stream,
Shall loſe its Courſe ——
Indulge thy Tears: the Heathen ſhall blaſpheme:
Judah ſhall fall, oppreſs'd by Grief and Shame;
And Men ſhall from her Ruins know her Fame.

New *Ægypts* yet, and ſecond Bonds remain,
A harſher *Pharaoh*, and a heavier Chain.

Again

Again obedient to a dire Command,
Thy Captive Sons ſhall leave the Promis'd Land.
Their Name more low, their Servitude more vile,
Shall, on *Euphrates'* Bank, renew the Grief of *Nile*.

Theſe pointed Spires that wound the ambient Sky,
Inglorious Change! ſhall in Deſtruction lye
Low, levell'd with the Duſt: their Heights unknown,
Or meaſur'd by their Ruin. Yonder Throne,
For laſting Glory built, deſign'd the Seat
Of Kings for ever bleſt, for ever great,
Remov'd by the Invader's barb'rous Hand,
Shall grace his Triumph in a foreign Land.
The Tyrant ſhall demand yon' ſacred Load
Of Gold and Veſſels ſet a-part to GOD,
Then by vile Hands to common Uſe debas'd;
Shall ſend them flowing round his drunken Feaſt,
With ſacrilegious Taunt, and impious Jeſt.

Twice fourteen Ages ſhall their Way complete:
Empires by various Turns ſhall riſe and ſet;
While Thy abandon'd Tribes ſhall only know
A diff'rent Maſter, and a Change of Woe:
With down-caſt Eye-lids, and with Looks a-gaſt,
Shall dread the Future, or bewail the Paſt.

Afflicted *Iſrael* ſhall ſit weeping down,
Faſt by the Streams, where *Babel's* Waters run;
Their Harps upon the neighb'ring Willows hung,
Nor joyous Hymn encouraging their Tongue,
Nor chearful Dance their Feet; with Toil oppreſs'd,
Their weary'd Limbs aſpiring but to Reſt.
In the reflective Stream the ſighing Bride,

Viewing

Viewing her Charms impair'd, abaſh'd ſhall hide
Her penſive Head; and in her languid Face
The Bridegroom ſhall fore-ſee his ſickly Race:
While pond'rous Fetters vex their cloſe Embrace.
With irkſome Anguiſh then your Prieſts ſhall mourn
Their long-neglected Feaſts deſpair'd Return,
And ſad Oblivion of their ſolemn Days.
Thenceforth their Voices they ſhall only raiſe,
Louder to weep. By Day your frighted Seers
Shall call for Fountains to expreſs their Tears;
And wiſh their Eyes were Floods: by Night from Dreams
Of opening Gulphs, black Storms, and raging Flames,
Starting amaz'd, ſhall to the People ſhow
Emblems of Heav'nly Wrath, and Myſtic Types of Woe.

The Captives, as their Tyrant ſhall require,
That They ſhould breath the Song, and touch the Lyre,
Shall ſay: can *Jacob's* ſervile Race rejoice,
Untun'd the Muſic, and diſus'd the Voice?
What can We play (They ſhall diſcourſe) how ſing
In foreign Lands, and to a Barb'rous King?
We and our Fathers from our Childhood bred
To watch the cruel Victor's Eye, to dread
The arbitary Laſh, to bend, to grieve
(Out-caſt of Mortal Race!) can We conceive
Image of ought delightful, ſoft, or gay?
Alas! when We have toyl'd the long-ſome Day;
The fulleſt Bliſs our Hearts aſpire to know,
Is but ſome Interval from active Woe;
In broken Reſt, and ſtartling Sleep to mourn,
'Till Morn, the Tyrant, and the Scourge return.

Bred up in Grief, can Pleaſure be our Theme?
Our endleſs Anguiſh does not Nature claim?
Reaſon, and Sorrow are to Us the Same.

This is the Series of perpetual Woe,
Which Thou, alas! and Thine are born to know.
Illuſtrious Wretch! repine not, nor reply:
View not, what Heav'n ordains, with Reaſon's Eye
Too bright the Object is: the Diſtance is too high.
The Man who would reſolve the Work of Fate,
May limit Number, and make Crooked Strait:
Stop Thy Enquiry then; and curb Thy Senſe;
Nor let Duſt argue with Omnipotence.
'Tis GOD who muſt diſpoſe, and Man ſuſtain,
Born to endure, forbidden to complain,
Thy Sum of Life muſt His Decrees fulfill;
What dērogates from His Command, is Ill;
And that alone is Good, which centers in His Will.

Yet that thy Lab'ring Senſes may not droop,
Loſt to Delight, and deſtitute of Hope;
Remark what I, GOD's Meſſenger, aver
From Him, who neither can deceive nor err.
The Land at length redeem'd, ſhall ceaſe to mourn;
Shall from her ſad Captivity return.
Sion ſhall raiſe her long-dejected Head;
And in her Courts the Law again be read.
Again the glorious Temple ſhall ariſe,
And with new Luſtre pierce the neighb'ring Skies.
The promis'd Seat of Empire ſhall again
Cover the Mountain, and command the Plain;
And from Thy Race diſtinguiſh'd, ONE ſhall ſpring,
Greater in Act than Victor, more than King

In

In Dignity and Pow'r, ſent down from Heav'n,
To ſuccour Earth. To HIM, to HIM, 'tis giv'n,
Paſſion, and Care, and Anguiſh to deſtroy.
Thro' HIM ſoft Peace, and Plenitude of Joy
Perpetual o'er the World redeem'd ſhall flow.
No more may Man inquire, nor Angel know.

Now, *Solomon*, rememb'ring Who thou art,
Act thro' thy remnant Life the decent Part.
Go forth: Be ſtrong: With Patience, and with Care
Perform, and Suffer: To Thy ſelf ſevere,
Gracious to Others, Thy Deſires ſuppreſs'd,
Diffus'd Thy Virtues, Firſt of Men, be Beſt.
Thy Sum of Duty let Two Words contain:
O may they graven in thy Heart remain!
Be Humble, and be Juſt. The Angel ſaid:
With upward Speed His agil Wings He ſpread;
Whilſt on the holy Ground I proſtrate lay.
By various Doubts impell'd, or to obey,
Or to object: At length (my mournful Look
Heav'n-ward erect) determin'd, thus I ſpoke:

Supreme, All-wiſe, Eternal Potentate!
Sole Author, ſole Diſpoſer of our Fate!
Enthron'd in Light, and Immortality,
Whom no Man fully ſees, and none can ſee!
Original of Beings! Pow'r Divine!
Since that I Live, and that I Think, is Thine;
Benign Creator, let Thy plaſtic Hand
Diſpoſe its own Effect. Let Thy Command
Reſtore, Great Father, Thy Inſtructed Son;
And in My Act may *Thy* great *Will be done.*

THE

V.

THE HUMBLE ENQUIRY.

A *French* SONNET imitated. 1695.

Grand Dieu, tes Jugemens, &c.

I.

GRACE rules below, and sits enthron'd above,
How few the Sparks of Wrath! how slow they move,
And drop and die in boundless Seas of Love!

II.

But me, vile Wretch! should pitying Love embrace
Deep in its Ocean, Hell it self would blaze,
And flash, and burn me thro' the boundless Seas.

III.

Yea, LORD, my Guilt to such a Vastness grown
Seems to confine thy Choice to Wrath alone,
And calls thy Power to vindicate thy Throne.

IV.

Thine Honour bids, *Avenge thine injur'd Name;*
Thy slighted Loves a dreadful Glory claim,
While my moist Tears might but incense thy Flame.

V.

Should Heaven grow black, Almighty Thunder roar,
And Vengeance blaſt me, I could plead no more,
But own thy Juſtice dying, and adore.

VI.

Yet can thoſe Bolts of Death that cleave the Flood
To reach a Rebel, pierce this ſacred Shroud
Ting'd in the vital Stream of my Redeemer's Blood?

DEATH *and* ETERNITY.

I.

MY Thoughts, that often mount the Skies,
Go, ſearch the World beneath,
Where Nature all in Ruin lies,
And owns her Sovereign, Death.

II.

The Tyrant how he triumphs here!
His Trophies ſpread around!
And Heaps of Duſt and Bones appear
Thro' all the hollow Ground.

III.

Theſe Skulls, what ghaſtly Figures now!
How loathſome to the Eyes!
Theſe are the Heads we lately knew
So beauteous and ſo wiſe.

[*From Mr.* WATTS.] IV.

IV.

But where the Souls, thoſe deathleſs Things,
That left this dying Clay?
My Thoughts, now ſtretch out all your Wings,
And trace Eternity.

V.

O that unfathomable Sea!
Thoſe Deeps without a Shore!
Where living Waters gently play,
Or fiery Billows roar.

VI.

Thus muſt we leave the Banks of Life,
And try this doubtful Sea;
Vain are our Groans, and dying Strife,
To gain a Moment's Stay.

VII.

There we ſhall ſwim in heav'nly Bliſs,
Or ſink in flaming Waves,
While the pale Carcaſe thoughtleſs lies,
Among the ſilent Graves.

VIII.

Some hearty Friend ſhall drop his Tear
On our dry Bones, and ſay,
"Theſe once were ſtrong, as mine appear,
"And mine muſt be as they.

IX.

Thus ſhall our mould'ring Members teach
What now our Senſes learn:
For Duſt and Aſhes loudeſt preach
Man's Infinite Concern.

SUN, MOON *and* STARS,

Praiſe ye the LORD.

I.

FAIREST of all the Lights above,
Thou Sun, whoſe Beams adorn the Spheres,
And with unweary'd Swiftneſs move,
To form the Circles of our Years;

II.

Praiſe the Creator of the Skies,
That dreſs'd thine Orb in golden Rays:
Or may the Sun forget to riſe,
If he forget his Maker's Praiſe.

III.

Thou reigning Beauty of the Night,
Fair Queen of Silence, Silver Moon,
Whoſe gentle Beams, and borrow'd Light,
Are ſofter Rivals of the Noon;

[*From Mr.* WATTS.] IV.

IV.

Ariſe, and to that Sov'reign Pow'r
Waxing and waning Honours pay,
Who bid thee rule the duſky Hours,
And half ſupply the abſent Day.

V.

Ye glittering Stars, who gild the Skies
When Darkneſs has its Curtains drawn,
Who keep your Watch, with wakeful Eyes,
When Buſineſs, Cares, and Day are gone;

VI.

Proclaim the Glories of your LORD,
Diſpers'd thro' all the heav'nly Street,
Whoſe boundleſs Treaſures can afford
So rich a Pavement for his Feet.

VII.

Thou Heav'n of Heav'ns, ſupremely bright,
Fair Palace of the Court Divine,
Where, with inimitable Light,
The Godhead condeſcends to ſhine;

VIII.

Praiſe thou thy Great Inhabitant,
Who ſcatters lovely Beams of Grace
On every Angel, every Saint,
Nor vails the Luſtre of his Face.

IX.

O GOD of Glory, GOD of Love,
Thou art the Sun that makes our Days:
With all thy ſhining Works above,
Let Earth and Duſt attempt thy Praiſe.

TRUE LEARNING.

Partly imitated from a *French* SONNET Of Mr. *POIRET.*

I.

HAPPY the Feet that ſhining *Truth* has led
With her own Hand to tread the Path ſhe pleaſe,
To ſee her native Luſtre round her ſpread,
Without a Vail, without a Shade,
All Beauty, and all Light, as in her ſelf ſhe is.

II.

Our Senſes cheat us with the preſſing Crowds
Of painted Shapes they thruſt upon the Mind:
The Truth they ſhew lies wrap'd in ſev'nfold Shrowds,
Our Senſes caſt a thouſand Clouds
On unenlightned Souls, and leave them doubly blind.

III.

I hate the Duſt that fierce Diſputers raiſe,
And loſe the Mind in a wild Maze of Thought:
What empty Triflings, and what ſubtil Ways,

To fence and guard by Rule and Rote!
Our GOD will never charge us, That we knew them Not.

IV.

Touch, Heavenly WORD, O touch these curious Souls;
Since I have heard but one soft Hint from Thee,
From all the vain Opinions of the Schools
(That Pageantry of knowing Fools)
I feel my Powers releas'd, and stand divinely free.

V.

'Twas this Almighty WORD that all Things made,
He grasps whole Nature in his single Hand;
All the Eternal Truths in Him are laid,
The Ground of all Things, and their Head,
The Circle where they move, and Center where they stand.

VI.

Without his Aid I have no sure Defence,
From Troops of Errors that besiege me round;
But he that rests his Reason and his Sense
Fast here, and never wanders hence,
Unmoveable he dwells upon unshaken Ground.

VII.

Infinite TRUTH, the Life of my Desires,
Come from the Sky, and join thy self to me;
I'm tir'd with Hearing, and this Reading tires;
But never tir'd of telling Thee,
'Tis thy fair Face alone my Spirit burns to see.

VIII. Speak

VIII.

Speak to my Soul alone, no other Hand
Shall mark my Path out with deluſive Art:
All Nature ſilent in his Preſence ſtand,
Creatures, be dumb at his Command,
And leave his ſingle Voice to whiſper to my Heart.

IX.

Retire, my Soul, within thy ſelf retire,
Away from Senſe and every outward Show:
Now let my Thoughts to loftier Themes aſpire,
My Knowledge now on Wheels of Fire
May mount, and ſpread above, ſurveying all below.

X.

The LORD grows laviſh of his heav'nly Light,
And pours whole Floods on ſuch a Mind as this:
Fled from the Eyes ſhe gains a piercing Sight,
She dives into the Infinite,
And ſees unutterable Things in that unknown Abyſs.

GOD's Abſolute Dominion.

I.

LORD, when my thoughtful Soul ſurveys
Fire, Air and Earth, and Stars and Seas,
I call them all thy Slaves;
Commiſſion'd by my Father's Will,
Poyſons ſhall cure, or Balms ſhall kill;

[*From Mr.* WATTS.] Vernal

Vernal Suns, or *Zephyr's* Breath,
May burn or blaſt the Plants to Death
That ſharp *December* ſaves.
What can Winds or Planets boaſt
But a precarious Pow'r?
The Sun is all in Darkneſs loſt,
Froſt ſhall be Fire, and Fire be Froſt,
When He appoints the Hour.

II.

Lo, the *Norwegians* near the Polar Sky
Chafe their frozen Limbs with Snow,
Their frozen Limbs awake and glow,
The vital Flame touch'd with a ſtrange Supply
Rekindles, for the GOD of Life is nigh;
He bids the vital Flood in wonted Circles flow.
Cold Steel expos'd to Northern Air,
Drinks the Meridian Fury of the Midnight *Bear*,
And burns th' unwary Stranger there.

III.

Enquire, my Soul of ancient Fame,
Look back two thouſand Years, and ſee
Th' *Aſſyrian* Prince transform'd a Brute,
For boaſting to be abſolute:
Once to his Court the GOD of *Iſrael* came,
A *King* more abſolute than he:
I ſee the Furnace blaze with Rage
Sevenfold: I ſee amidſt the Flame
Three *Hebrews* of Immortal Name;
They move, they walk acroſs the burning Stage
Unhurt, and fearleſs, while the Tyrant ſtood
A Statue;

A Statue; Fear congeal'd his Blood:
Nor did the raging Element dare
Attempt their Garments, or their Hair;
It knew the LORD of Nature there.
Nature, compell'd by a ſuperior Cauſe,
Now breaks her own eternal Laws,
Now ſeems to break them; and obeys
Her Sov'reign King in different Ways.
Father, how bright thy Glories ſhine!
How broad thy Kingdom, how divine!
Nature, and Miracle, and Fate, and Chance are thine.

IV.

Hence from my Heart, ye Idols, flee,
Ye ſounding Names of Vanity!
No more my Lips ſhall ſacrifice
To Chance and Nature, Tales and Lies:
Creatures without a GOD can yield me no Supplies.
What is the Sun, or what the Shade,
Or Froſts, or Flames, to kill or ſave?
His Favour is my Life, his Lips pronounce me dead;
And as his awful Dictates bid
Earth is my Mother, or my Grave.

Young Men and Maidens, Old Men and Babes, Praiſe ye the LORD, Pſalm cxlviii. 12.

I.

SONS of *Adam*, bold and young,
In the wild Mazes of whoſe Veins
A Flood of fiery Vigor reigns,
And weilds your active Limbs, with hardy Sinews ſtrung;
Fall proſtrate to th' Eternal Throne
Whence your precarious Pow'rs depend;
Nor ſwell as if your Lives were all your own,
But chuſe your Maker for your Friend;
His Favour is your Life, and your Support;
His Hand can ſtretch your Days, or cut your Minutes ſhort.

II.

Virgins, who roll your artful Eyes,
And ſhoot delicious Danger thence;
Swift the lovely Lightning flies,
And melts our Reaſon down to Senſe;
Boaſt not of thoſe withering Charms
That muſt yield their youthful Grace
To Age and Wrinkles, Earth and Worms;
But love the AUTHOR of your ſmiling Face;
That heavenly Bridegroom claims your blooming Hours.

O make

O make it your perpetual Care
To pleaſe that Everlaſting Fair;
His Beauties are the Sun, and but the Shade is yours.

III.

Infants, whoſe different Deſtinies
Are wove with Threads of different Size;
But from the ſame Spring-tide of Tears,
Commence your Hopes, and Joys, and Fears,
(A tedious Train!) and date your following Years:
Break your firſt Silence in his Praiſe
Who wrought your wondrous Frame:
With Sounds of tendereſt Accent raiſe
Young Honours to his Name;
And conſecrate your early Days
To know the Pow'r ſupreme.

IV.

Ye Heads of venerable Age,
Juſt marching off the mortal Stage,
Fathers, whoſe vital Threads are ſpun
As long as e'er the Glaſs of Life would run,
Adore the Hand that led your Way
Thro' flow'ry Fields a fair long Summer's Day:
Gaſp out your Soul to praiſe the Sovereign Pow'r
By whom ye ſoon ſhall live, to die no more.

III.

Flying Fowl, and Creeping Things, praiſe ye the LORD, Pſ. cxlviii. 10.

I.

SWEET Flocks, whoſe ſoft enamell'd Wing
Swift and gently cleaves the Sky;
Whoſe charming Notes addreſs the Spring
With an artleſs Harmony.
Lovely Minſtrels of the Field,
Who in leafy Shadows ſit,
And your wond'rous Structures build,
Awake your tuneful Voices with the dawning Light;
To Nature's GOD your firſt Devotions pay,
E'er you ſalute the riſing Day,
'Tis He calls up the Sun, and gives him every Ray.

II.

Serpents, who o'er the Meadows ſlide,
And wear upon your ſhining Back
Num'rous Ranks of gaudy Pride,
Which thouſand mingling Colours make;
Let the Glancings of your Eyes
Rebate their baleful Fire;
In harmleſs Play twiſt and unfold
The Volumes of your ſcaly Gold:
That rich Embroidery of your gay Attire,
Proclaims your Maker kind and wiſe.

[*From Mr.* WATTS.]

III.

Inſects and Mites, of mean Degree,
That ſwarm in Myriads o'er the Land,
Moulded by Wiſdom's artful Hand,
And curl'd and painted with a various Die;
In your innumerable Forms
Praiſe Him that wears th' Ethereal Crown,
And bends his lofty Counſels down
To deſpicable Worms.

THE GOD of THUNDER.

I.

O THE Immenſe, th' Amazing Height,
The boundleſs Grandeur of our GOD,
Who treads the Worlds beneath his Feet,
And ſways the Nations with his Nod!

II.

He ſpeaks; and lo, all Nature ſhakes,
Heav'ns everlaſting Pillars bow;
He rends the Clouds with hideous Cracks,
And ſhoots his fiery Arrows through.

III.

Well, let the Nations ſtart and fly
At the blue Lightning's horrid Glare,

[*From Mr.* WATTS.] Atheiſts

Atheiſts and Emperors ſhrink and die,
When Flame and Noiſe torment the Air.

IV.

Let Noiſe and Flame confound the Skies,
And down the ſpacious Realms below,
Yet will we ſing the Thunderer's Praiſe,
And ſend our loud *Hoſannas* through.

V.

Celeſtial King, thy blazing Power
Kindles our Hearts to flaming Joys,
We ſhout to hear thy Thunders roar,
And echo to our Father's Voice.

VI.

Thus ſhall the GOD our Saviour come,
And Lightnings round his Chariot play:
Ye Lightnings, fly to make Him Room,
Ye glorious Storms, prepare his Way.

FIRE, AIR, EARTH *and* SEA, *Praiſe ye the* LORD.

I.

EARTH, thou great Footſtool of our GOD
Who reigns on high; thou fruitful Source
Of all our Raiment, Life and Food;
Our Houſe, our Parent, and our Nurſe;
Mighty Stage of Mortal Scenes,
Dreſt with ſtrong and gay Machines,
Hung with golden Lamps around;

(And flow'ry Carpets ſpread the Ground)
Thou bulky Globe, (prodigious Maſs,
That hangs unpillar'd in an empty Space!)
While thy vaſt Weight reſts on the feeble Air,
Bleſs that Almighty Word that fix'd and holds thee there.

II.

Fire, thou ſwift Herald of his Face,
Whoſe glorious Rage, at his Command,
Levels a Palace with the Sand,
Blending the lofty Spires in Ruin with the Baſe:
Ye heav'nly Flames, that ſinge the Air,
Artillery of a jealous GOD,
Bright Arrows that his ſounding Quivers bear
To ſcatter Deaths abroad;
Lightnings, adore the ſovereign Arm that flings
His Vengeance, and your Fires, upon the Heads of Kings.

III.

Thou vital Element, the *Air*,
Whoſe boundleſs Magazines of Breath
Our fainting Flame of Life repair,
And ſave the Bubble *Man* from the cold Arms of Death:
And ye, whoſe vital Moiſture yields
Life's purple Stream a freſh Supply;
Sweet *Waters*, wandring thro' the flowry Fields,
Or dropping from the Sky;
Confeſs the Pow'r whoſe all-ſufficient Name
Not needs your Aid to build, or to ſupport our Frame.

Now

IV.

Now the rude *Air*, with noiſy Force,
Beats up and ſwells the angry Sea,
They join to make our Lives a Prey,
And ſweep the Sailors Hopes away,
Vain Hopes, to reach their Kindred and the Shores!
Lo, the wild Seas and ſurging Waves
Gape hideous in a thouſand Graves:
Be ſtill, ye Floods, and know your Bounds of Sand,
Ye Storms, adore your Maſter's Hand;
The Winds are in his Fiſt, the Waves at his Command.

V.

From the Eternal Emptineſs
His fruitful Word by ſecret Springs
Drew the whole Harmony of Things
That form this noble Univerſe:
Old Nothing knew his pow'rful Hand,
Scarce had he ſpoke his full Command,
Fire, *Air*, *Earth* and *Sea* obey'd the Call,
And leap'd from Nothing to this beauteous All;
And ſtill they dance, and ſtill obey
The Orders they receiv'd the great Creation-Day.

HAPPY FRAILTY.

I.

"HOW meanly dwells th' Immortal Mind!
" How vile these Bodies are!
" Why was a Clod of Earth design'd
" To enclose a heavenly Star?

II.

" Weak Cottage where our Souls reside!
" This Flesh a tott'ring Wall;
" With frightful Breaches gaping wide
" The Building bends to fall.

III.

" All round it Storms of Trouble blow,
" And Waves of Sorrow roll;
" Cold Waves and Winter Storms beat through,
" And pain the Tenant-Soul.

IV.

" Alas! how frail our State!" said I;
And thus went mourning on,
'Till sudden from the cleaving Sky
A Gleam of Glory shone.

V.

My Soul all felt the Glory come,
And breath'd her native Air;

[*From Mr.* WATTS.] Then

Then ſhe remember'd Heaven her Home,
And ſhe a Priſoner here.

VI.

Straight ſhe began to change her Key,
And joyful in her Pains,
She ſung the Frailty of her Clay
In pleaſurable Strains.

VII.

" How weak the Pris'n is where I dwell!
" Fleſh but a tottering Wall,
" The Breaches chearfully foretel,
" The Houſe muſt ſhortly fall.

VIII.

" No more, my Friends, ſhall I complain,
" Tho' all my Heart-ſtrings ake;
" Welcome Diſeaſe, and every Pain,
" That makes the Cottage ſhake.

IX.

" Now let the Tempeſt blow all round,
" Now ſwell the Surges high,
" And beat this Houſe of Bondage down,
" To let the Stranger fly.

X.

" I have a Manſion built above
" By the Eternal Hand;
" And ſhould the Earth's old Baſis move,
" My Heav'nly Houſe muſt ſtand.

" Yes,

XI.

" Yes, for 'tis there my Saviour reigns,
" (I long to ſee the GOD)
" And his immortal Strength ſuſtains
" The Courts that coſt Him Blood."

XII.

Hark, from on high my Saviour calls:
" I come, my LORD, my LOVE: "
Devotion breaks the Priſon-Walls,
And ſpeeds my laſt Remove.

CASIMIRI *Epigramma* 100.

In Sanctum *Ardalionem* qui ex Mimo Chriſtianus factus Martyrium paſſus eſt.

ARDALIO *ſacros deridet carmine Ritus,*
Faſtaque non æqua voce Theatra quatit.
Audiit Omnipotens; " *Non eſt opus inquit, hiulco*
" *Fulmine; tam facilem, Gratia, vince Virum.*"
Deſerit illa Polos, & deſerit iſte Theatrum,
Et tereti ſacrum volvit in Enſe Caput.
" *Sic ſic, inquit, abit noſtræ Comœdia Vitæ;*
" *Terra vale, Cœlum plaude, Tyranne feri.*

Engliſhed

Engliſhed.

On St. Ardalio, *who from a Stage-Player became a Chriſtian, and ſuffered Martyrdom.*

I.

ARDALIO jeers, and in his Comick Strains
The Myſteries of our bleeding GOD profanes,
While his loud Laughter ſhakes the painted Scenes.

II.

Heaven heard, and ſtrait around the ſmoaking Throne
The kindling Lightning in thick Flaſhes ſhone,
And vengeful Thunder murmur'd to be gone.

III.

Mercy ſtood near, and with a ſmiling Brow
Calm'd the loud Thunder; "There's no need of you;
"Grace ſhall deſcend, and the weak Man ſubdue."

IV.

Grace leaves the Skies, and he the Stage forſakes,
He bows his Head down to the Martyring Ax,
And as he bows, this gentle Farewel ſpeaks;

V.

"So goes the Comedy of Life away;
"Vain Earth, adieu, Heaven will applaud to Day;
"Strike, Courteous Tyrant, and conclude the Play.

Aſcend-

Aſcending to CHRIST *in Heaven.*

I.

'TIS pure Delight, without Alloy,
JESUS, to hear thy Name,
My Spirit leaps with inward Joy,
I feel the ſacred Flame.

II.

My Paſſions hold a pleaſing Reign,
While Love inſpires my Breaſt,
Love, the divineſt of the Train,
The Sovereign of the reſt.

III.

This is the Grace muſt live and ſing,
When Faith and Fear ſhall ceaſe,
Muſt ſound from every joyful String
Thro' the ſweet Groves of Bliſs.

IV.

Let Life immortal ſeize my Clay;
Let Love refine my Blood;
Her Flames can bear my Soul away,
Can bring me near my GOD.

V.

Swift I aſcend the heavenly Place,
And haſten to my Home,

I leap

I leap to meet thy kind Embrace,
I come, O LORD, I come.

VI.

Sink down, ye ſeparating Hills,
Let Guilt and Death remove,
'Tis Love that drives my Chariot-Wheels,
And Death muſt yield to Love.

FROM

Mrs. *ELIZ. ROWE.*

HYMN.

I.

IN vain the duſky Night retires,
And ſullen Shadows fly:
In vain the Morn with Purple Light
Adorns the Eaſtern Sky:

II.

In vain the gaudy Riſing Sun
The wide Horrizon gilds,
Comes glitt'ring o'er the Silver Streams,
And chears the Dewy Fields:

III.

In vain, diſpenſing Vernal Sweets
The Morning Breezes play;

In

In vain the Birds with chearful Songs
Salute the New-born Day:

IV.

In vain! unleſs my Saviour's Face
Theſe gloomy Clouds controul,
And diſſipate the ſullen Shades
That preſs my drooping Soul.

V.

O! viſit then thy Servant, LORD,
With Favour from on high:
Ariſe, my bright immortal Sun!
And all theſe Shades will die.

VI.

When, when, ſhall I behold thy Face
All radiant and ſerene,
Without theſe envious duſky Clouds
That make a Veil between?

VII.

When ſhall that long-expected Day
Of ſacred Viſion be,
When my impatient Soul ſhall make
A *near Approach* to thee?

A

PASTORAL

On the *Nativity* of our SAVIOUR.

In Imitation of an *Italian* PASTORAL.

Menalcas.

SOME mighty Things theſe awful Signs portend!
Amaz'd we ſee new Stars the Skies aſcend;
A thouſand ſtrange uſurping Lights appear,
And dart their ſudden Glories thro' the Air;
A dazling Day, without the Sun, returns,
And thro' the Midnight's duſky Horror burns.

Palemon.

And in the Depth of Winter, Spring appears,
For lo! the Ground, a ſudden Verdure wears;
The op'ning Flow'rs diſplay their gaudieſt Dye,
And ſeem with all the Summer's Pride to vie.

Uranio.

Nor without Myſt'ry are theſe Joys that roll
In Torrents thro' my now prophetic Soul,
And ſoftly whiſper to my raviſh'd Breaſt,
That more than all the Tribes the Race of *Judah*'s bleſt.

[*From Mrs.* ROWE.] T Menal-

Menalcas.

But ſee, the Eaſtern Skies diſcloſe a Light
Beyond the Noontide's flaming Glories bright;
This Way its Courſe the ſacred Viſion bends,
And with much State and ſolemn Pomp deſcends.
Sonorous Voices echo from a-far,
And ſoftly warble thro' the trembling Air:
The circling Spheres the charming Sound prolong,
And anſwer all the Cadence of their Song:
And now the ſacred Harmony draws near,
And now a Thouſand heav'nly Forms appear.

Angels.

Immortal Glory give to GOD on high,
Thro' all the lofty Stations of the Sky;
Let Joy on Earth, and endleſs Peace enſue,
The great MESSIAH's born, thrice happy Men! to you.

Uranio.

The great MESSIAH born! tranſporting Sound!
To the wide World ſpread the bleſt Accents round:
What Joy theſe long-expected Tidings bring!
To us is born a Saviour and a King.

Angels.

An Infant in a Virgin's Arms he lies,
Who rides the Winds, and thunders thro' the Skies;
The GOD to whom the flaming Seraphs bow,
Deſcends to lead the Life of Mortals now.

Me-

Menalcas.

——— Surprising Pow'r of Love!
Ev'n GOD Himself thy mighty Force does prove;
Thou rul'ſt the World below, and govern'ſt all above.

Palemon.

You ſhining Meſſengers, be farther kind,
And tell us where the wondrous Child to find.

Angels.

Come on, we'll lead you to the poor Abode,
Where in a Manger lies th' Incarnate GOD;
Reduc'd to lodge among the ſordid Beaſts,
Who all the ſpacious Realms of Light poſſeſs'd;
And he whoſe humble Miniſters we were,
Becomes a tender Virgin's helpleſs Care.
Thro' Heav'n, but now, the haſty Tidings rung,
And Anthems on the wond'rous Theme they ſung.

Palemon.

But to what happy Maid of human Race
Has Heav'n allotted this peculiar Grace?

Angels.

Ye echoing Skies, repeat *Maria*'s Name;
Maria thro' the Starry Worlds proclaim:

In her bright Face celeſtial Graces ſhine,
Her Mind's enrich'd with Treaſures all divine,
From *David*'s royal Houſe deſcends her noble Line.
But ſee the humble Seat, the poor Abode,
That holds the Virgin with the Infant GOD.

Menalcas.

Thee, Virgin-born, thus proſtrate, I adore,
And offer here the Choice of all my Store.
Untill'd the Earth ſhall now vaſt Harveſts yield,
And laughing Plenty crown the open Field.
Clear Rivers in the Deſarts ſhall be ſeen,
And barren Waſtes cloath'd in eternal Green.
Inſtead of Thorns the ſtately Fir ſhall riſe,
And wave his lofty Head amidſt the Skies;
Where Thiſtles once, ſhall fragrant Myrtles grow,
The beauteous Roſe on ev'ry Buſh ſhall glow,
And from the purple Grape rich Wines, unpreſs'd
ſhall flow.

Palemon.

Great Star of *Jacob*, that ſo bright doſt riſe,
Turn, lovely Infant, thy auſpicious Eyes;
This ſoft and ſpotleſs Wool to thee I bring,
My earlieſt Tribute to the New-born King.
With Thee each ſacred Virtue takes its Birth,
And Peace and Juſtice now ſhall rule the Earth.
Thou ſhalt the Bliſs of *Paradiſe* reſtore,
And Wars and Tumults ſhall be heard no more.
The Wolf and Lamb ſhall now together feed,
And with the Ox the Lions ſavage breed.

The

The Child ſhall with the harmleſs Serpent play,
And lead, unhurt, the gentle Beaſt away.
And where the Sun aſcends the ſhining Eaſt,
And where he ends his Journey in the Weſt,
Thy glorious Name ſhall be ador'd and bleſt.

Uranio.

The Hope of *Iſrael*, hail! —— with humble Zeal
To Thee, unqueſtion'd Son of GOD, I kneel:
All hail to Thee! of whom the Prophets old
Such mighty Things to our Forefathers told.
Thy Kingdom ſhall from Sea to Sea extend,
And reach the ſpacious World's remoteſt End.
The Spicy Iſle, and *Saba*'s wealthy King,
To thee from far ſhall coſtly Preſents bring.
Thy ſtedfaſt Throne ſhall ſtand for ever faſt,
And thy Dominion Time itſelf out-laſt.

This, gentle Lamb, the Beſt my Flocks afford,
I bring an Off'ring to all Nature's LORD.

Angels.

And we, the Regents of the Spheres, thus low
Before Mankind's illuſtrious Saviour bow:
Aſtoniſh'd, in an Infant's Form we ſee
Diſguis'd th' ineffable Divinity:
Who arm'd with Thunder, on the Fields of Light
O'ercame the potent Seraphim in Fight.
Thus humbled —— O unbounded Force of Love!
Subdu'd by that, from all the Joys above,
Thou cam'ſt the wretched Life of Man to prove.
And thus our ruin'd Numbers wilt ſupply,
And fill the Deſolations of the Sky.

THE

CONFLAGRATION.

An ODE.

I.

SUPINE as Men before the Deluge lay,
In melting Joys and Luxury diſſolv'd,
Till ſwift Deſtruction ſwept them all away,
The ſtupid World will then be found;
In all Licentiouſneſs and Sin involv'd,
When loud to Judgment the laſt Trumpets ſound.
Then Time ſhall be no more,
Nor Months and Years proportion'd by the Sun;
Which ne'er again ſhall run,
With vig'rous Pride, the ſhining Zodiac o'er.

II.

And now begins the Univerſal Wreck;
The Wheels of Nature ſtand, or change their Courſe,
And backward hurrying with diſorder'd Force,
The long eſtabliſh'd Laws of Motion break.
The refluent Rivers to their Fountains run,
Their antient Paths and well-known Channels ſhun.
The Seas their Sandy Banks deride,
And know their Bounds no more,
Againſt the Rocks with ſtormy Pride,

[*From Mrs.* ROWE.] The

The angry Billows roar:
Now ſwelling, like tranſparent Mounts appear,
Which to the Clouds their lofty Summits rear,
And mingle with the Virgin Waters there:
Here, like the Mouth of Hell, vaſt Whirlpools yawn,
And down the rapid Gulph whole Floods and Iſles are drawn.

III.

Prodigious Thunders ſhake the Sky,
As from their Cells with clam'rous Rage they break;
Prodigious Lightnings kindle as they fly,
And trace the Clouds with many a fiery Streak:
While in the darken'd Air
With horrid Beams malignant Comets glare,
Encountring Tempeſts ſtrive,
Which mighty Winds acroſs each other drive;
Loos'd from the ſpacious Cavities below,
From all the adverſe Points of Heav'n they blow,
And murmur from afar with ſtormy Sound;
While burning Bolts and Hail-ſtones rake the Ground.
Reſiſtleſs Whirlwinds bluſter here and there,
Trees from their Roots, Stones from their Rocks they tear.

IV.

The central Fire within its Priſon raves,
And all the Globe with ſtrong Concuſſions ſhakes,
As from its Urn in ſulph'rous Waves
The dreadful Element breaks;
Thro' all the gloomy Vaults around it flows,
Thro' ev'ry Cleft and winding Fiſſure glows,

And

And wild Excurſions makes.
Its Courſe no Subterranean Damps oppoſe,
From Vein to Vein the active Particles take Fire,
And towards the Surface of the Globe aſpire;
Whole Groves, and Hills, and Buildings undermine,
Whole Groves, and Hills, and Palaces drop in:
Wide gapes the direful Gulph, and where
Tall Mountains ſtood, prodigious Chaſms appear.
With wilder Fury here
The fierce Materials outward ruſh,
And where, ev'n now, a level Plain was ſpread,
Vaſt Rocks and frowning Steeps erect their hideous Head;
From whoſe dark Entrails livid Torrents guſh,
And glowing Cataracts ſpout:
Like *Ætna* now the new *Volcano* roars,
Unweildy Stones, and burning Craggs throws out,
With Show'rs of Sand, and Seas of melted Oars.

V.

While louder ſtill on high the Trumpets ſound,
And reach the dreary Kingdoms under-ground.
Hell's deep Foundations the ſtrange Echoes ſhake,
With Terrors fill each raging Fiend,
The Earth with ſtrong Concuſſions rend,
And wide diſcloſe the vaſt Infernal Lake,
With all the execrable Dens below,
The Dwellings of unutterable Woe.
Thick Steams from the unbottom'd Gulph ariſe,
And blacken all the Skies:
The ſtartled Sun winks at the horrid Sight,
And robs the Moon of all her Silver Light,

While

While ev'ry gay, ethereal Flame expires,
Or to its firſt Original retires.
Now mightier Pangs the whole Creation feels;
Each Planet from its ſhatter'd Axis reels,
And Orbs immenſe on Orbs immenſe drop down,
Like ſcatt'ring Leaves from off their Branches blown.

VI.

Again the great Archangel's Summons fly
Thro' Earth, thro' Hell, and all the Vaults on high.
Wide fly the Portals of Eternal Day,
To give the King of Glory way:
And lo! the Son of GOD deſcends,
Heav'n's everlaſting Frame beneath him bends;
On louring Clouds he ſits enthron'd,
Whence ruddy Flames, and pointed Lightnings play,
And bellowing Thunders with ſhrill Voices ſound:
To judge the World he comes with awful State,
Ten Thouſand Times ten Thouſand on him wait,
Divine his Form, ineffable his Air,
At once benignant, ſolemn, and ſevere;
Around him dart refulgent Beams,
And from his Eyes approachleſs Glory ſtreams.

VII.

The Waters ſee, and downward ſink,
The Mountains melt like Wax before the Fire,
The folding Heav'ns together ſhrink,
And with a mighty Noiſe the claſhing Orbs retire.
Deſpairing, trembling, mad, the Vitious fly,
And to the falling Rocks for Shelter cry;
To Hell's impenetrable Shades would run,

The

The Face of their vindictive Judge to ſhun.
The ſhudd'ring Fiends t' avoid his Sight,
Beneath the burning Deeps would hide;
Unable now to bear celeſtial Light,
Or the Reſplendence of his Looks abide.

VIII.

Unmov'd alone the Virtuous now appear,
And in their Looks a calm Aſſurance wear,
Nor Hell, nor all its Horrors fear.
From Eaſt, from Weſt, from North and South they come,
To take from the moſt righteous Judge their Doom;
Who thus, to them, with a ſerene Regard;
(The Books of Life before him laid,
And all the ſecret Records wide diſplay'd)
"According to your Works be your Reward:
"As my Reproach and Croſs you did not fear,
"To Men and Angels I approve you here;
"Poſſeſs Immortal Kingdoms as your Due,
"Prepar'd from an Eternal Date for you."

IX.

The glitt'ring Legions ſhout above,
And down ten Thouſand heav'nly Guardians fly,
T' attend their joyful Charges to the Sky:
And upward now, with wond'rous State they move,
Melodious Welcomes they receive on high,
With ſhining Robes, victorious Palms and Crowns,
Celeſtial Dignities, and everlaſting Thrones;
While Beauty, Life, and Joy, with Love divine,
Break from their Eyes, and on their Faces ſhine,

X.

X.

Th' Apoſtate Spirits rage, as when they fell
From off th' ethereal Battlements to Hell,
To ſee the humble Race of Man ſupply
Their once illuſtrious Stations in the Sky.
The Sinners gnaſh their Teeth for Envy too;
To whom thus ſpeaks the wrathful Deity.
" From me, accurſt! for ever go,
" And dwell with endleſs Burnings, Night and Woe.
" In vain in your Adverſity you cry,
" Inexorable to your Cries I'll be,
" As you were once to me."

XI.

Like Stings theſe fatal Accents wound,
And all the wretched Sinners Pleas confound;
Oppreſt with Shame, Confuſion, and Deſpair,
They ſink, nor can the heavy Judgment bear.
Th' unfathom'd Deep to ſwallow them gapes wide;
And now without Controul
The fiery Surges roll,
And Hell extends itſelf on ev'ry Side:
Where, without Intermiſſion, without End,
Howling and Lamentations loud aſcend;
With Flames and helliſh Smother, which appear
To form about the Globe a dreadful Atmoſphere.

XII.

Why Vice was proſp'rous, Virtue why diſtreſt,
With all the deep-writ Senſe,
The dark myſterious Ways of Providence,
To Men and Angels now are manifeſt.

On

On the DEATH of Mr. *THOMAS ROWE.*

IN what ſoft Language ſhall my Thoughts break free,
My dear *Alexis*, when I talk of thee?
Ye Muſes, Graces, all ye gentle Train
Of weeping Loves, aſſiſt the penſive Strain!
But why ſhould I implore your moving Art?
She needs no Muſe, who can invoke her Heart.

Whatever noble Warmth could recommend
The juſt, the active, and the conſtant Friend,
Was all his own —— but, oh! a dearer Name,
And ſofter Ties my endleſs Sorrow claim;
Loſt in Deſpair, from every Comfort torn,
The Lover I, and tender Huſband mourn.
Whate'er to ſuch ſuperior Worth was due,
Whate'er Exceſs the fondeſt Paſſion knew,
My Vows to Heaven were all for thee,
And Love inſpir'd me firſt with Piety.
Thy Love (ſweet Study) buſied all my Days,
And my full Soul's Ambition was thy Praiſe.

Why has my Heart this fond Engagement known?
Or why has Heav'n diſſolv'd the Tie ſo ſoon?
Why was the charming Youth ſo form'd to move?
Or why was all my Soul ſo turn'd for Love?

[*From Mrs.* ROWE.] O her

O he would talk —— 'twas Ecſtaſy to hear,
The liſt'ning Soul hung trembling on the Ear:
Eternal Muſic dwelt upon his Tongue,
Soft and tranſporting as ſome Seraph's Song:
Liſt'ning to him, my Cares were charm'd to Reſt,
And Love, and ſilent Rapture fill'd my Breaſt;
Unheeded the gay Moments took their Flight,
For Time was only meaſur'd by Delight.

I hear the lov'd, the melting Accents ſtill,
And ſtill the kind, the tender Tranſport feel:
Again I ſee the ſprightly Paſſions riſe,
And Life and Pleaſure ſparkle in his Eyes.
My Fancy paints him now with ev'ry Grace,
But, thin Shade eludes my fond Embrace;
The ſmiling Viſion takes its haſty Flight,
And Scenes of Horror ſwim before my Sight.
Grief, and Deſpair in all their Terrors riſe,
A dying Lover pale and gaſping lies.
Each diſmal Circumſtance appears in view,
Thy Death (ſad Scene) will be for ever new.
Thy anguiſh, with the quickeſt Senſe I feel,
And the ſoft Accents o'er my Silence ſteal.

My Wife! my tendereſt Love, my lateſt Care!
Heav'n for thy Sake will hear a dying Prayer:
Will guard and comfort thee when I am dead;
When from theſe aking Eyes thy Form is fled:
When theſe cold Hands, that now thy Graſp implore,
Shall tremble at the Touch of thine no more.
How I have lov'd, thy bleeding Heart can tell ——
And we ſhall meet——till that dear Time——Farewell!

He ceas'd; and hovering Angels catch'd his Breath,
And his quench'd Eyes diſſolv'd their Beams in Death.

But, oh! what Words, what Numbers can expreſs,
What Thought conceive the Height of my Diſtreſs?
Why did they tear me from thy breathleſs Clay?
I ſhould have ſtaid, and wept my Life away.
Yet gentle Shade, where'er thou now doſt dwell,
Where'er thy Spirit does the reſt excell;
One Moment liſten to my Grief, and take
The ſofteſt Vows that Love and Truth can make.

For thee my Thoughts all Pleaſure ſhall forego;
For thee my Tears ſhall never ceaſe to flow;
For thee at once I from the World retire,
To feed, in ſilent Shades, the faithful Fire.
My Boſom all thy Image ſhall retain,
The full Impreſſion there ſhall ſtill remain.
As thou haſt taught my conſtant Heart to prove
The nobleſt Height and Elegance of Love;
That ſacred Paſſion I to thee confine,
Graſp thee in Death, and am for ever thine.

THE

RESIGNATION.

'TIS done! the darling Idol I reſign,
Unfit to ſhare a Heart ſo juſtly thine;
Nor can the heav'nly Call unwelcome be,
That ſtill invites my Soul more near to thee:
Thou doſt but take the dying Lamp away,
To bleſs me with thy own unmingled Day.
Ye Shades, ye Phantoms, and ye Dreams, adieu!
With Smiles I now your parting Glories view.
I ſee the Hand; I worſhip, I adore,
And juſtify the great diſpoſing Pow'r.
Divine Advantage! O immortal Gain!
Why ſhould my fond, ungrateful Heart complain?
Whate'er of Beauty in his ample Round
The Sun ſurveys, in thee is brighter found;
Whate'er the Skies, in all their ſplendid Coſt,
Their beamy Pride, and Majeſty can boaſt;
Whate'er the reſtleſs Mind of Man deſires;
Whate'er an Angel's vaſter Thought admires:
In thee 'tis found in its unchanging Height,
Thou firſt great Spring of Beauty and Delight!
What have I loſt of excellent, or fair,
Or kind, or good, that thou can'ſt not repair?
What have I loſt of Truth or Amity,
But what deriv'd its gentle Source from thee?

[*From Mrs.* ROWE.] U 2 But

At one kind Look, one ſparkling Glance of thine,
Created Pride muſt languiſh and decline.

'Tis done, at laſt, the great deciding Part!
The World's ſubdu'd, and thou haſt all my Heart:
It pants for Joys which that can ne'er beſtow;
And ſpreads itſelf too wide for all below;
It leaves the vaſt Creation far behind,
And preſſes forward, free and unconfin'd.
I ſee a boundleſs Proſpect ſtill before,
And dote upon my former Joys no more;
Celeſtial Paſſions kindle in my Soul,
And ev'ry low, inglorious Thought controul.
O come! ye ſacred Guſts, ye pure Delights,
Ye heav'nly Sounds, ye intellectual Sights;
Ye Gales of Paradiſe, that lull to Reſt,
And fill with ſilent Calms the peaceful Breaſt;
With you, tranſporting Hopes that boldly riſe,
And ſwell in bliſsful Torrents, to the Skies;
That ſoar with Angels on their ſplendid Wings,
And ſearch th' *Arcana* of celeſtial Things.
Here let me dwell, and bid the World adieu,
And ſtill converſe, ye glorious Scenes, with you.
Keep far away, for ever far from hence,
Ye gawdy Shews, and flatt'ring Snares of Senſe;
Ye gay Varieties on Earth, adieu!
However ſoft, and pleaſing to the View.
And all ye dazzling Wonders of the Skies,
Ev'n you my now aſpiring Thoughts deſpiſe;
No more your Blandiſhments my Heart detain,
Beauty and Pleaſure make their Court in vain;

Objects

Objects divine, and infinite in View,
Seize all my Pow'rs, ye fading Toys, from you.

'Tis finish'd now, the great deciding Part!
The World's subdu'd, and thou hast all my Heart;
It triumphs in the Change, it fixes here,
Nor needs another Seperation fear.
No various Scenes to come, no Change of Place
Shall e'er thy Image from my Soul efface;
Nor Life, nor Death, nor distant Height above,
Nor Depths below, shall part me from thy Love.

PSALM lxiii.

O GOD, my first, my last, my stedfast Choice,
My boundless Bliss, the Spring of all my Joys!
I'll worship Thee before the Silver Moon,
With silent Pace has reach'd her cloudy Noon;
Before the Stars the Midnight Skies adorn,
Long, long before the slow Approach of Morn.
Thee I'll invoke, to Thee glad Anthems sing,
And with my Voice join each harmonious String.
The Midnight Echoes at thy Name shall wake,
And on their Wings the joyful Burthen take;
While one bright Smile from thee, one pleasing Ray,
Thro' the still Shades shall dart celestial Day.

As the scorch'd Trav'ller in a desart Land,
Tracing with weary Steps, the burning Sand;

And fainting underneath the fierce Extremes
Of raging Thirſt, longs for refreſhing Streams;
So pants my Soul, with ſuch an eager Strife
I follow thee, the ſacred Spring of Life.

Open the boundleſs Treaſures of thy Grace,
And let me once more ſee thy lovely Face;
As I have ſeen thee in thy bright Abode,
When all my Pow'rs confeſt the preſent GOD.

There I could ſay, and mark the happy Place,
'Twas there I did his glorious Footſteps trace;
'Twas there (O let me raiſe an Altar there!)
I ſaw as much of Heav'n as mortal Senſe could bear;
There from his Eyes I met the heav'nly Beam
That kindled in my Soul this deathleſs Flame.

Life, the moſt valu'd Good that Mortals prize,
Compar'd to which, we all Things elſe deſpiſe;
Ev'n Life itſelf, my GOD, without thy Love,
A tedious Round of Vanity would prove.
Grant me thy Love, be that my glorious Lot,
Swallow'd in that, be all Things elſe forgot.
And while theſe heav'nly Flames my Breaſt inſpire,
I'll call up all my Pow'rs, and touch the tuneful Lyre;
With all the Eloquence of grateful Lays,
I'll ſing thy Goodneſs, and recite thy Praiſe.
The charming Theme ſhall ſtill my Soul employ,
And give me Foretaſtes of immortal Joy;
With ſilent Rapture, not to be expreſt,
My eager Wiſhes here ſhall richly feaſt.
When ſullen Night its gloomy Curtains ſpreads,

And ſoothing Sleep its drowzy Influence ſheds;
I'll baniſh flatt'ring Slumbers from my Eyes,
And praiſe thee till the golden Morning riſe;
Thoſe ſilent Hours ſhall conſecrated be,
And thro' the liſt'ning Shades I'll ſend my Vows to thee.

On the WORKS of

CREATION.

BEAUTY complete, and Majeſty divine,
In all thy Works, ador'd CREATOR, ſhine.
Where'er I caſt my wond'ring Eyes around,
The GOD I ſeek in ev'ry Part is found.
Purſuing thee, the flow'ry Fields I trace,
And read thy Name on ev'ry Spire of Graſs.
I follow thee thro' many a lonely Shade,
And find thee in the ſolitary Glade.
I meet thee in the kind, refreſhing Gale,
That gently paſſes thro' the dewy Vale.
The Pink, the Jeſs'min, and the purple Roſe,
Perfum'd by thee, their fragrant Leaves diſcloſe.
The feather'd Choir that welcome in the Spring,
By thee were taught their various Notes to ſing.
By thee the Morning in her crimſon Veſt,
And Ornaments of golden Clouds, is dreſt.
The Sun in all his Splendor, wears thy Beams,
And drinks in Light from thy exhauſtleſs Streams.

The

The Moon reveals thee by her glimm'ring Ray;
Unnumber'd Stars thy glorious Paths diſplay.
Amidſt the ſolemn Darkneſs of the Night,
The Thoughts of GOD my muſing Soul Delight.
Thick Shades and Night thy dread Pavilion form;
In State thou rid'ſt upon the flying Storm;
While thy ſtrong Hand its fierceſt Rage reſtrains,
And holds the wild, unmanag'd Winds in Reins.
What Sparklings of thy Majeſty appear,
When thro' the Firmament ſwift Lightnings glare?
When Peals of Thunder fill the Skies around,
I hear thy Voice in the tremendous Sound.

But while I here thy fainteſt Shadows trace,
I pine to ſee the Glories of thy Face;
Where Beauty in its never-changing Height,
And uncreated Excellence, ſhine bright.
When ſhall the heav'nly Scene, without Controul,
Open in dazzling Triumph on my Soul?
My Pow'rs, with all their Ardor, ſhall adore,
And languiſh for Terreſtrial Charms no more.

On LOVE.

YE Stars that ſparkle in the Midnight Skies,
Propitious Love ſhines out in all your Eyes;
Nor does the Moon the glorious Truth conceal,
But darts ſoft Glances thro' her gloomy Veil.
The Sun comes forth in Majeſty above,
And kindles, as he goes, the Flames of Love;

With

With gentle Beams he warms the teeming Earth,
And gives ten Thouſand various Forms their Birth.
Whatever Shape thou wear'ſt, thy bright Abode
Was from Eternity, the Mind of GOD:
There thou haſt triumph'd in the ſplendid Height
Of uncreated and eſſential Light;
The Spring, the Fountain of the Life Divine,
The conſtant End of ev'ry great Deſign.

Spirit of Nature, its informing Soul!
Thou doſt the Pow'rs of Heav'n and Earth controul:
All the Degrees of Life and Senſe that riſe
In Fields, or Floods, or thro' the ſpacious Skies;
All feel the Force of thy inſpiring Flame,
And Joy and Triumph in thy mighty Name.
O, thou art All in All! the higheſt End,
That boundleſs Grace and Wiſdom could intend!
And Lengths and Breadths, and Depths and Heights above,
Shall finally be ſwallow'd up of Love:
No further Changes then; but fully bleſt
The Maker, and his finiſh'd Works ſhall reſt.

Devout SOLILOQUIES.

SOLILOQUY I.

ETERNAL Maker, hail! hail Pow'r Divine!
The Heav'ns and Earth, the Day and Night are thine.
Matter and Form to thee their Being owe,
From thee, their great Original, they flow:
When yet the mingled Maſs unactive lay,
Thou gav'ſt it Motion by thy quick'ning Ray:
Chaos and Night thy pow'rful Mandate heard,
And Light, and glorious Order, ſoon appear'd.
If thou but hide thy Face, the Creatures mourn,
But Life and Pleaſure with thy Smile return.
Thy gentle Smile dependent Nature chears,
Revives its Hopes, and diſſipates its Fears.
The Earth and Skies thro' various Changes run;
But thou, whoſe wond'rous Being ne'er begun,
Can'ſt ne'er thro' all Eternity decay,
While Time's ſwift Flood bears all Things elſe away.
By thy Direction, the fair Orbs above,
In perfect Order, thro' the Ether move;
And all that's lovely, all that's pure below,
Immediately from thy bright Eſſence flow.
Fountain of Life! from thy immortal Flame
All Ranks of intellectual Beings came:
Our Maker thou, our great Original,
We own thy Right, and thee our Father call. So-

SOLILOQUY II.

CELESTIAL Love, my ever-charming Theme,
Ten Thouſand Bleſſings reſt upon thy Name!
From the Divinity thou haſt thy Source,
And GOD himſelf atteſts thy wond'rous Force.

Some Angel, ſpeak in your immortal Strain,
How Love does o'er th' immence Creator reign;
But Oh! that glorious Truth what Angel can explain?
You ſaw him quit the Pleaſures of the Sky,
And veil the Glories of the Deity:
You ſaw him born, and wond'ring heard him weep,
Wond'ring you ſaw the World's Protector ſleep;
You ſaw him wander here deſpis'd, unknown,
Without a Place, to reſt his Head, his own;
You knew his Grief and inward Agony;
You ſaw the heav'nly Lover bleed and die.

Victorious Love, how infinite thy Pow'r!
How great thy Triumph in that ſolemn Hour!
The Sun, the Moon, and ſparkling Stars on high,
Stood Witneſs to the vanquiſh'd Deity.

Strike up your golden Harps, ye Sons of Light,
Some mighty Genius the vaſt Song indite;
And Oh! ye Sons of Men, unite your Voice,
Let all the ranſom'd Tribes on Earth rejoice:
Ye ranſom'd Tribes, peculiarly from you

Unbound-

Unbounded Thanks, and endleſs Praiſe are due.
Triumph and ſhout, begin th' eternal Strains,
To him that dy'd, but now for ever reigns;
To him that lov'd, and waſh'd us in his Blood,
And made us Kings, and choſen Prieſts to GOD:
For worthy is the Lamb, that once was ſlain,
Of Praiſe and Bleſſing in the higheſt Strain.

SOLILOQUY III.

WHATEVER various Turns my Life ſhall ſee,
Of downy Peace, or hard Adverſity;
Let ſmiling Suns ſhine on my proſp'rous Ways,
Or low'ring Clouds obſcure my gloomy Days;
The Praiſes of my GOD ſhall ſtill employ
My Tongue, and yield my Thoughts perpetual Joy:
For he is all my Glory, all my Boaſt,
Be ev'ry Name but his forever loſt!
My Truſt alone His is Almighty Name,
All other Aids my tow'ring Thoughts diſclaim.
In GOD, my glorious Saviour, I'll rejoice,
And ſtill exalt him with my grateful Voice.
His Angels, he himſelf ſurrounds the Juſt,
And guards the Saints who in his Promiſe truſt.
O taſte and ſee, how bleſt, how highly bleſt
Are they who on his boundleſs Mercy reſt!
He, with indulgent Care, their Wants ſupplies,
And guides their Steps with ever-watchful Eyes;

His

His gracious Ears are open to their Pray'r,
And hear, with Self-Compaſſion, all their Care;
Mercy and Truth, thro' all his gracious Ways
To human Race, thine with diſtinguiſh'd Rays.
O let my Tongue on the bleſt Subject dwell,
The Wonders of his Love to Men and Angels tell!
Angels and Men their glad Aſſent ſhall join,
And mix their loud applauding Notes with mine.

SOLILOQUY IV.

O Speak! and in the Muſic of thy Voice
My Soul ſhall antedate immortal Joys:
The tempting Calls of Senſe ſhall all be drown'd
In the ſuperior Sweetneſs of that Sound:
Nature and ſtudious Art would ſtrive in vain
To reach the Charms of that victorious Strain.
O let me hear thee but in Whiſpers break
Thy Silence, and in gentle Accents ſpeak!
Such Accents as ne'er raviſh'd mortal Ears,
Such as the Soul in calm Retirement hears;
More charming than the Notes which Angels play,
When they conduct a dying Saint away;
While raptur'd he reſigns his parting Breath,
And ſmiles on all the ſolemn Pomp of Death.

When wilt thou ſpeak, and tell me thou art mine?
O how I long to hear that Word Divine!
When that tranſporting Sound ſhall bleſs my Ear,
Fly ſullen Grief, and ev'ry mortal Care;

Fly Days and Hours, and meaſur'd Time with Speed,
And let the bleſt Eternity ſucceed!

'Till then the rolling Orbs my Love ſhall hear,
And let the whole Creation lend an Ear.
Witneſs, the cryſtal Streams, that murm'ring flow,
For you the Secret of my Paſſion know:
Ye Fields, the Glades, and ev'ry ſhady Grove,
The ſweet Retirements, and Delights of Love,
I call ye all to witneſs to my Flame,
For you have learnt the dear inſpiring Name;
In gentle Echoes you have oft reply'd,
And in ſoft Breezes thro' the Valleys ſigh'd;
The Valleys, Moſſy Caves, and open Lawn,
The ſilent Ev'ning, and the chearful Dawn;
Thou Moon, and ev'ry fair conſpicuous Star,
Whoſe Silver Rays the Midnight Horrors chear;
And then bright Lamp of Day, ſhalt Witneſs prove
To the perpetual Favour of my Love.
Angels, for you the ſolemn Truth can tell,
And ev'ry pious Midnight Sigh reveal;
Be witneſs that my raptur'd Vows aſpire,
To the high Theme of your immortal Lyre.

But Oh! my Life, my Hope, to thee alone
I ſtrive to make my ardent Wiſhes known;
To thee alone, to thee I would reveal
My tender Cares, to thee I dare appeal.
Thou that doſt all my ſecret Soul behold,
Pierce all its Depths, and ev'ry Veil unfold,
Ev'n thou, my glorious Judge, thy ſelf ſhalt prove
Th' eternal Witneſs of my Truth and Love.

SOLI-

SOLILOQUY V.

WHY does the Sun with conſtant Glory burn?
Why does the Day to guilty Man return?
To guilty Man, whoſe Inſolence and Pride
The Glories of th' eternal Sun would hide?
Why do the Stsrs with Nightly Splendor ſhine,
While Miſts from Hell obſcure the Light Divine?
Back to your Fountain turn your lucid Streams,
To holier Regions lend your gentle Beams.

O let me weep in ſome ſequeſter'd Shade,
Whoſe dark Receſs no Light ſhall e'er invade;
Where mortal Joys ſhall offer no Relief,
To intermit the Juſt, the ſerious Grief;
O could my Tears the publick Vengeance ſtay,
And yet ſuſpend the deſolating Day!
But ſee it comes! the threat'ning Tempeſts riſe,
Preſaging Darkneſs gathers in the Skies.

SOLILOQUY VI.

IF e'er again I find my Soul's Delight,
With Love's ſoft Fetters I'll reſtrain his Flight:
And e'er I with the darling Treaſure part,
The Sparks of Life ſhall quit my trembling Heart:

That Life, which ſoon would prove a tireſome Load,
Without the charming Hopes to find my GOD.
O thou that doſt my panting Breaſt inſpire
With all the Ardour of celeſtial Fire,
Thee I muſt find, or in the Search expire!
In vain the tempting World its Glory ſhews,
All it can give would yield me no Repoſe;
Renounc'd at once let all its Proffers be,
My Bliſs ſhall be compleatly full in Thee:
Here is my Reſt, my vain Purſuits are o'er;
Here let me fix, and never wander more.

Devout SOLILOQUIES.

In *Blank* VERSE.

SOLILOQUY I.

ABSOLVE the Penance of Mortality,
And let me now commence the Life Divine.
I ſicken for Enlargement —— Where's the Bar?
Thy Spirit is not ſtraitned, thou canſt raiſe
Thy Creature to what Eminence thou wilt.
Unmerited the brighteſt Ranks above
Receiv'd their Flame and Purity from Thee.

I dare not article with the Moſt-High,
Nor boaſt, but of my Wants and Indigence.

Let

Let me be poor, neceſſitous and low,
Or any thing, that thou mayſt be advanc'd!
If I muſt Glory, let me Glory here,
That I can make no Claim, nor aſk Reward.
O be thy Goodneſs free! give like thy ſelf,
And be thy own Magnificence the Rule!
Still undiminiſh'd from thy endleſs Store,
Eternal Bounty cannot leſſen thee.

Why ſhouldſt thou bound thy ſelf, and check the Courſe
Of thy own glorious Nature; which is all
O'erflowing Love, and pure Beneficence?
'Tis thy Delight and Glory to diſpenſe
Treaſures of Wiſdom, Life, and heav'nly Love,
To Souls that pine and languiſh after thee.

O thou canſt never laviſh out thy Store!
The Sun, that from his radiant Exaltation
Looks down, and bleſſes univerſal Nature,
Nor from the meaneſt Worm keeps back his Rays,
That Sun is but a feeble Type of thee.

Millions of happy Spirits draw in Life
And Pleaſure from thy Smiles; yet ſtill the Springs,
The freſh, the ever riſing Springs of Joy
Unwaſted flow —— Thou to thy glorious Self
Art All-ſufficient; thou, the Plenetude
Of thy own Bliſs; and canſt thou not ſupply
The utmoſt Wiſhes of created Minds?

SOLILOQUY II.

LET GOD himſelf, to whom I dare appeal,
Let GOD, my glorious Judge, be Witneſs here!
Unfold my inmoſt Soul, for thou ſhalt find
No Rival Form, no Image but thy own.
So ſure I love thee, I would ſtake my Bliſs,
My Immortality on this high Truth.

Is this Exiſtence real, or a Dream?
Is Light, is Life, or is the ſacred Name
Of Virtue dear? Do I love Happineſs?
'Tis ſure I do! and Oh! 'tis full as ſure
I love my GOD. If this is not a Truth,
I do not breathe, I have nor Hopes nor Fears,
I know not where, I know not what I am,
But wander in Uncertainty and Doubt.
If this is not a Truth, why have I ſhut
My Eyes on all the Beauty of the World?
Why have I ſtop'd my Ears to ev'ry Call
Of Glory and Delight? why do I ſhun
The Paths of Pleaſure? why deſpiſe the Joys,
The Entertainments of Society?
And loſt to all in ſolitary Shades
Give up my Hours, and ev'ry Thought to Thee?
My GOD, I cry, the Treaſure of my Soul,
Give me my GOD, and let the World forſake me!

SOLI-

SOLILOQUY III.

THESE Eyes have never ſeen thy lovely Face,
No Accent of thy Voice has reach'd my Ear,
And yet my Heart's acquainted well with Thee;
To Thee it opens all its ſecret Store
Of Joy and Grief, and whiſpers ev'ry Care.

I've known the Names of Father, Huſband, Friend;
But when I think of Thee, theſe tender Ties,
Theſe ſoft Engagements vaniſh into Air.

Amidſt the gentleſt Bandiſhments and Charms,
The Smiles and flattring Looks of human Things,
My Soul ſprings forward, and lays hold on Thee;
Calls Thee her only Portion and Defence,
Nor knows a Thought of Diffidence or Fear.

Let Nature fail, let Darkneſs hide the Stars,
And cover with a Sable Veil the Sun;
Unchang'd and fix'd the Truth of GOD remains,
Nor knows the leaſt Decay ——— Here let me reſt,
With full Aſſurance and unſhaken Faith.

O thou unbounded, Self-Sufficient Being!
How rich am I! how happy! how ſecure!
How full my Portion in poſſeſſing thee!
One gentle, one tranſporting Smile of thine,
Thou darling of my Soul! contains more Wealth
Than this, or thouſand brighter Worlds can boaſt.
'Tis thou thy ſelf art my immediate Bliſs,
My Paradiſe, my everlaſting Heav'n!

SOLILOQUY IV.

MY great Redeemer lives! I know he lives!
I feel the ſacred, the tranſporting Truth
Exulting in my Soul: He lives to plead
My Cauſe above (unworthy as I am!)
He there appears to intercede for me.

My Record is on high, and the bleſt Spirit
With gentle Atteſtations pleads within;
Divine the Voice, 'tis all celeſtial Truth,
I yield my glad Aſſent; triumphant Hope,
And heavenly Conſolations fill my Soul.

I muſt, I will rejoice; 'tis GOD himſelf
Is my exceeding Joy: He kindly ſmiles
And Heav'n and Earth look gay; while all the Clouds
That conſcious Guilt ſpread o'er my ſhudd'ring Soul
Vaniſh before thoſe reconciling Eyes.

Ye Pow'rs of Darkneſs, where are all your Threats?
Speak out your Charge, the black Indictment read!
I own the dreadful, the amazing Score;
But who condems, when GOD does juſtify?
Who ſhall accuſe, when freely He acquits?
He calls me bleſt, and what malignant Pow'r
Shall call the Bleſſing back? who ſhall reverſe
What the Moſt-High has ſaid? — Nor Life, nor Death,
Nor Depth below, nor endleſs Height above
Shall part me from his everlaſting Love.

SOLI-

SOLILOQUY V.

HOW ſlowly moves the Sun? how dull the Wheels
Of Nature? Roll along, ye Planets, fly
In ſhorter Rounds, and meaſure out my Day,
This tedious Day, this Interval of Woe!

I wait with longing Looks, and mark the Skies,
As Men impatient for the breaking Morn.
This World has nothing worth a careleſs Thought;
I have no Treaſure here, 'tis all above,
And there my Heart in fix'd Attention dwells.
With juſt Diſdain I caſt a languid Look
Around the vain Creation; then repine
And half pronounce thoſe various Products evil,
Which GOD himſelf approv'd and call them good:
Yet independent of the ſov'reign Bliſs,
They yield no Solace, give me no Repoſe.

What have I here to hold my Soul from Thee?
To entertain me one ſhort, fleeting Hour?
I have no Friend on Earth, and none would have.
I'm grown a Stranger here, my Heart diſowns
Acquaintance here; I'm ſick of this vain World,
Its tireſome Repetitions load my Senſe:
The Sun's bright Eye, in all its Circuit, views
No equal Entertainment, none to hold
My Heart in theſe inhoſpitable Realms.

Yet if I muſt a Stranger here remain,
O condeſcend to viſit theſe Abodes,
And ſpeak in frequent Whiſpers to my Soul!
Let me converſe with Thee, and hear thy Voice;
Retir'd from Men in ſome wild Solitude
My Hours would ſweetly paſs, nor ſeek Delight
Beyond that heav'nly Bliſs; there I could reſt
Superior to the Turns of human Things.

Theſe Eyes no more ſhould view the impious Ways
Of human Race; theſe Ears no longer hear
The daring Blaſphemies that loudly rage
Againſt that gracious Mediating Pow'r,
That keeps avenging Thunder from their Heads.

O let me die in Peace, diſmiſs me hence!
I'm but a Sojourner, a Stranger here;
Wand'ring thro' darkſome Ways and gloomy Wilds,
Beſet with helliſh Snares, and oft betray'd
By a deceitful, treach'rous Heart within:
Tir'd with perpetual Toil I caſt my Eyes,
To yonder peaceful Worlds, and long for Reſt.

SOLILOQUY VI.

O THOU whoſe Wiſdom leads the countleſs Stars
In conſtant Order thro' their ſhining Courſe,
And ſets the blazing Sun his annual Race!
All Nature owns thy Law; the raging Winds,
And foaming Billows in their ſwelling Pride
Reluctant ſink at thy commanding Voice.

But I with proſtrate Homage at thy Feet
Devote my Will obſequious to thy Sway.
I have no Choice, no Conduct, no Deſign,
No wav'ring Wiſh that I can call my own;
For I am wholly, abſolutely thine:
And as the Potter turns the ductile Clay
Am I in thy Almighty forming Hands?
O Thou canſt mould and faſhion ev'ry Thought,
My Paſſions turn, and make me what Thou wilt:
Thy Hand can trace the Characters Divine,
And ſtamp celeſtial Beauty on my Soul.

Creating Spirit, ſpeak the potent Word,
"Let there be Light!" and cloudleſs Day will riſe.
Diſpel the Clouds of Ignorance and Sin,
Baniſh whate'er oppoſes thy Deſigns
Of Love and Grace; and freely work thy Will.

SOLILO-

SOLILOQUY VII.

LOOK down, with Pity, gracious LORD, look down,
From thy unbounded Heights of Happineſs,
On me a wretched, but a ſuppliant Sinner.
Thy Times are always; mine will ſoon be paſt,
And meaſur'd out; while thine are ſtill unchang'd:
In boundleſs Life, and undiminiſh'd Bliſs
Thou ſett'ſt ſecure; while all created Things
In a perpetual Motion glide along,
And ev'ry Inſtant change their fleeting Forms.

O be not ſlack to hear! my Time is wing'd,
See how my Sun declines! 'tis ſinking faſt,
And dying into Darkneſs; Night is near,
The fatal Night of Death, when I ſhall ſleep
Unactive in the damp and gloomy Grave.

This is th' important Hour, the Hour of Grace
And offer'd Life; Salvation hangs upon it.
Nor let my Importunity offend thee,
'Tis now, 'tis now or never I muſt ſpeed;
This Day, this Hour, this fleeting Moment's more
Than I can boaſt, or truly call my own;
Ev'n now it flies—'tis gone—'tis paſt for ever!

But Oh! the ſtrict Account I have to give
Remains uncancell'd; yet my Pardon ſtands
Perhaps unſeal'd, or not to me confirm'd.

Regard

Regard my Anguiſh while I call aloud
For Mercy, and a Signal of thy Love.
Before I die, O let my longing Soul
Receive an Earneſt of its future Bliſs!

SOLILOQUY VIII.

THOU who canſt make a Paſſage thro' the Sea,
And find a Way amidſt the rolling Waves;
Thou who canſt open wide and none can ſhut,
Unfold the Gates of Braſs! break all the Bars
Of Oppoſition! let the Mountains ſink,
And ev'ry Valley riſe to level Plains!
Be Darkneſs Light, and let the ſmiling Sun
Of Righteouſneſs, the bright, the Morning Star
Ariſe in all the Glories of the GODHEAD!

Shine out, and let the clear diſtinguiſh'd Rays
Convince thy proudeſt Foes, and chear the Hopes
Of thoſe that love thee, love thee, tho' unſeen;
Whoſe wounded Ears now bear the loud Reproach
Of thy inſulting Foes, whoſe fainting Hearts
Bleed in the wide Diſhonours of thy Name.

O rend the Skies! divide the Firmament!
Break the long ſtanding Pillars of the Earth!
Let the Hills tremble! let the Foreſts flame,
To make thy Greatneſs known! Be Thou confeſt!
Be Thou in full Divinity reveal'd!
And let the Wreck of Nature grace thy Triumph!

Set open wide the everlaſting Gates!
Ye heav'nly Arches, lift your Heads on high,
And let the King of Glory in the Pomp
Of Majeſty ineffable deſcend!
The Nations then ſhall own thee for their GOD,
And ev'ry Tongue confeſs th' Almighty Judge.

When ſhall theſe Eyes behold that welcome Day,
That glorious, happy, long-expected Period?
When ſhall my Voice join with the gen'ral Shout
Of Nations, Languages, and Tribes redeem'd?
When ſhall I hail the Triumphs of that Day,
When thou ſhalt riſe in the full Heights of Glory,
Darken the Sun, confound the brighteſt Star,
Blaze in the Splendor of the DEITY,
Thy Father's Image perfectly expreſt?

Then ſhall the loud, the univerſal Shout,
'Tis finiſh'd! echo thro' the wide Creation;
Loud Triumphs ſound, and Hallelujahs ring,
The Glory, the Dominion is the LORD'S,
And GOD *omnipotent ſhall reign for ever.*

SOLILOQUY IX.

THY Word is paſt, look on theſe ſacred Lines,
This heav'nly Volume; here, great GOD, are writ
The Records of thy Truth, thy ancient Works,
The bright Memorials of thy Pow'r and Love;

To

To thy immortal Honour, to the Joy
Of ev'ry Saint, they ſtand collected here.

Confirm thy promis'd Grace, which I have made
My Boaſt, my Triumph and peculiar Aid.
O make me not aſham'd! for I have ſpoke
With Confidence undaunted for thy Name,
Thy Honour and approv'd Veracity.
And now I come diſtreſt, and looking round
On human Helps in vain; theſe lying Aids
Excite my Scorn, I view them with Contempt.
Counſel and Wiſdom, Friendſhip's gentle Voice
Is a deceitful Sound: I dare not reſt
Below the Skies for Guidance or Protection;
On thee alone, and not on erring Man
I caſt my ſelf: O kindly guide my Steps
In all the Paths of Righteouſneſs and Peace!
On thee alone, the everlaſting Rock,
On Thee alone I reſt; my Father's GOD,
My Mother's early Truſt, to Thee I look,
O let my Soul rejoice, rejoice in GOD,
Boaſt in his Truth, and triumph all the Day
In his Almighty Name, and gracious Aid!
Be his Veracity and Truth my Song!

There is no Help, nor Confidence below:
But who relies on thy Almighty Arm,
A ſure Defence ſhall find; who on thy Word
Securely reſts, ſhall never be deceiv'd.

Can the Moſt-High deceive? Can he recall
His ſacred Oath, and make his Promiſe vain?

O that be far from Thee, the Truth Divine,
Th' eternal Rectitude, whoſe plighted Word
Stands firmer than the Baſis of the Earth!
And when its mighty Pillars to the Depth
Of their Foundations ſink, when yonder Skies,
Grown Old, ſhall crack tho' all their Cryſtal Orbs;
Thou undecay'd in endleſs Equity,
The Glory and unſpotted Truth ſhalt ſhine.

SOLILOQUY X.

I WILL not let thee go without a Bleſſing;
By thy great Name I enter my Proteſt
Never to leave thee, till I ſee thy Word
Accompliſh'd to my Vows, till thou with full
And cloudleſs Demonſtration to my Soul
Reveal thy promis'd Grace —— Regard my Sighs,
My Secret Pantings to be near to thee!
Wilt thou for ever fly my earneſt Search,
Shut out my Pray'r, and keep this painful Diſtance?

Where is the Obſtacle, the fatal Bar,
The curſt Partition, that divides my Soul
From all its Joys? 'Tis Sin, deteſted Sin!
From hence ariſe theſe ſeparating Clouds,
Theſe ſullen Shadows that conceal thy Face,
And darken all the Proſpect of my Bliſs.

But thou the fair, the bright, the Morning Star,
Canſt with thy darting Glories chaſe theſe Shades

And

And break the thick, the complicated Night.
In great Forgiveneſs thou wilt raiſe thy Name;
And much forgiven, I ſhall love thee much,
And ſtand a glorious Inſtance of thy Grace:
Where Sin abounds, its Luſtre ſhall abound.
My grateful Heart and Tongue to Praiſes tun'd,
Shall tell with Tranſport the amazing Heights
Of Love, of Wiſdom, of redeeming Grace.

JESUS! my only Hope, my Advocate,
My gracious Mediator, O defend
My trembling guilty Soul, from all the Storms
Of Wrath Divine! be thou a hiding-Place,
A Covert from the Wind, a ſafe Retreat
From all the Terror of avenging Pow'r,
And Juſtice infinite! Thy Blood can cleanſe
My deepeſt Stains, and purify my Soul
From all its native, and contracted Guilt:
In that clear Fountain of immortal Life
Let me be cleans'd and throughly ſanctify'd.
I come a helpleſs, miſerable Wretch,
And throw my ſelf, and all my future Hopes
On Mercy infinite; reject me not,
Thou Saviour of the ſinful Race of Men!

AN ALLEGORY ON MAN.

A THOUGHTFUL Being, long and ſpare,
Our Race of Mortals call him *Care*:
(Were *Homer* living, well he knew
What Name the Gods had call'd him too)
With fine Mechanic Genius wrought,
And lov'd to work, tho' no one bought.

This Being, by a Model bred
In *Jove*'s eternal ſable Head,
Contriv'd a Shape, impower'd to breathe,
And be the *Worldling* here beneath.

The *Man* roſe ſtaring, like a Stake;
Wond'ring to ſee himſelf awake!
Then look'd ſo wiſe, before he knew
The Buſ'neſs he was made to do;
That pleas'd to ſee with what a Grace
He gravely ſhew'd his forward Face,

[*From Dean* PARNELL.] *Jove*

Jove talk't of breeding him on high,
An *Under-ſomething* of the Sky.

But e'er he gave the mighty *Nod*,
Which ever binds a *Poet*'s God:
(For which his Curls ambroſial ſhake,
And Mother *Earth*'s oblig'd to quake:)
He ſaw old Mother *Earth* ariſe,
She ſtood confeſs'd before his Eyes;
But not with what we read ſhe wore,
A Caſtle for a Crown before:
As yet with Wreaths alone ſhe dreſt,
And trail'd a Landſkip-painted Veſt.
Then thrice ſhe rais'd (as *Ovid* ſaid)
And thrice ſhe bow'd, her weighty Head.

Her Honours made, Great *Jove*, ſhe cry'd,
This *Thing* was faſhion'd from my Side;
His Hands, his Heart, his Head are mine;
Then what haſt thou to call him thine?

Nay rather aſk, the *Monarch* ſaid,
What boots his Hand, his Heart, his Head,
Were what I gave remov'd away?
Thy Part's an idle Shape of Clay.

Halves, more than Halves! cry'd honeſt *Care*,
Your Pleas wou'd make your Titles fair,
You claim the Body, You the Soul,
But I who join'd them, claim the Whole.

As thus they wrangled, *Time* came by;
(There's none that paints him ſuch as I,

For

For what the Fabling *Ancients* ſung
Makes *Saturn* old, when *Time* was young,)
As yet his Winters had not ſhed
Their Silver Honours on his Head;
He juſt had got his Pinions free
From his old Sire *Eternity*.
A Serpent girdled round he wore,
The Tail within, the Mouth before;
His Veſt, for Day, and Night, was py'd;
A bending Sickle arm'd his Side;
And Spring's new Months his Train adorn;
The other Seaſons were unborn.

Known by the Gods, as near he draws,
They make him *Umpire* of the Cauſe.
O'er a low Trunk his Arm he laid,
(Where ſince his *Hours* a *Dial* made;)
Then leaning heard the nice Debate,
And thus pronounc'd the Words of *Fate*:

Since *Body* from the Parent *Earth*,
And *Soul* from *Jove* receiv'd a Birth,
Return they where they firſt began;
But ſince their *Union* makes the *Man*,
Till *Jove* and *Earth* ſhall part theſe Two,
To *Care*, who join'd them, *Man* is due.

He ſaid, and ſprung with ſwift Career
To trace a Circle for the Year;
Where ever ſince the *Seaſons* wheel,
And tread on one another's Heel.

'Tis

'Tis well, ſaid *Jove*, and for Conſent
Thund'ring he ſhook the Firmament.
Our Umpire *Time* ſhall have his Way;
With *Care* I let the Creature ſtay:
Let Bus'neſs vex him, Av'rice blind,
Let Doubt and Knowledge rack his Mind,
Let Error act, Opinion ſpeak,
And Want afflict, and Sickneſs break,
And Anger burn, Dejection chill,
And Joy diſtract, and Sorrow kill.
Till arm'd by *Care*, and taught to Mow,
Time draws the long-deſtructive Blow;
And waſted *Man*, whoſe quick Decay
Comes hurrying on before his Day,
Shall only find, by this Decree,
The *Soul* flies ſooner back to *Me*.

A

NIGHT-PIECE,

ON

DEATH.

BY the blue Taper's trembling Light,
No more I waſte the wakeful Night,
Intent with endleſs View to pore
The Schoolmen and the Sages o'er.
Their Books from Wiſdom widely ſtray,

Or

Or point at beſt the longeſt Way.
I'll ſeek a readier Path, and go
Where Wiſdom's ſurely taught *below*.

How deep yon Azure dies the Sky!
Where Orbs of Gold unnumber'd lye,
While thro' their Ranks in ſilver Pride
The nether Creſcent ſeems to glide.
The ſlumb'ring Breeze forgets to breathe,
The Lake is ſmooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the ſpangled Show
Deſcends to meet our Eyes below.
The Grounds which on the Right aſpire,
In Dimneſs from the View retire:
The Left preſents a Place of Graves,
Whoſe Wall the ſilent Water laves.
That Steeple guides thy doubtful Sight
Among the livid Gleams of Night.
There paſs with melancholy State,
By all the ſolemn Heaps of Fate,
And think, as ſoftly——ſad you tread
Above the Venerable Dead,
Time was, like Thee they Life poſſeſt,
And Time ſhall be, that Thou ſhalt Reſt.

Thoſe Graves with bending Oſier bound,
That nameleſs heave the crumbled Ground,
Quick to the glancing Thought diſcloſe
Where *Toil* and *Poverty* repoſe.

The flat ſmooth Stones that bear a Name,
The Chiſſel's ſlender Help to Fame,

(Which

(Which e'er our Sett of Friends decay
Their frequent Steps may wear away.)
A *Middle Race* of Mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.

The Marble Tombs that riſe on high,
Whoſe Dead in vaulted Arches lie,
Whoſe Pillars ſwell with ſculptur'd Stones,
Arms, Angels, Epitaphs and Bones,
Theſe (all the poor Remains of State)
Adorn the *Rich*, or praiſe the *Great*.

Ha! while I gaze, pale *Cynthia* fades,
The burſting Earth unveils her Shades!
All ſlow, and wan, and wrap'd with Shrouds,
They riſe in viſionary Crouds,
And all with ſober Accent cry,
Think Mortal, what it is to die.

Now from yon black and fun'ral Yew,
That bathes the Charnel-Houſe with Dew,
Methinks I hear a *Voice* begin;
(Ye Ravens ceaſe your croaking Din,
Ye tolling Clocks, no Time reſound
O'er the long Lake and Midnight Ground)
It ſends a Peal of hollow Groans,
Thus ſpeaking from among the Bones:

When Man my Scythe and Darts ſupply,
How great a *King* of *Fears* am I!
They view me like the laſt of Things:
They make, and then they dread, my Stings.

Fools!

Fools! If you leſs provok'd your Fears,
No more my Spectre-Form appears,
Death's but a Path that muſt be trod,
If Man wou'd ever paſs to GOD:
A Port of Calms, a State of Eaſe
From the rough Rage of ſwelling Seas.

Why then thy flowing Sable Stoles,
Deep pendent Cypreſs, mourning Poles,
And Plumes of Black, that as they tread,
Nod o'er the 'Scutcheons of the Dead?

Nor can the parted Body know,
Nor wants the Soul, theſe Forms of Woe:
As Men who long in Priſon dwell,
With Lamps that glimmer round the Cell,
When e'er their ſuffering Years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glitt'ring Sun.
Such Joy, tho' far tranſcending Senſe,
Have pious Souls at parting hence.
On Earth, and in the Body plac'd,
A few, and evil Years they waſte:
But when their Chains are caſt aſide,
See the bright Scene unfolding wide,
Clap the glad Wing, and tow'r away,
And mingle with the Blaze of Day.

HYMN
TO
CONTENTMENT.

LOVELY, lasting Peace of Mind!
Sweet Delight of Human-kind!
Heav'nly born, and bred on high,
To crown the Fav'rites of the Sky
With more of Happiness below,
Than Victors in a Triumph know!
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek, contented Head!
What happy Region dost thou please
To make the Seat of Calms and Ease?

Ambition searches all its Sphere
Of Pomp and State to meet thee there.
Encreasing Avarice would find
Thy Presence in its Gold enshrin'd.
The bold Advent'rer ploughs his Way
Thro' Rocks amidst the foaming Sea
To gain thy Love; and then perceives
Thou wert not in the Rocks and Waves.
The silent Heart which Grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the Vales,
Sees Daisies open, Rivers run,

And ſeeks (as I have vainly done)
Amuſing Thought; but learns to know
That Solitude's the Nurſe of Woe.
No real Happineſs is found
In trailing Purple o'er the Ground:
Or in a Soul exalted high,
To range the Circuit of the Sky,
Converſe with Stars above, and know
All Nature in its Forms below:
The Reſt it ſeeks in ſeeking dies,
And Doubts at laſt for Knowledge riſe.

Lovely, laſting Peace, appear!
This World itſelf if thou art here,
Is once again with *Eden* bleſt,
And Man contains it in his Breaſt.

'Twas thus as under Shade I ſtood,
I ſung my Wiſhes to the Wood,
And loſt in Thought, no more perceiv'd
The Branches whiſper as they wav'd:
It ſeem'd, as all the quiet Place
Confeſs'd the Preſence of the Grace.
When thus ſhe ſpoke —— Go rule thy Will,
Bid thy wild Paſſions all be ſtill,
Know GOD —— and bring thy Heart to know,
The Joys which from Religion flow:
Then ev'ry Grace ſhall prove its Gueſt,
And I'll be there to crown the reſt.

Oh! by yonder Moſſy Seat,
In my Hours of ſweet Retreat;

Might I thus my Soul employ,
With Senſe of Gratitude and Joy:
Rais'd as ancient Prophets were
In heav'nly Viſion, Praiſe and Prayer;
Pleaſing all Men, hurting none,
Pleas'd and bleſt with GOD alone:
Then while the Gardens take my Sight,
With all the Colours of Delight;
While Silver Waters glide along,
To pleaſe my Ear, and court my Song:
I'll lift my Voice and tune my String,
And Thee, great *Source* of *Nature* ſing.

The Sun that walks his airy Way,
To light the World, and give the Day;
The Moon that ſhines with borrow'd Light;
The Stars that gild the gloomy Night;
The Seas that roll unnumber'd Waves;
The Wood that ſpreads its ſhady Leaves;
The Field whoſe Ears conceal the Grain,
The Yellow Treaſure of the Plain;
All of theſe, and all I ſee,
Should be ſung, and ſung by me:
They ſpeak their Maker as they can,
But want and aſk the Tongue of Man.

Go ſearch among your idle Dreams
Your *buſy* or your *vain* Extreams,
And find a Life of equal Bliſs,
Or own the *Next* begun in *This*.

THE HERMIT.

FAR in a Wild, unknown to publick View,
From Youth to Age a rev'rend *Hermit* grew:
The Moſs his Bed, the Cave his humble Cell,
His Food the Fruits, his Drink the Chryſtal Well:
Remote from Man, with GOD he paſs'd the Days,
Pray'r all his Buſineſs, all his Pleaſure Praiſe.

A Life ſo ſacred, ſuch ſerene Repoſe,
Seem'd Heav'n itſelf, 'till one Suggeſtion roſe;
That Vice ſhould triumph, Virtue Vice obey,
This ſprung ſome Doubt of Providence's Sway:
His Hopes no more a certain Proſpect boaſt,
But all the Tenour of his Soul is loſt:
So when a ſmooth Expanſe receives impreſt
Calm Nature's Image on its Watry Breaſt,
Down bend the Banks, the Trees depending grow,
And Skies beneath with anſwering Colours glow:
But if a Stone the gentle Sea divide,
Swift ruffling Circles curl on ev'ry Side,
And glimmering Fragments of a broken Sun,
Banks, Trees and Skies in thick Diſorder run.

To clear this Doubt, to know the World by Sight,
To find if Books or Swains, report it right;

(For yet by Swains alone the World he knew
Whoſe Feet came wand'ring o'er the Nightly Dew)
He quits his Cell, the Pilgrim-Staff he bore,
And fixt the Scallop in his Hat before;
Then with the Sun a riſing Journey went,
Sedate to think and watching each Event.

The Morn was waſted in the pathleſs Graſs,
And long and loneſome was the Wild to paſs;
But when the *Southern* Sun had warm'd the Day,
A Youth came poſting o'er a croſſing Way;
His Rayment decent, his Complexion fair,
And ſoft in graceful Ringlets wav'd his Hair.
Then near approaching, "Father, Hail! he cry'd;
And "Hail, my Son," the rev'rend Sire reply'd;
Words follow'd Words, from Queſtion Anſwer flow'd
And Talk of various Kinds deceiv'd the Road;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their Age they differ, join in Heart:
Thus ſtands an aged Elm in Ivy bound,
Thus youthful Ivy claſps an Elm around.

Now ſunk the Sun; the cloſing Hour of Day
Came onward, mantled o'er with ſober Grey;
Nature in Silence bid the World repoſe:
When near the Road a ſtately Palace roſe:
There by the Morn thro' Ranks of Trees they paſs,
Whoſe Verdure crown'd their ſloping Sides of Graſs.
It chanc'd the noble Maſter of the Dome
Still made his Houſe the wand'ring Stranger's Home:
The Pair arrive; the Liv'ry'd Servants wait;
Their Lord receives them at the pompous Gate.

The Table groans with coſtly Piles of Food,
And all is more than Hoſpitably good.
Then led to Reſt, the Day's long Toil they drown,
Deep ſunk in Sleep, and Silk, and Heaps of Down.

At length 'tis Morn, and at the Dawn of Day
Along the wide Canals the Zephyrs play;
Freſh o'er the gay Parterres the Breezes creep,
And ſhake the neighb'ring Wood to baniſh Sleep.
Up riſe the Gueſts, obedient to the Call:
An early Banquet deck'd the ſplendid Hall;
Rich luſcious Wine a golden Goblet grac'd,
Which the kind Maſter forc'd the Gueſts to taſte.
Then pleas'd and thankful, from the Porch they go;
And, but the Landlord, none had Cauſe of Woe;
His *Cup* was vaniſh'd; for in ſecret Guiſe
The younger Gueſt purloin'd the glittering Prize.

As one who ſpies a Serpent in his Way,
Gliſt'ning and baſking in the Summer Ray,
Diſorder'd ſtops to ſhun the Danger near,
Then walks with Faintneſs on, and looks with Fear:
So ſeem'd the Sire; when far upon the Road,
The ſhining Spoil his wiley Partner ſhow'd.
He ſtopp'd with Silence, walk'd with trembling Heart,
And much he wiſh'd, but durſt not aſk to part:
Murm'ring he lifts his Eyes, and thinks it hard,
That generous Actions meet a baſe Reward.

While thus they paſs the Sun his Glory ſhrouds,
The changing Skies hang out their ſable Clouds;
A Sound in Air preſag'd approaching Rain
And Beaſts to Covert ſcud acroſs the Plain.

Warn'd

Warn'd by the Signs the wand'ring Pair retreat,
To ſeek for Shelter at a neighbouring Seat.
'Twas built with Turrets, on a riſing Ground,
And ſtrong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its Owner's Temper, tim'rous and ſevere,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a Deſert there.

As near the Miſer's heavy Doors they drew,
Fierce riſing Guſts with ſudden Fury blew:
The nimble Light'ning mixt with Showers began,
And o'er their Heads loud-rolling Thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but call or knock in vain,
Driv'n by the Wind, and batter'd by the Rain.
At length ſome Pity warm'd the Maſter's Breaſt,
('Twas then his Threſhold firſt receiv'd a Gueſt)
Slow creaking turns the Door with jealous Care,
And half he welcomes in the ſhiv'ring Pair;
One frugal Faggot lights the naked Walls,
And Nature's Fervor thro' their Limbs recalls:
Bread of the courſeſt Sort, with eager Wine,
(Each hardly granted) ſerv'd them both to dine;
And when the Tempeſt firſt appear'd to ceaſe,
A ready Warning bid them part in Peace.

With ſtill Remark the pond'ring *Hermit* view'd
In one ſo rich a Life ſo poor and rude;
And why ſhould ſuch (within himſelf he cry'd)
Lock the loſt Wealth a Thouſand want beſide?
But what new Marks of Wonder ſoon took Place,
In ev'ry ſettling Feature of his Face!
When from his Veſt the young Companion bore
That *Cup* the gen'rous Landlord own'd before,

And

And paid profuſely with the precious Bowl
The ſtinted Kindneſs of the churliſh Soul.

But now the Clouds in airy Tumults fly,
The Sun emerging opes an azure Sky;
A freſher Green the ſmelling Leaves diſplay,
And glittering as they tremble, chear the Day:
The Weather courts them from the poor Retreat,
And the glad Maſter bolts the wary Gate.

While hence they walk the Pilgrim's Boſom wrought
With all the Travel of uncertain Thought;
His Partner's Acts without their Cauſe appear,
'Twas there a Vice, and ſeem'd a Madneſs here:
Deteſting that, and pitying this he goes,
Loſt and confounded with the various Shows.

Now Night's dim Shades again involve the Sky,
Again the Wand'rer's want a Place to lye,
Again they ſearch, and find a Lodging nigh.
The Soil improv'd around, the Manſion neat,
And neither poorly low nor idly great:
It ſeem'd to ſpeak its Maſter's Turn of Mind,
Content, and not for Praiſe, but Virtue kind.

Hither the Walkers turn with weary Feet,
Then bleſs the Manſion and the Maſter greet:
Their Greeting fair, beſtow'd with modeſt Guiſe,
The courteous Maſter hears and thus replies:

Without a vain, without a grudging Heart,
To him who gives us all I yield a Part;

From

From him you come, For him accept it here,
A frank and ſober, more than coſtly Cheer.
He ſpoke and bid the welcome Table ſpread,
Then talk'd of Virtue till the Time of Bed,
When the grave Houſhold round his Hall repair,
Warn'd by a Bell, and cloſe the Hours with Pray'r.

At length the World renew'd by calm Repoſe
Was ſtrong for Toil, the dappled Morn aroſe;
Before the Pilgrims part, the Younger crept,
Near the clos'd Cradle where an Infant ſlept,
And writh'd his Neck: the Landlord's little Pride,
O ſtrange Return! grew black, and gaſp'd and dy'd.
Horror of Horrors! what! his only Son!
How look'd our *Hermit* when the Fact was done?
Not Hell, tho' Hell's black Jaws in ſunder part,
And breathe blue Fire could more aſſault his Heart.

Confus'd and ſtruck with Silence at the Deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with Speed.
His Steps the Youth purſues; the Country lay
Perplex'd with Roads, a Servant ſhow'd the Way;
A River croſs'd the Path; the Paſſage o'er
Was nice to find, the Servant trod before;
Long Arms of Oaks an open Bridge ſupp'y'd,
And deep the Waves beneath the Bending glide.
The Youth, who ſeem'd to watch a Time to ſin,
Approach'd the careleſs Guide and thruſt him in;
Plunging he falls, and riſing lifts his Head,
Then flaſhing turns, and ſinks among the Dead.

Wild ſparkling Rage, inflames the Father's Eyes,
He burſts the Bands of Fear, and madly cries,

"Deteſted Wretch"—But ſcarce his Speech began,
When the ſtrange Partner ſeem'd no longer Man:
His Youthful Face grew more ſerenely ſweet;
His Robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his Feet;
Fair Rounds of radiant Points inveſt his Hair;
Celeſtial Odours breathe thro' purpled Air;
And Wings whoſe Colours glitter'd on the Day,
Wide at his Back their gradual Plumes diſplay.
The Form Etherial burſts upon his Sight,
And moves in all the Majeſty of Light.

Tho' loud at firſt the Pilgrim's Paſſion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wiſt not what to do;
Surprize in ſecret Chains his Words ſuſpends,
And in a Calm his ſettling Temper ends.
But Silence here the beauteous Angel broke,
(The Voice of Muſick raviſh'd as he ſpoke.)

Thy Pray'r, thy Praiſe, thy Life to Vice unknown,
In ſweet Memorial riſe before the Throne:
Theſe Charms Succeſs in our bright Region find,
And force an Angel down, to calm thy Mind;
For this commiſſion'd, I forſook the Sky:
Nay, ceaſe to kneel—Thy Fellow-Servant I.

Then know the Truth of Government Divine,
And let theſe Scruples be no longer thine.

The Maker juſtly claims that World he made,
In this the Right of Providence is laid;
Its ſacred Majeſty thro' all depends
On uſing ſecond Means to work his Ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in State from human Eye,
The Power exerts his Attributes on high, Your

Your Actions uſes, nor controuls your Will,
And bids the doubting Sons of Men be ſtill.

What ſtrange Events can ſtrike with more Surprize,
Than thoſe which lately ſtrook thy wondring Eyes?
Yet taught by theſe confeſs th' Almighty juſt:
And where you can't unriddle, learn to truſt!

The *Great*, *Vain Man*, who far'd on coſtly Food,
Whoſe Life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his Iv'ry Stands with Goblets ſhine,
And forc'd his Gueſts to Morning Draughts of Wine,
Has with his Cup the graceleſs Cuſtom loſt,
And ſtill he welcomes, but with leſs of Coſt.

The mean, ſuſpicious Wretch, whoſe bolted Door
Ne'er mov'd in Duty to the wand'ring Poor;
With him I left the Cup to teach his Mind
That Heav'n can bleſs, if Mortals will be kind.
Conſcious of wanting Worth, he views the Bowl,
And feels Compaſſion touch his grateful Soul.
Thus Artiſts melt the ſullen Oar of Lead,
With heaping Coals of Fire upon its Head;
In the kind Warmth the Metal learns to glow,
And looſe from Droſs the Silver runs below.

Long had our *pious Friend* in Virtue trod,
But now the Child half wean'd his Heart from GOD;
(Child of his Age) for him he liv'd in Pain,
And meaſur'd back his Steps to Earth again.
To what Exceſſes had his Dotage run?
But GOD to ſave the Father, took the Son.
To all but Thee in Fits he ſeem'd to go,

(And

(And 'twas my Miniſtry to deal the Blow)
The poor fond Parent humbled in the Duſt,
Now owns with Tears the Puniſhment was juſt.

But how had all his Fortune felt a Wrack,
Had that falſe Servant ſped in Safety back?
This Night his Treaſur'd Heaps he meant to ſteal,
And what a Fund of Charity wou'd fail!

Thus Heav'n inſtructs thy Mind: "This Tryal o'er,
Depart in Peace; reſign and ſin no more."

The bending *Hermit* here a Pray'r begun,
Lord! as in Heaven, on Earth thy Will be done.
Then gladly turning ſought his ancient Place,
And paſs'd a Life of Piety and Peace.



T.

To the Right Honourable

ROBERT Earl of OXFORD,

AND

Earl of MORTIMER.

WITH

Dr. *PARNEL*'s POEMS.

By Mr. *POPE*.

SUCH were the Notes thy once-lov'd Poet ſung,
Till Death untimely ſtop'd his tuneful Tongue.
Oh juſt beheld, and loſt! admir'd, and mourn'd!
With ſofteſt Manners, gentleſt Arts, adorn'd!
Bleſt in each Science, bleſt in ev'ry Strain!
Dear to the Muſe, to *Harley* dear in vain!

For him thou oft' haſt bid the World attend,
Fond to forget the Stateſman in the Friend;
For *Swift* and him, deſpis'd the Farce of State,
The ſober Follies of the Wiſe and Great;
Dextrous, the craving, fawning Croud to quit,
And pleas'd to 'ſcape from Flattery to Wit.

Abſent or dead, ſtill let a Friend be dear,
(A Sigh the Abſent claims, the Dead a Tear)
Recall thoſe Nights that clos'd thy toilſome Days;
Still hear thy *Parnell* in his living Lays:
Who careleſs now of Int'reſt, Fame, or Fate,
Perhaps forgets that *Oxford* e'er was great;
Or deeming Meaneſt what we Greateſt call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy Fall.

And ſure if aught, below the Seats Divine
Can touch Immortals, 'tis a Soul like thine.
A Soul ſupreme, in each hard Inſtance try'd,
Above all Pain, all Anger, and all Pride,
The Rage of Pow'r, the Blaſt of publick Breath;
The Luſt of Lucre, and the Dread of Death.

In vain to Deſarts thy Retreat is made;
The Muſe attends thee to the ſilent Shade:
'Tis hers, the brave Man's lateſt Steps to trace,
Rejudge his Acts, and dignify Diſgrace.
When Int'reſt calls off all her ſneaking Train,
When all the Oblig'd deſert, and all the Vain:
She waits, or to the Scaffold, or the Cell,
When the laſt ling'ring Friend has bid Farewel.
Ev'n now ſhe Shades thy Ev'ning walk with Bays,
(No Hireling ſhe, no Proſtitute to praiſe)
Ev'n now obſervant of the parting Ray,
Eyes the calm Sun-ſet of thy various Day,
Thro' Fortune's Cloud one truly Great can ſee,
Nor fear to tell that *Mortimer* is He.

EPI-

EPITAPH.

A Pleaſing Form, a firm, yet cautious Mind,
Sincere, tho' prudent; conſtant, yet reſign'd;
Honour unchang'd; a Principle profeſt,
Fixt to one Side, but mod'rate to the reſt:
An honeſt Courtier, and a Patriot too,
Juſt to his Prince, and to his Country true;
Fill'd with the Senſe of Age, the Fire of Youth,
A Scorn of Wrangling, yet a Zeal for Truth;
A gen'rous Faith, from Superſtition free;
A Love to Peace, and Hate of Tyranny;
Such this Man was; who now from Earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that Liberty he lov'd.

STANZA's.

From the FRENCH of

MALHERBE.

AT Length, my Soul! thy fruitleſs Hopes give o'er,
Believe, believe the treach'rous World no more.
Shallow, yet ſwift, the Stream of Fortune flows,
While ſome rude Wind will always diſcompoſe;

As Children Birds, ſo Men their Bliſs purſue,
Still out of Reach, tho' ever in their View.

In vain, for all that empty Greatneſs brings,
We loſe our Lives amidſt the Courts of Kings,
And ſuffer Scorn, and bend the ſupple Knee;
The Monarch dies —— one Moment's Turn deſtroys
Long future Proſpects, and ſhort preſent Joys:
Oh unperforming, falſe Mortality!

All is but *Duſt*, whence once their Breath is fled;
The fierce, the pompous Majeſty lies dead!
The World no longer trembles at their Pow'r!
Ev'n in thoſe Tombs where their proud Names ſurvive,
Where ſtill in breathing Braſs they ſeem to live,
Th' impartial Worms that very *Duſt* devour.

The lofty Styles of happy, glorious, great,
The Lords of Fortune, Arbiters of Fate,
And Gods of War, lie loſt within the Grave!
Their mighty Minions then come tumbling down,
They loſe their Flatt'rers as they loſe their Crown,
Forgot of ev'ry Friend, and ev'ry Slave!

MESSIAH.

A

SACRED ECLOGUE,

In Imitation of VIRGIL's *POLLIO*.

YE Nymphs of *Solyma!* begin the Song:
To heav'nly Themes ſublimer Strains belong.
The Moſſy Fountains and the Sylvan Shades,
The Dreams of *Pindus* and th' *Aonian* Meads,
Delight no more —— O thou my Voice inſpire,
Who touch'd *Iſaiah*'s hallow'd Lips with Fire!

Rapt into future Times, the Bard begun,
A Virgin ſhall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From (*a*) *Jeſſe*'s Root behold a Branch ariſe,
Whoſe ſacred Flow'rs with Fragrance fills the Skies.
Th' ethereal Spirit o'er its Leaves ſhall move,
And on its Top deſcends the myſtick Dove.
Ye (*b*) Heav'ns! from high the dewy Nectar pour,
And in ſoft Silence ſhed the kindly Show'r!
The (*c*) Sick and Weak the healing Plant ſhall aid,
From Storms a Shelter, and from Heat a Shade.

(*a*) *Iſaiah*, cap. xi. v. 1. (*b*) Cap. xlv. v. 8.
(*c*) Cap. xxv. v. 4.

All Crimes ſhall ceaſe, and antient Fraud ſhall fail,
Returning *(d)* Juſtice left aloft her Scale;
Peace o'er the World her Olive Wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from Heav'n deſcend.
Swift fly the Years, and riſe th' expected Morn!
Oh ſpring to Light, auſpicious Babe, be born;
See Nature haſtes her earlieſt Wreaths to bring,
With all the Incenſe of the breathing Spring;
See lofty *(e)* *Lebanon* his Head advance,
See nodding Foreſts on the Mountains dance,
See ſpicy Clouds from lowly *Saron* riſe,
And *Carmel*'s flow'ry Top perfumes the Skies!
Hark! a glad Voice the lonely Deſart chears,
Prepare the *(f)* Way! a GOD, a GOD appears!
A GOD, a GOD! the vocal Hills reply,
The Rocks proclaim th' approaching DEITY.
Lo! Earth receives Him from the bending Skies:
Sink down ye Mountains, and ye Valleys riſe!
With Heads declin'd, ye Cedars, Homage pay!
Be ſmooth ye Rocks, ye rapid Floods give way!
The Saviour comes, by antient Bards foretold;
Hear *(g)* Him, ye Deaf, and all ye Blind behold!
He from thick Films ſhall purge the viſual Ray,
And on the ſightleſs Eye-ball pour the Day:
'Tis he th' obſtructed Paths of Sound ſhall clear,
And bid new Muſick charm th' unfolding Ear;
The Dumb ſhall ſing, the Lame his Crutch forego,

(d) Cap. ix. v. 7. *(e)* Cap. xxxv. v. 2. *(f)* Cap. xi. v. 3, 4. *(g)* Cap. xlii. v. 18. Cap. xxxv. v. 5, 6.

And

And leap exulting like the bounding Roe.
No Sigh, no Murmur the wide World ſhall hear,
From ev'ry Face he wipes off ev'ry Tear:
In *(h)* Adamantine Chains ſhall Death be bound,
And Hell's grim Tyrant feel th' eternal Wound.
As he good *(i)* Shepherd tends his Fleecy Care,
Seeks freſheſt Paſture and the pureſt Air,
Explores the Loſt, the wand'ring Sheep directs,
By Day o'erſees them, and by Night protects;
The tender Lambs he raiſes in his Arms,
Feeds from his Hand, and in his Boſom warms:
Thus ſhall Mankind his Guardian Care engage,
The promis'd *(k)* Father of the future Age.
No more ſhall *(l)* Nation againſt Nation riſe,
Or ardent Warriours meet with hateful Eyes,
Or Fields with gleaming Steel be cover'd o'er,
The Brazen Trumpet kindles Rage no more;
But uſeleſs Lances into Scythes ſhall bend,
And the broad Faulchion in a Plow ſhare end.
Then Palaces ſhall riſe; the joyful *(m)* Son
Shall finiſh what his ſhort-liv'd Sire begun;
Their Vines a Shadow to their Race ſhall yield,
And the ſame Hand that ſow'd, ſhall reap the Field.
The Swain in barren *(n)* Deſarts with Surprize
See Lillies ſpring, and ſudden Verdure riſe,
And ſtarts amidſt the thirſty Wilds to hear
New Falls of Water murm'ring in his Ear.

(h) Cap. xxv. v. 8. *(i)* Cap. xl. v. 11. *(k)* Cap. ix. v. 6. *(l)* Cap. ii. v. 4. *(m)* Cap. lxv. v. 21, 22. *(n)* Cap. xxxv. v. 1, 7.

On

On rifted Rocks, the Dragon's late Abodes,
The green Reed tumbles, and the Bulruſh nods.
Waſte ſandy (o) Valleys, once perplex'd with Thorn,
The ſpiry Firr, and ſhapely Box adorn;
To Leafleſs Shrubs the flow'ring Palms ſucceed,
And od'rous Myrtle to the noiſome Weed.
The (p) Lambs with Wolves ſhall graze the Verdant Mead,
And Boys in flow'ry Bands the Tyger lead;
The Steer and Lion at one Crib ſhall meet,
And harmleſs (q) Serpents lick the Pilgrim's Feet.
The ſmiling Infant in his Hand ſhall take
The creſted Baſiliſk and ſpeckled Snake,
Pleas'd, the green Luſtre of the Scales ſurvey,
And with their forky Tongue and pointleſs Sting ſhall play.
Riſe, crown'd with Light, Imperial (r) *Salem* riſe!
Exalt thy tow'ry Head, and lift thy Eyes!
See, a long (s) Race thy ſpacious Courts adorn;
See future Sons and Daughters yet unborn
In crouding Ranks on ev'ry Side ariſe,
Demanding Life, impatient for the Skies!
See barb'rous (t) Nations at thy Gates attend,
Walk in thy Light, and in thy Temple bend;
See thy bright Altars throng'd with proſtrate Kings,
And heap'd with Products of (u) *Sabæan* Springs!

(o) Cap. xli. v. 19. and Cap. iv. v. 13. (p) Cap. xi. v 6, 7, 8. (q) Cap. lxv. v. 25. (r) Cap. lx. v. 1. (s) Cap. lx. v. 4. (t) Cap. lx. v. 3. (u) Cap. lx. v. 6.

For

For thee *Idume*'s ſpicy Foreſts blow,
And Seeds of Gold in *Ophir*'s Mountains glow.
See Heav'n its ſparkling Portals wide diſplay,
And break upon thee in a Flood of Day!
No more the riſing *(w)* Sun ſhall gild the Morn,
Nor Ev'ning *Cynthia* fill her Silver Horn,
But loſt, diſſolv'd in thy ſuperior Rays,
One Tyde of Glory, one unclouded Blaze
O'erflow thy Courts: The Light himſelf ſhall ſhine
Reveal'd, and GOD's eternal Day be thine!
The *(x)* Seas ſhall waſte, the Skies in Smoke decay;
Rocks fall to Duſt, and Mountains melt away;
But fix'd his Word, his ſaving Pow'r remains;
Thy Realm for ever laſts, thy own MESSIAH reigns!

(w) Cap. lx. v. 19, 20. *(x)* Cap. li. v. 6. and liv. v. 10.

EPISTLE

TO

JAMES CRAGGS, Esq;

SECRETARY of STATE.

A SOUL as full of Worth, as void of Pride,
Which nothing ſeeks to ſhow, or needs to hide,
Which nor to Guilt, nor Fear, its Caution owes,
And boaſts a Warmth that from no Paſſion flows:
A Face untaught to feign! a judging Eye,
That darts ſevere upon a riſing Lye,
And ſtrikes a Bluſh thro' frontleſs Flattery.
All this thou wert; and being this before,
Know, Kings and Fortune cannot make thee more.
Then ſcorn to gain a Friend by ſervile Ways,
Nor wiſh to loſe a Foe theſe Virtues raiſe;
But candid, free, ſincere, as you began,
Proceed —— a Miniſter, but ſtill a Man;
Be not (exalted to whate'er Degree)
Aſhamed of any Friend, not ev'n of me.
The Patriot's plain, but untrod Path purſue;
If not, 'tis I muſt be aſham'd of You.

TO

TO
Mr. *ADDISON.*

SEE the wild Waſte of all devouring Years!
How *Rome* her own ſad Sepulchre appears,
With nodding Arches, broken Temples ſpread
The very Tombs now vaniſh'd like their Dead!
Imperial Wonders, rais'd on Nations ſpoil'd,
Where mix'd with Slaves the groaning Martyr toil'd:
Huge Theatres, that now unpeopled Woods,
Now drain'd a diſtant Country of her Floods;
Fanes, which admiring Gods with Pride ſurvey;
Statues of Men, ſcarce leſs alive than they;
Some felt the ſilent Stroke of mould'ring Age,
Some hoſtile Fury, ſome religious Rage;
Barbarian Blindneſs, Chriſtian Zeal conſpire,
And Papal Piety, and Gothic Fire,
Perhaps, by its own Ruins ſav'd from Flame,
Some bury'd Marble half preſerves a Name,
That Name, the Learn'd with fierce Diſputes purſue,
And give to *Titus* old *Veſpaſian*'s Due.

Ambition ſigh'd: She found it vain to truſt
The faithleſs Column and the crumbling Buſt;
Huge Moles, whoſe Shadow ſtretch'd from Shore to Shore,
Their Ruins ruin'd, and their Place no more!
Convinc'd, ſhe now contracts her vaſt Deſign,

And

And all her Triumphs ſhrink into a Coin:
A narrow Orb each crouded Conqueſt keeps,
Beneath her Palm here ſad *Judea* weeps.
Now ſcantier Limits the proud Arch confine,
And ſcarce are ſeen the proſtrate *Nile* or *Rhine*,
A ſmall *Euphrates* thro' the Piece is roll'd,
And little Eagles wave their Wings in Gold.

The Medal, faithful to its Charge of Fame,
Thro' Climes and Ages bears each Form and Name:
In one ſhort View ſubjected to our Eye
Gods, Emp'rors, Heroes, Sages, Beauties lie,
With ſharpen'd Sight pale Antiquaries pore,
Th' Inſcription value, but the Ruſt adore;
This the blue Varniſh, that the Green endears,
The ſacred Ruſt of twice ten Hundred Years!
To gain *Peſcennius* one employs his Schemes,
One graſps a *Cecrops* in exſtatic Dreams;
Poor *Vadius*, long with learned Spleen devour'd;
Can taſte no Pleaſure ſince his Shield was ſcour'd;
And *Curio*, reſtleſs by the Fair one's Side,
Sighs for an *Otho*, and neglects his Bride.

Theirs is the Vanity, the Learning thine:
Touch'd by thy Hand, again *Rome*'s Glory ſhine,
Her Gods, and God-like Heroes riſe to view,
And all her faded Garlands bloom anew.
Nor bluſh, theſe Studies thy Regard engage;
Theſe pleas'd the Fathers of Poetic Rage;
The Verſe and Sculpture bore an equal Part,
And Art reflected Images to Art.

O when

Oh when ſhall *Britain* conſcious of her Claim,
Stand emulous of *Greek* and *Roman* Fame,
In living Medals ſee her Wars enroll'd,
And vanquiſh'd Realms ſupply recording Gold?
Here, riſing bold, the Patriot's honeſt Face;
There Warriors frowning in hiſtorick Braſs:
Then future Ages with Delight ſhall ſee
How *Plato*'s, *Bacon*'s, *Newton*'s Looks agree;
Or in fair Series laurell'd Bards be ſhown,
A *Virgil* there, and here an *Addiſon*.
Then ſhall thy *Craggs* (and let me call him mine)
On the caſt Ore, another *Pollio* ſhine;
With Aſpect open, ſhall erect his Head,
And round the Orb in laſting Notes be read,
"Stateſman, yet Friend to Truth! of Soul ſincere,
"In Action faithful, and in Honour clear;
"Who broke no Promiſe, ſerv'd no private End,
"Who gain'd no Title, and who loſt no Friend,
"Enobled by himſelf, by all approv'd,
"And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the Muſe he lov'd.

EPITAPH

ON

Mrs. *CORBET*,

Who died of a Cancer in her Breaſt.

HERE reſts a Woman, good without Pretence,
Bleſt with plain Reaſon, and with ſober Senſe;
No Conqueſt ſhe, but o'er herſelf deſir'd,
No Arts eſſay'd, but *not* to be admir'd.
Paſſion and Pride were to her Soul unknown,
Convinc'd, that Virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, ſo compos'd a Mind,
So firm, yet ſoft; ſo ſtrong, yet ſo refin'd;
Heav'n as its pureſt Gold, by Tortures try'd;
The Saint ſuſtain'd it, but the Woman dy'd.

On the Monument of the Honourable ROBERT DIGBY, and of his Sister MARY, erected by their Father the Lord DIGBY, in the Church of *Sherborne* in *Dorsetshire*, 1727.

GO! fair Example of untainted Youth,
Of modest Wisdom, and pacific Truth:
Compos'd in Suff'rings, and in Joy sedate,
Good without Noise, without Pretension great!
Just of thy Word, in every Thought sincere,
Who knew no Wish, but what the World might hear:
Of softest Manners, unaffected Mind,
Lover of Peace, and Friend of Human Kind.
Go live! for Heav'n's Eternal Year is thine,
Go! and exalt thy Moral to Divine.

And thou blest Maid! attendant on his Doom,
Pensive hast follow'd to the silent Tomb,
Steer'd the same Course to the same quiet Shore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more!
Go then! where only Bliss sincere is known,
Go! where to love and to enjoy are one.

Yet take these Tears, Mortality's Relief,
And till we share your Joys, forgive our Grief:
These little Rites, a Stone, a Verse, receive,
'Tis all a Father, all a Friend can give!

ON

Mr. *ELIJAH FENTON*,

At *Eaſthamſtead* in *Berks*, 1730.

THIS modeſt Stone, what few vain Marbles can,
May truly ſay, "Here lies an honeſt Man,"
A Poet, bleſt beyond the Poet's Fate,
Whom Heav'n kept ſacred from the Proud and Great:
Foe to loud Praiſe, and Friend to learned Eaſe,
Content with Science in the Vale of Peace.
Calmly he look'd on either Life, and *here*
Saw nothing to regret, or *there* to fear;
From Nature's temp'rate Feaſt roſe ſatisfy'd,
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

ON

Mr. *GAY*,

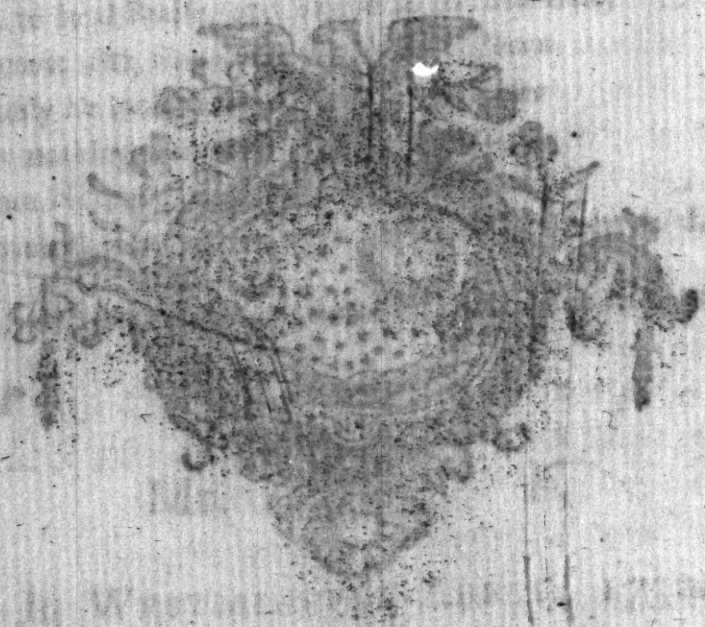
In WESTMINSTER-ABBEY, 1732.

OF Manners gentle, of Affections mild;
In Wit, a Man; Simplicity, a Child:
With native Humour, temp'ring virtuous Rage,
Form'd to Delight, at once, and laſh the Age:

Above

Above Temptation, in a low Eſtate,
And uncorrupted, ev'n among the Great!
A ſafe Companion, and an eaſy Friend,
Unblam'd thro' Life, lamented in thy End.
Theſe are Thy Honours! not that here thy Buſt
Is mix'd with Heroes, or with Kings thy Duſt;
But that the Worthy and the Good ſhall ſay
Striking their penſive Boſoms —— Here lies *GAY*.

6 SE 55



AN

ESSAY

ON

MAN.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

DESIGN.

HAVING proposed to write some Pieces on Human Life and Manners, such as (to use my Lord Bacon's Expression) come home to Men's Business and Bosoms, I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering Man in the Abstract, his Nature and his State; Since to prove any moral Duty, to enforce any moral Precept, or to examine the Perfection or Imperfection of any Creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what Condition and Relation it is placed in; and what is the proper End and Purpose of its Being.

The Science of Human Nature is, like all other Sciences, reduced to a few, clear Points: There are not many certain Truths in this World. It is therefore in the Anatomy of the Mind, as in that of the Body; more Good Will accrue to Mankind

kind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible Parts, than by ſtudying too much ſuch finer Nerves and Veſſels as will for ever eſcape our Obſervation. The Diſputes are all upon theſe laſt, and I will venture to ſay, they have leſs ſharpen'd the Wits than the Hearts of Men againſt each other, and have diminiſhed the Practice, more than advanced the Theory, of Morality. If I could flatter my ſelf that this Eſſay has any Merit, it is in ſteering betwixt Doctrines ſeemingly Oppoſite, in paſſing over Terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming out of all, a temperate, yet not inconſiſtent, and a ſhort, yet not imperfect Syſtem of Ethics. *

This I might have done in Proſe; but I choſe Verſe, and even Rhyme, for two Reaſons. The one will appear obvious; that Principles, Maxims, or Precepts ſo written, both ſtrike the Reader more ſtrongly at firſt, and are more eaſily retain'd by him afterwards. The other may ſeem odd, but is true; I found I could expreſs them more ſhortly this Way than in

* I believe this is as Perfect a Syſtem of Ethics, as can well be form'd independent of the Chriſtian Syſtem.

J. W.

in Proſe itſelf; and nothing is truer than that much of the Force as well as Grace of Arguments or Inſtructions depends on their Conciſeneſs. I was unable to treat this Part of my Subject more in Detail, without becoming dry and tedious; or more Poetically, without ſacrificing Perſpiſcuity to Ornament, without wandring from the Preciſion, or breaking the Chain of Reaſoning. If any Man can unite all theſe without Diminution of any of them, I freely confeſs he will compaſs a Thing above my Capacity.

What is now publiſh,d, is only to be conſider'd as a general Map of Man, marking out no more than the Greater Parts, their Extent, their Limits, and their Connection, but leaving the Particular to be more fully delineated in the Charts which are to follow. Conſequently theſe Epiſtles in their Progreſs (if I have Health and Leiſure to make any Progreſs) will become leſs dry, and more ſuſceptible of Ornament. I am here only opening the Fountains and clearing the Paſſage; to deduce the Rivers, to follow them in their Courſe, and to obſerve their Effects, would be a Taſk more agreeable.

AN

ESSAY

ON

MAN.

EPISTLE I.

AWAKE! my St. *John!* leave all meaner Things
To low Ambition and the Pride of Kings.
Let us (ſince Life can little more ſupply
Than juſt to look about us, and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this Scene of Man;
A mighty Maze! but not without Plan:
A Wild, where Weeds and Flow'rs promiſcuous ſhoot,
Or Garden, tempting with forbidden Fruit.
Together let us beat this ample Field,
Try what the Open, what the Covert yield,

The latent Tracts, the giddy Heights explore
Of all who blindly creep, or ſightleſs ſoar,
Eye Nature's Walks, ſhoot Folly as it flies,
And catch the Manners living as they riſe,
Laugh where we muſt, be candid where we can,
" But vindicate the Ways of GOD to Man. "

Say firſt, of GOD above, or Man below,
What can we reaſon, but from what we know?
Of Man, what ſee we but his Station here,
From which to reaſon, or to which refer?
Thro' Worlds unnumber'd tho' the GOD be known,
'Tis ours to trace him, only in our own.
He who thro' vaſt Immenſity can pierce,
See Worlds on Worlds compoſe one Univerſe,
Obſerve how Syſtem into Syſtem runs,
What other Planets, and what other Suns?
What vary'd Being peoples every Star?
May tell, why Heav'n made all Things as they are.
But of this Frame the Bearings, and the Ties,
The ſtrong Connections, nice Dependencies,
Gradations juſt, has thy pervading Soul
Look'd thro'? or can a Part contain the Whole?

Is the great Chain that draws all to agree,
And drawn ſupports, upheld by GOD, or Thee?

Of the Nature and State of Man with reſpect to the *Univerſe*, VE. 17, *&c.*] He can reaſon only from Things known*, and judge only with regard to his own Syſtem.

* *Is not Revelation left out of the Account here?*

Preſump-

Preſumptuous Man! the Reaſon wouldſt Thou find
Why form'd ſo weak, ſo little and ſo blind?
Firſt, if thou canſt, the harder Reaſon gueſs
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no leſs?
Aſk of thy Mother Earth, why Oaks are made
Taller or ſtronger than the Weeds they ſhade?
Or aſk of yonder argent Fields above,
Why *Jove*'s Satellites are leſs than *Jove*?

Of Syſtems poſſible, if 'tis confeſt
That Wiſdom infinite muſt form the Beſt,
Where all muſt full or not coherent be,
And all that riſes, a Riſe in due Degree;
Then, in the Scale of Life and Senſe, 'tis plain
There muſt be, ſome where, ſuch a Rank as Man;
And all the Queſtion (wrangle e'er ſo long)
Is only this, if GOD has *plac'd him wrong?*

Reſpecting Man, whatever wrong we call
May, muſt be right, as relative to *all*.
In human Works, though labour'd on with Pain,
A thouſand Movements ſcarce one Purpoſe gain;
In GOD's, one ſingle can its End produce,
Yet ſerves to ſecond too ſome other Uſe.
So Man, who here ſeems Principal alone,
Perhaps acts ſecond to ſome Sphere unknown,
Touches ſome Wheel, or verges to ſome Gole;
'Tis but a Part we ſee, and not a Whole.

VER. 36, &c.] He is not therefore a Judge of his own Perfection or Imperfection, but is certainly ſuch a Being as is ſuited to his Place and Rank in the Creation.

When the proud Steed ſhall know, why Man reſtrains
His fiery Courſe, or drives him o'er the Plains;
When the dull Ox, why now he breaks the Clod,
Now wears a Garland, an *Ægyptian* God;
* Then ſhall Man's Pride and Dulneſs comprehend
His Actions, Paſſions, Beings, Uſe and End;
Why doing, ſuff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
This Hour a Slave, the next a Deity?

Then ſay not Man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault;
Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought; **
His Being meaſur'd to his State and Place,
His Time a Moment, and a Point his Space.

Heav'n from all Creatures hides the Book of Fate,
All but the Page preſcrib'd, their preſent State,
From Brutes what Men, from Men what Spirits know,
Or who could ſuffer Being here below?
The Lamb thy Riot dooms to bleed to Day,
Had he thy Reaſon, would he ſkip and play?

---

* *Exactly the Sentiment of* Chicali, *the* Cherikee Indian, "*He that ſitteth in Heaven knows why he made* "*Man. We know nothing.*" —— *But did* JESUS *of* Nazareth *teach nothing more than this?*

** *Yea ſay rather, Man is a fallen Spirit.*

VER. 73.] His Happineſs depends on his Ignorance to a certain Degree.

VER. 75, &c.] See this purſued in Epiſt. 3. Ver. 67, &c. 81, &c.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd to the laſt, he crops the flow'ry Food,
And licks the Hand juſt rais'd to ſhed his Blood.
Oh Blindneſs to the Future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the Circle mark'd by Heav'n,
Who ſees with equal Eye, as GOD of *all*,
A Hero periſh, or a Sparrow fall,
Atoms, or Syſtems, into Ruin hurl'd,
And now a Bubble burſt, and now a World!

Hope humbly then; with trembling Pinions ſoar;
Wait the great Teacher, Death, and GOD adore!
What future Bliſs, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that Hope to be thy Bleſſing now.
Hope ſprings eternal in the human Breaſt;
† Man never *is*, but always *to be* Bleſt:
The Soul uneaſy, and confin'd at home,
Reſts, and expatiates, in a Life to come.

Lo! the poor *Indian*, whoſe untutor'd Mind
Sees GOD in Clouds, or hears him in the Wind;
His Soul, proud Science never taught to ſtray
Far as the Solar Walk, or Milky Way;
Yet ſimple Nature to his Hope has giv'n
Behind the Cloud-topt Hill, an humbler Heav'n;

VER. 87.] —— And on his Hope of a Relation to a future State.

VER. 90.] Further open'd in Epiſt. 2. Ver. 219. Epiſt. 3. Ver. 76.

† *Yes*, Bleſſed *is the Man* whoſe Iniquity *is* forgiven, and his Sin cover'd.

Some ſafer World in Depth of Woods embrac'd,
Some happier Iſland in the watry Waſte,
Where Slaves once more their native Land behold,
No Fiends torment, no Chriſtians thirſt for Gold;
To be, contents his natural Deſire,
He aſks no Angel's Wing, nor Seraph's Fire,
But thinks, admitted to that equal Sky,
His faithful Dog ſhall bear him Company.
Go, wiſer thou! and in thy Scale of Senſe
Weigh thy Opinion againſt Providence:
Call Imperfection what thou fancy'ſt ſuch,
Say, here he gives too little, there too much;
Deſtroy all Creatures for thy Sport or Guſt,
Yet cry, if Man's unhappy, GOD's unjuſt;
If Man, alone, engroſs not Heaven's high Care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there;
Snatch from his Hand the Balance and the Rod,
Re-judge his Juſtice, be the GOD of GOD!

In reas'oning Pride (my Friend) our Error lies;
All quit their Sphere, and ruſh into the Skies.
Pride ſtill is aiming at the bleſt Abodes,
Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
Aſpiring to be Gods, if Angels fell,
Aſpiring to be Angels, Men rebel:
And who but wiſhes to inveſt the Laws
Of ORDER, ſins againſt th' Eternal Cauſe.

VER. 109.] The Pride of aiming at more Knowledge and Perfection, and the Impiety of pretending to Judge of the Diſpenſations of Providence, the Cauſes of his Error and Miſery.

Aſk

Aſk for what End the heavenly Bodies ſhine?
Earth for whoſe Uſe? Pride anſwers, " 'Tis for mine:
" For me kind Nature wakes her genial Pow'r,
" Suckles each Herb, and ſpreads out every Flow'r;
" Annual for me, the Grape, the Roſe renew
" The Juice nectareous, and the balmy Dew;
" For me, the Mine a thouſand Treaſures brings,
" For me, Health guſhes from a thouſand Springs;
" Seas roll to waft me, Suns to light me riſe:
" My Footſtool Earth, my Canopy the Skies.

What would this Man? Now upward will he ſoar,
And little leſs than Angel, would be more;
Now looking downward, juſt as griev'd appears
To want the Strength of Bulls, the Fur of Bears.
Made for his Uſe all Creatures if he call,
Say what their Uſe, had he the Pow'rs of all?
Nature to theſe, without Profuſion kind,
The proper Organs, proper Pow'rs aſſign'd;
Each ſeeming Want compenſated of Courſe,
Here, with Degrees of Swiftneſs, there, of Force;

All

VER. 127.] The Abſurdity of conceiting himſelf the Final Cauſe of the Creation.

I doubt this, is very hardly conſiſtent with the Scriptural Account of Things.

VER. 138.] The Unreaſonableneſs of the Complaints againſt Providence, and that to poſſeſs more Faculties would make us miſerable.

VER. 146.] Here, with Degrees of Swiftneſs, there, of Force.] It is a certain Axiom in the Anatomy of Crea-

All in exact Proportion to the State,
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each Beaſt, each Inſect, happy in its own,
Is Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man alone?
Shall he alone whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with Nothing, if not bleſs'd with All?

The Bliſs of Man (could Pride that Bleſſing find)
Is, not to act, or think, beyond Mankind;
No Pow'rs of Body or of Soul to ſhare;
But what his Nature and his State can bear.
Why has not Man a Microſcopic Eye?
For this plain Reaſon, Man is not a Fly.
Say what the Uſe, were finer Optic's giv'n,
T' inſpect a Mite, not comprehend the Heav'n?
The Touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To ſmart and agonize at ev'ry Pore?
Or quick Efluvia darting thro' the Brain,
Dye of a Roſe in aromatic Pain?
If Nature thunder'd in his opening Ears,
And ſtunn'd him with the Muſic of the Spheres,
How would he wiſh, that Heav'n had left him ſtill
The whiſpering Zephyr, and the purling Rill?
Who finds not Providence all-good and wiſe,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

Far as Creation's ample Range extends,
The Scale of ſenſual, mental Pow'rs aſcends:

Creatures, that in Proportion as they are form'd for Strength, their Swiftneſs is leſſen'd; or as they are form'd for Swiftneſs, their Strength is abated.

Mark

Mark how it mounts, to Man's Imperial Race
From the green Myriads in the peopl'd Graſs!
What Modes of Sight, betwixt each wide Extream
The Mole's dim Curtain, and the Lynx's Beam:
Of Smell, the headlong Lioneſs between,
And Hound ſagacious on the tainted Green:
Of Hearing, from the Life that fills the Flood,
To that which warbles thro' the vernal Wood:
The Spider's Touch, how exquiſitely fine,
Feels at each Thread, and lives along the Line:
In the nice Bee, what Senſe ſo ſubtly true
From pois'nous Herbs extracts the healing Dew.
How Inſtinct varies, in the groveling Swine,
Compar'd half Reas'ning Elephant! with thine;
'Twixt that, and Reaſon, what a nice Barrier,
For ever ſep'rate, yet for ever near;
Remembrance and Reflection how ally'd;
What thin Partitions Senſe from Thought divide:
And Middle Natures, how they long to join,
Yet never paſs th' inſuperable Line!
Without this juſt Gradation could they be
Subjected Theſe to Thoſe, or All to Thee?

VER. 177.] —— the headlong Lioneſs —— The Manner of the Lions hunting their Prey in the Deſerts of *Africa* is this: At their firſt going out in the Night-time they ſet up a loud Roar, and then liſten to the Noiſe made by the Beaſts in their Flight, purſuing them by the Ear, and not by the Noſtril. It is probable the Story of the Jackall's hunting for the Lion was occaſion'd by obſerving the Defect of Scent in that terrible Animal.

The Pow'rs of all ſubdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy Reaſon All thoſe Pow'rs in One?
See, thro' this Air, this Ocean, and this Earth,
All Matter quick, and burſting into Birth.
Above, how high, progreſſive Life may go?
Around how wide? how deep extend below?
Vaſt Chain of Being! which from GOD began,
Nature's Æthereal, Human, Angel, Man,
Beaſt, Bird, Fiſh, Inſect! what no Eye can ſee,
No Glaſs can reach! from Infinite to Thee,
From Thee to Nothing! on ſuperior Pow'rs
Were we to preſs, inferior might on ours:
Or in the full Creation leave a Void,
Were one Step broken the great Scale's deſtroy'd;
From Nature's Chain whatever Link you ſtrike,
Tenth or ten Thouſandth, breaks the Chain alike.

And if each Syſtem in Gradation roll,
Alike eſſential to th' amazing Whole;
The leaſt Confuſion but in One, not all
That Syſtem only, but the Whole muſt fall.
Let Earth unbalanc'd from her Orbit fly,
Planets and Suns ruſh lawleſs thro' the Sky,
Let ruling Angels from their Spheres be hurl'd,
Being on Being wreck'd, and World on World,
Heav'n's whole Foundations to their Centre nod,
And Nature tremble, to the Throne of GOD!

VER. 197.] How much farther this Gradation and Subordination may extend? were any Part of which broken, the whole connected Creation muſt be deſtroy'd.

All

All this dread ORDER break! — For whom? For thee,
Vile Worm! —— O Madneſs! Pride! Impiety!

What if the Foot ordain'd the Duſt to tread,
Or Hand to toil, aſpir'd to be the Head?
What if the Head, the Eye or Ear repin'd
To ſerve more Engines to the ruling Mind?
Juſt as abſurd for any Part to claim
To be another in this gen'ral Frame:
Juſt as abſurd, to mourn the Taſk or Pains,
The great directing Mind of All ordains.

All are but Parts of one ſtupendous Whole,
Whoſe Body Nature is, and God the Soul;
That chang'd thro' All, and yet in All the ſame,
Great in the Earth, as in th' æthereal Frame,
Warms in the Sun, refreſhes in the Breeze,
Glows in the Stars, and bloſſoms in the Trees,
Lives thro' all Life, extends thro' all Extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unſpent,
Breaths in our Soul, informs our mortal Part,
As full, as perfect, in a Hair as Heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns;
To him, no High, no Low, no Great, no Small:
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals All.

Ceaſe then, nor ORDER Imperfection name:
Our proper Bliſs depends on what we blame.

Know

VER. 222.] The Extravagance, Impiety, and Pride of ſuch a Deſire.

VER. 245.] The Conſequence of all, the abſolute Sub-

Know thy own Point: this kind, this due Degree
Of Blindneſs, Weakneſs, Heav'n beſtows on thee.
Submit —— in this, or any other Sphere,
Secure to be as bleſt as thou canſt bear:
Safe in the Hand of one diſpoſing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal Hour.
All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction which thou canſt not ſee:
All Diſcord, Harmony not underſtood:
All partial Evil, univerſal Good:
And Spight of Pride, in erring Reaſon's Spight,
One Truth is clear; "Whatever *Is*, is *Right*."

Submiſſion due to Providence, both as to our preſent and future State.



EPI-

EPISTLE II.

KNOW then Thy Self, preſume not GOD to ſcan;
The proper Study of Mankind is Man.
Plac'd on this Iſthmus of a middle State,
A Being darkly wiſe, and rudely great;
With too much Knowledge for the *Sceptic* Side,
With too much Weakneſs for the *Stoic*'s Pride,
He hangs between; in Doubt to act, or reſt,
To deem himſelf a Part of God, or Beaſt;
In Doubt, his Mind or Body to prefer,
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err;
Alike in Ignorance his Reaſon ſuch,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
Chaos of Thought and Paſſion, all confus'd;
Still by himſelf abus'd, or diſabus'd;
Created half to riſe, and half to fall;
Great Lord of all Things, yet a Prey to all;
Sole Judge of Truth, in endleſs Error hurl'd:
The Glory, Jeſt, and Riddle of the World!

Go wondrous Creature! mount where Science guides,
Go meaſure Earth, weigh Air, and ſtate the Tides,

Of the Nature and State of *Man* as an *Individual*. The Buſineſs of Man not to pry into GOD, but to ſtudy himſelf. His Middle Nature, his Power, Frailties, and the Limits of his Capacity.

Show by what Laws the wandring Planets ſtray,
Correct Old Time, and teach the Sun his Way.
Go ſoar with *Plato* to th' 'empyreal Sphere,
To the firſt Good, firſt perfect, and firſt fair;
Or tread the mazy Round his Follow'rs trod,
And *quitting Senſe* call *imitating* GOD;
As Eaſtern Prieſts in giddy Circles run,
And turn their Heads to imitate the Sun.
Go, teach Eternal Wiſdom how to rule——
Then drop into thy-ſelf, and be a Fool!

Superior Beings, when of late they ſaw
A mortal Man unfold all Nature's Law,
Admir'd ſuch Wiſdom in an Earthly Shape,
And ſhew'd a NEWTON as we ſhow an Ape.

Could he, whoſe Rules the whirling Comet bind,
Deſcribe, or fix, one Movement of the Mind?
Who ſaw the Stars here riſe, and there deſcend,
Explain his own Beginning, or his End?
Alas what Wonder! Man's ſuperior Part
Uncheck'd may riſe, and climb from Art to Art;
But when his own great Work is but begun,
What Reaſon weaves, by Paſſion is undone.

Two Principles in Human Nature reign;
Self-love, to urge, and Reaſon, to reſtrain;
Nor this a Good, nor that a Bad we call,
Each works its End, to move, or govern all:
And to their proper Operation ſtill
Aſcribe all Good, to their improper, Ill.

Self-love, the Spring of Motion, acts the Soul:
Reaſon's comparing Balance rules the Whole,
Man but for that, no Action could attend,
And but for this, were active to no End,
Fix'd like a Plant on his peculiar Spot,
To draw Nutrition, propagate, and rot;
Or, Meteor like, flame lawleſs thro' the Void,
Deſtroying others, by himſelf deſtroy'd.
Moſt Strength the moving Principle requires;
Active its Taſk, it prompts, impells, inſpires:
Sedate and quiet the Comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and adviſe.
Self-love ſtill ſtronger, as its Objects nigh;
Reaſon's at Diſtance, and in Proſpect lie;
That ſees immediate Good, by preſent Senſe,
Reaſon the Future, and the Conſequence;
Thicker than Arguments, Temptations throng,
At beſt more watchful this, but that more ſtrong.
The Action of the Stronger to ſuſpend,
Reaſon ſtill uſe, to Reaſon ſtill attend:
Attention, Habit, and Experience gains,
Each ſtrengthens Reaſon, and Self-love reſtrains.

Let ſubtile Schoolmen teach theſe Friends to fight,
More ſtudious to divide, than to unite,

VER. 43.] The *Two Principles* of *Man*, *Self love* and *Reaſon*, both neceſſary, 49; Self-love the Stronger, and why? 57: their End the ſame, 51.

And Grace and Virtue, Senſe and Reaſon ſplit,
With all the raſh Dexterity of Wit.
Wits juſt like Fools, at War about a Name,
Have full as oft, no Meaning, or the Same.
Self-love and Reaſon to one End aſpire,
Pain their Averſion, Pleaſure their Deſire:
But greedy that its Object would devour,
This Taſte the Honey, and not wound the Flower:
Pleaſure, or wrong or rightly underſtood,
Our greateſt Evil, or our greateſt Good.

Modes of Self-love the PASSIONS we may call;
'Tis real Good, or ſeeming, moves them all:
But ſince not every Good we can divide,
And Reaſon bids us for our own provide;
Paſſions tho' Selfiſh, if their Means be fair,
Liſt under Reaſon, and deſerve her Care:
Thoſe that imparted, court a nobler Aim,
Exalt their Kind, and take ſome Virtue's Name.

In lazy Apathy let Stoics boaſt
Their Virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a Froſt,
Contracted all, retiring to the Breaſts;
But Strength of Mind is Exerciſe, not Reſt:
On Life's vaſt Ocean diverſely we ſail,
Reaſon the Card, but Paſſion is the Gale:
Nor GOD alone in the ſtill Calm we find;
He mounts the Storm, and walks upon the Wind.

VER. 83.] The *Paſſions*, and their Uſe.

Paſſions, like Elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet mix'd and ſoftened, in his Work unite:
Theſe, 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what compoſes Man can Man deſtroy?
Suffice that Reaſon keeps to Nature's Road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and GOD.

Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleaſure's ſmiling Train,
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the Family of Pain,
Theſe mix'd with Art, and to due Bounds confin'd.
Make, and maintain, the Balance of the Mind:
The Lights and Shades, whoſe well accorded Striſe
Gives all the Strength and Colour of our Life.

Pleaſures are ever in our Hands or Eyes,
And when in Act they ceaſe, in Proſpect riſe;
Preſent to graſp, and future ſtill to find,
The whole Employ of Body and of Mind.
All ſpread their Charms, but charm not all alike,
On diff'rent Senſes diff'rent Objects ſtrike;
Hence diff'rent Paſſions more or leſs inflame,
As ſtrong, or weak, the Organs of the Frame;
And hence one Maſter Paſſion in the Breaſt,
Like *Aaron*'s Serpent, ſwallows up the reſt.

As Man, perhaps, the Moment of his Breath,
Receives the lurking Principle of Death:
The young Diſeaſe that muſt ſubdue at length,
Grows with his Growth, and ſtrengthens with his Strength:
So, caſt and mingled with his very Frame,
The Mind's Diſeaſe, its ruling Paſſion came:

Each vital Humour which ſhould feed the Whole,
Soon flows to this, in Body and in Soul;
Whatever warms the Heart, or fills the Head,
As the Mind opens, and its Functions ſpread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous Art,
And pours it all upon the peccant Part.

Nature its Mother, Habit is its Nurſe;
Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worſe;
Reaſon itſelf but gives it Edge and Pow'r,
As Heav'n's bleſt Beam turns Vinegar more ſowre;
We, wretched Subjects tho' to lawful Sway,
In this weak Queen, ſome Fav'rite ſtill obey.
Ah! if ſhe lend not Arms as well as Rules,
What can ſhe more, than tell us we are Fools?
Teach us to mourn our Nature, not to mend,
A ſharp Accuſer, but a helpleſs Friend!

Let Pow'r or Knowledge, Gold or Glory pleaſe,
Or oft more ſtrong than all, the Love of Eaſe:
Thro' Life, 'tis follow'd, ev'n at Life's Expence:
The Merchant's Toil, the Sage's Indolence.
The Monk's Humility, the Hero's Pride,
All, all alike, find Reaſon on their Side.

Th' *Eternal Art*, educing Good from Ill,
Grafts on this Paſſion our beſt Principle; *

VER. 149.] It's providential Uſe, in fixing our *Principle*, and aſcertaining *Virtue*.

* *True; the beſt* Heathen *Principle: The Beſt which* mere Nature *knows.*

'Tis

'Tis thus, the Mercury of Man is fix'd,
Strong grows the Virtue with his Nature mixt,
The Droſs cements what elſe were too refin'd.
And in one Int'reſt Body acts with Mind.

As Fruits ungrateful to the Planter's Care,
On Savage Stocks inſerted, learn to bear;
The ſureſt Virtues thus from Paſſions ſhoot,
Wild Nature's Vigour working at the Root.
What Crops of Wit and Honeſty appear,
From Spleen, from Obſtinacy, Hate, or Fear!
See Anger, Zeal and Fortitude ſupply;
Ev'n Av'rice, Prudence; Sloth, Philoſophy;
Luſt, thro' ſome certain Strainers well refin'd
In gentle Love, and charms all Womankind:
Envy, to which th' ignoble Mind's a Slave,
Is Emulation in the Learn'd or Brave?
Nor Virtue, Male, or Female, can we name.
But what will grow on Pride, or grow on Shame.

* Thus Nature gives us (let it check our Pride)
The Virtue neareſt to our Vice ally'd;
Reaſon the Byaſs turns to Good from Ill,
And *Nero* reigns a *Titus*, if he will.
The fiery Soul abhor'd in *Catiline*,
In *Decius* charms, in *Curtius* is divine.

VER. 170.] *Virtue* and *Vice* join'd in our Mixt Nature; the Limits near; yet the Things ſeparate, and evident. The Office of Reaſon.

* *Theſe alſo are Sure Truths, if underſtood of* merely Natural *Men.*

The

The ſame Ambition can deſtroy or ſave,
And makes a Patriot as it makes a Knave.

This Light and Darkneſs in our Chaos join'd,
What ſhall divide? The God within the Mind.

Extremes in Nature equal Ends produce,
In Man, they join to ſome myſterious Uſe:
Tho' each by Turns the others Bound invade,
As in ſome well-wrought Picture, Light and Shade,
And oft ſo mix, the Diff'rence is too nice
Where ends the Virtue, or begins the Vice.

Fools! who from hence into the Notion fall,
That Vice or Virtue there is none at all!
If White and Black, blend, ſoften, and unite
A thouſand Ways, is there no Black or White?
Aſk your own Heart; and nothing is ſo plain;
'Tis to miſtake them, coſts the Time and Pain.

Vice is a Monſter of ſo frightful Mein,
As to be hated, needs but to be ſeen;
Yet ſeen too oft, familiar with her Face,
We firſt endure, then pity, then embrace.
Virtuous and Vicious every Man muſt be,
Few in th' Extreme but all in the Degree;

VER. 191.] Vice odious in itſelf, and how we deceive ourſelves into it.

VER. 195, &c.] The *Ends* of *Providence* and General Good anſwer'd in our Paſſions and Imperfections. How uſefully theſe are diſtributed to all Orders of Men.

'Tis but by Parts we follow Good or Ill.
† For, Vice or Virtue, *Self* directs it ſtill;
Each Individual ſeeks a ſev'ral Goal:
But *Heav'n's* great View is One, and that the *Whole*
That Counter-works each Folly and Caprice;
That diſappoints th' Effect of ev'ry Vice:
That, Virtue's Ends from Vanity can raiſe,
Which ſeeks no Int'reſt, no Reward but Praiſe;
And build on Wants, and on Defects of Mind,
The Joy, the Peace, the Glory of Mankind. *

Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
A Maſter, or a Servant, or a Friend,
Bids each on other for Aſſiſtance call,
Till one Man's Weakneſs grows the Strength of all.
Wants, Frailties, Paſſions, cloſer ſtill ally
The common Int'reſt, or endear the Tye:
** To theſe we owe true Friendſhip, Love ſincere,
Each home-felt Joy that Life inherits here:
Yet from the ſame we learn, in its Decline,
Thoſe Joys, thoſe Loves, thoſe Int'reſts to reſign,

---

† i. e. *In Unbelievers.*

* *This needs ſome Grains of Allowance.*

VER. 207.] How uſeful theſe are to *Society* in General, and to *Individuals* in particular.

** *Surely, No. If there be any Conſolation of Love, if any True Peace or Solid Joy, we owe it only to the Love of GOD ſhed abroad in our Hearts.*

Taught

Taught half by Reaſon, half by mere Decay,
To welcome Death, and calmly paſs away.

'Till then Opinion gilds with varying Rays
Thoſe painted Clouds that beautify our Days;
Each want of Happineſs by Hope ſupply'd,
And each Vacuity of Senſe by Pride,
Theſe build as faſt as Knowledge can deſtroy:
In Folly's Cup ſtill laughs the Bubble, Joy;
One *Proſpect* loſt, another ſtill we gain;
And not a Vanity is giv'n in vain;
Ev'n mean SELF-LOVE becomes, by Force divine,
The Scale to Meaſure others Wants by thine.
See! and confeſs, one Comfort ſtill muſt riſe,
'Tis this, tho' *Man's a Fool*, yet GOD *is Wiſe*.



EPI-

EPISTLE III.

HERE then we reſt; "The Univerſal Cauſe
"Acts to one End, but acts by various Laws."
In all the Madneſs of ſuperfluous Health,
The Trim of Pride, the Impudence of Wealth,
Let this great Truth be preſent Night and Day;
Buſt muſt be preſent, if we preach, or pray.

Look round our World; behold the Chain of Love
Combining all below and all above.
See, plaſtic Nature working to this End,
The ſingle Atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in Place,
Form'd and impell'd, its Neighbour to embrace.
See Matter next, with various Life endu'd,
Preſs to one Centre ſtill, the General Good.
See dying Vegetables Life ſuſtain,
See Life diſſolving vegetate again.
All Forms that periſh, others Forms ſupply,
By Turn they catch the vital Breath and die;
Like Bubbles on the Sea of Matter born,
They riſe, they break, and to that Sea return.

VER. 1.] Of the Nature and State of MAN with reſpect to *Society*. The whole Univerſe one Syſtem of Society.

Nothing

Nothing is foreign: Parts relate to Whole:
One all-extending, all preſerving Soul
Connects each Being, Greateſt with the Leaſt:
Made Beaſt in Aid of Man, and Man of Beaſt:
All ſerv'd, all ſerving! Nothing ſtands alone;
The Chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.

Has GOD, thou Fool! work'd ſolely for thy Good,
Thy Joy thy Paſtime, thy Attire, thy Food?
Who for thy Table feeds the wanton Fawn,
For him as kindly ſpread the flow'ring Lawn.
Is it for thee the Lark aſcends and ſings?
Joy tunes his Voice, Joy elevates his Wings.
Is it for thee the Linnet pours his Throat?
Loves of his own, and Raptures ſwell the Note.
The bounding Steed you pompouſly beſtride,
Shares with his Lord the Pleaſure and the Pride.
Is thine alone the Seed that ſtrows the Plain?
The Birds of Heav'n ſhall vindicate their Grain.
Thine the full Harveſt of the Golden Year?
Part pays, and juſtly, the deſerving Steer.
The Hog that plows not, nor obeys thy Call,
Lives on the Labours of this Lord of all.

Know, Nature's Children all divides her Care;
The Fur that warms a Monarch, warm'd a Bear;
While Man exclaims, "See all Things for my Uſe!
"See Man for mine," replies a pamper'd Gooſe:

Nothing made wholly for itſelf, nor yet all Animals wholly for another, but the Happineſs of mutual.

What Care to tend, to lodge, to cram, to treat him?
All this he knows, but not that 'tis to eat him:
And juſt as ſhort of Reaſon, Man will fall,
Who thinks All made for One, not One for All.

Grant, that the Pow'rful ſtill the Weak controul,
Be Man the Wit, and Tyrant of the Whole:
Nature that Tyrant checks; he only knows
And helps, another Creature's Wants and Woes.
Say, will the Falcon, ſtooping from above,
Smit with her varying Plumage, ſpare the Dove?
Admires the Jay, the Inſect's gilded Wings,
Or hears the Hawk, when *Philomela* ſings?
Man cares for all; to Birds he gives his Woods,
To Beaſts his Paſtures, and to Fiſh his Floods;
For ſome, his Int'reſt prompts him to provide,
For more his Pleaſure; for yet more his Pride:
That very Life his learned Hunger craves,
He ſaves from Famine, from the Savage ſaves,
Nay feaſts the Animal he dooms his Feaſt,
And till he ends the Being, makes it bleſt,
Which ſees no more the Stroke, or feels the Pain,
Than favour'd Man, by Touch æthereal ſlain.
The Creature had his Feaſt of Life before;
Thou too muſt periſh, whom thy Feaſt is o'er.

VER. 67.] Several of the Ancients, and many of the Orientals ſince, eſteemed thoſe who were ſtruck by Lightning as Sacred Perſons, and the particular Favourites of Heaven.

To each unthinking Being Heav'n a Friend,
Gives not the uſeleſs Knowledge of its End;
To Man imparts it; but with ſuch a View
As while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
The Hour conceal'd, and ſo remote the Fear,
Death ſtill draws nearer, never ſeeming near.
Great ſtanding Miracle! that Heav'n aſſign'd
Its only thinking Thing, this Turn of Mind.

Whether with Reaſon, or with Inſtinct bleſt.
Know, all enjoy that Pow'r which ſuits 'em beſt,
To Bliſs, alike, by that Direction tend,
And find the Means proportion'd to their End.
Say, where full Inſtinct is the unerring Guide,
What Pope or Council can they need beſide?
Reaſon, however able, cool at beſt,
Cares not for Service, or but ſerves when preſt,
Stays till we call, and then not often near;
But honeſt Inſtinct comes a Volunteer.
This too ſerves always, Reaſon never long;
One *muſt* go right, the other *may* go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing Pow'rs
One in their Nature, which are Two in ours;
And Reaſon raiſe o'er Inſtinct as you can,
In this 'tis GOD directs, in that 'tis Man.

VER. 79.] Reaſon or Inſtinct alike operate to the Good of each Individual, and they operate alſo to *Society*, in all Animals.

Who

Who taught the Nations of the Field and Wood
To ſhun their Poiſon, and to chooſe their Food?
Preſcient, the Tide or Tempeſts to withſtand,
Build on the Wave, or Arch beneath the Sand?
Who made the Spider Parallels deſign,
Sure as *Demoivre*, without Rule or Line?
Who bid the Stork, *Columbus* like, explore
Heav'ns not his own, and Worlds unknown before?
Who calls the Council, ſtates the certain Day?
Who forms the Phalanx, and who points the Way?

GOD, in the Nature of each Being, founds
Its proper Bliſs, and ſets its proper Bounds:
But as he fram'd a Whole, the Whole to bleſs
On mutual Wants built mutual Happpineſs:
So from the Firſt eternal ORDER ran,
And Creature link'd to Creature, Man to Man.
Whate'er of Life all quickening Æther keeps,
Or breaths thro' Air, or ſhoots beneath the Deeps,
Or pours profuſe on Earth; one Nature feeds
The vital Flame, and ſwells the genial Seeds.
Not Man alone, but all that roam the Wood,
Or wing the Sky, or roll along the Flood,
Each loves itſelf, but not itſelf alone,
Each Sex deſires alike, 'till Two are One:
Nor ends the Pleaſure with the fierce Embrace;
They love themſelves, a third Time, in their Race.

VER. 111.] How far *Society* carried by *Inſtinct*.

Thus Beaſt and Bird their common Charge attend,
The Mothers nurſe it, and the Sires defend;
The Young diſmiſs'd to wander Earth or Air,
There ſtops the Inſtinct, and there ends the Care;
The Link diſſolves, each ſeeks a freſh Embrace;
Another Love ſucceeds, another Race.
A longer Care Man's helpleſs Kind demands;
That longer Care contracts more laſting Bands:
Reflection, Reaſon, ſtill the Ties improve,
At once extend the Int'reſt and the Love:
With Choice we fix, with Sympathy we burn;
Each Virtue in each Paſſion takes its Turn;
And ſtill new Needs, new Helps, new Habits riſe,
That graft Benevolence on Charities.
Still as one Brood, and as another roſe,
Theſe nat'ral Love maintain'd, habitual thoſe;
The laſt ſcarce ripen'd into perfect Man,
Saw helpleſs him from whom their Life began,
Mem'ry and Forecaſt, juſt Returns engage,
That pointed back to Youth, this on to Age;
While Pleaſure, Gratitude, and Hope combin'd
Still ſpread the Int'reſt, and preſerv'd the Kind.

Nor think, in *Nature's State* they blindly trod;
The State of Nature was the Reign of GOD:
Self-love and ſocial, at her Birth began,
Union the Bond of all Things and of Man.

VER. 127.] How much farther *Society* is carried by *Reaſon*.

VER. 143.] Of the *State* of *Nature*: That it was *Social*.

Pride

Pride then was not; nor Arts, that Pride to aid;
Man walk'd with Beaſt, joint Tenant of the Shade;
The ſame his Table, and the ſame his Bed;
No Murder cloath'd him, and no Murder fed.
In the ſame Temple, the reſounding Wood,
All vocal Beings hymn'd their equal GOD:
The Shrine with Gore unſtain'd, with Gold undreſt,
Unbrib'd, unbloody, ſtood the blameleſs Prieſt:
Heav'ns Attribute was Univerſal Care,
And Man's Prerogative to rule, but ſpare.
Ah how unlike the Man of Times to come!
Of half that live, the Butcher, and the Tomb;
Who, Foe to Nature, hears the Gen'ral Groan,
Murders their Species, and betrays his own.
But juſt Diſeaſe to Luxury ſucceeds,
And ev'ry Death its own Avenger breeds;
The Fury Paſſions from that Blood began,
And turn'd on Man a fiercer Savage, Man.

See him from Nature riſing ſlow to Art!
To copy Inſtinct then was Reaſon's Part;
Thus then to Man the Voice of Nature ſpake ——
"Go! from the Creatures thy Inſtructions take;
"Learn from the Birds what Food the Thickets yield;
"Learn from the Beaſts, the Phyſick of the Field:
"Thy Arts of Building from the Bee receive;
"Learn of the Mole to plow, the Worm to weave;
"Here too all Forms of ſocial Union find,
"And hence let Reaſon, late, inſtruct Mankind:

VER. 166.] Reaſon inſtructed by Inſtinct in the Invention of *Arts*, and in the *Forms* of Society.

" Here ſubterranean Works and Cities ſee
" There, Towns Aëreal on the waving Tree;
" Learn each ſmall People's Genius, Policies;
" The Ants Republick, and the Realm of Bees:
" How theſe in common all their Stores beſtow,
" And Anarchy without Confuſion know,
" And theſe for ever, tho' a Monarch reign,
" Their ſep'rate Cells and Properties maintain.
" Mark what unvary'd Laws preſerve their State,
" Laws wiſe as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate.
" In vain thy Reaſon finer Webs ſhall draw,
" Entangle Juſtice in her Net of Law,
" And Right too rigid harden into Wrong.
" Still for the Strong too weak, the Weak too ſtrong.
" Yet go! and thus o'er all the Creatures ſway,
" Thus let the Wiſer make the reſt obey,
" And for thoſe Arts mere Inſtinct could afford,
" Be crown'd as Monarchs, or as Gods ador'd.

Great *Nature* ſpoke; obſervant Men obey'd;
Cities were built, Societies were made:
Here roſe one little State; another near
Grew by like Means, and join'd thro' Love, or Fear.
Did here the Trees with ruddier Burdens bend,
And there the Streams in purer Rills deſcend?
What War could raviſh, Commerce could beſtow,
And he return'd a Friend, who came a Foe.
Converſe and Love Mankind might ſtrongly draw,
When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law.

VER. 193.] Origine of *Political Societies*.

Thus

Thus States were form'd; the Name of King unknown,
Till common Int'reſt plac'd the Sway in one.
'Twas *Virtue* only (or in Arts, or Arms,
Diffuſing Bleſſings, or averting Harms)
The ſame which in a Sire the Sons obey'd,
A Prince the Father of a People made.

Till then, by Nature crown'd, each Patriarch ſate,
King, Prieſt, and Parent of his growing State;
On him, their ſecond Providence, they hung,
Their Law his Eye; their Oracle, his Tongue:
He from the wond'ring Furrow call'd their Food,
Taught to command the Fire, controul the Flood;
Draw forth the Monſters of th' Abyſs profound,
Or fetch th' Aëreal Eagle to the Ground;
Till, drooping, ſickning, dying, they began
Whom they rever'd as GOD, to mourn as Man:
Then, looking up from Sire to Sire, explor'd
One Great, Firſt Father, and that firſt ador'd.
Or plain Tradition that this All begun,
Convey'd unbroken Faith, from Sire to Son,
The Worker from the Work diſtinct was known,
And ſimple Reaſon never ſought but One:
E'er Wit oblique had broke that ſteady Light,
Man, like his Maker, ſaw that all was right,
To Virtue in the Paths of Pleaſure trod,
And own'd a Father when he own'd a GOD.

VER. 204.] Origine of *Monarchy*.
VER. 209.] —— of *Patriarchal Government*.

Love

Love all the Faith, and all th' Allegiance then;
For Nature knew no Right Divine in Men.
No Ill could fear in GOD: and underſtood
A Sovereign Being but a Sovereign Good.
True Faith, true Policy, united ran,
That was but Love of GOD, and This of Man.

Who firſt taught Souls enſlav'd, and Realms undone,
Th' enormous Faith of Many made for One?
That proud Exception to all Nature's Laws,
T' invert the World, and counter-work its Cauſe?
Force firſt made Conqueſt, and that Conqueſt, Law;
Till Superſtition taught the Tyrant Awe,
Then ſhar'd the Tyranny, and lent it Aid,
And Gods of Conqu'rors, Slaves of Subjects made.

So drives *Self-Love*, thro' Juſt and thro' Unjuſt,
To one Man's Pow'r, Ambition, Lucre, Luſt:
The ſame Self-love, in all, becomes the Cauſe
Of what reſtrains him, Government and Laws.
For what one likes, if others like as well,
What ſerves one Will, when many Wills rebel?
How ſhall he keep what ſleeping or awake
A Weaker may ſurpriſe, a Stronger take?
His Safety muſt his Liberty reſtrain;
All join to guard what each deſires to gain.

VER. 229.] Origine of *True Religion* and *Govern'ment*, from the Principle of *Love*; and of *Superſtition* and *Tyranny*, from that of *Fear*.

VER. 243.] The Influence of *Self-love* operating to the *Social* and Publick Good.

Forc'd

Forc'd into Virtue thus by Self-Defence,
Ev'n Kings learn'd Juſtice and Benevolence:
Self-love forſook the Path it firſt purſu'd,
And found the Private in the Publick Good.
'Twas then, the ſtudious Head, or gen'rous Mind,
Foll'wer of GOD, and Friend of human Kind,
Poet or Patriot, roſe, but to reſtore
The Faith and Morals *Nature* gave before;
Re-lum'd her ancient Light, nor kindled new;
If not GOD's Image, yet his Shadow drew:
Taught Pow'rs due Uſe to People and to Kings,
Taught, nor to ſlack nor ſtrain its tender Strings;
The Leſs and Greater ſet ſo juſtly true,
That touching one muſt ſtrike the other too;
Till jarring Int'reſts of themſelves create
Th' according Muſic of a well-mix'd State.
Such is the WORLD's great Harmony that ſprings
From Union, Order, full Conſent of Things!
Where Small and Great, where Weak and Mighty, made,
To ſerve, not ſuffer, ſtrengthen, not invade,
More pow'rful each, as needful to the reſt,
And in Proportion as it bleſſes, bleſt,
Draw to one Point, and to one Centre bring
Beaſt, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.

VER. 257.] Reſtoration of True Religion and Government on their firſt Principle. Mixt Governments; with the various Forms of each, and the *True Uſe of All.*

For Forms of Government let Fools conteſt,
Whate'er is beſt adminiſtred, is beſt:
All muſt be falſe, that thwart the One, great End,
And all of GOD, that bleſs Mankind, or mend.

Man, like the gen'rous Vine ſupported lives,
The Strength he gains is from the Embrace he gives.
On their own Axis, as the Planets run,
Yet make at once their Circle round the Sun;
So two conſiſtent Motions act the Soul,
And one regards Itſelf, and one the Whole.

* Thus GOD and Nature link'd the gen'ral Frame,
And bade Self-love and Social be the ſame.

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* *On the Scriptural Hypotheſis one would ſay, Thus the All-wiſe* GOD, *ſince the Fall of Man, over-rules the Sins and Follies of Mankind, and brings Good out of Evil.*



EPISTLE IV.

O HAPPINESS! our Being's End and Aim!
Good, Pleaſure, Eaſe, Content! whate'er thy Name:
That Something ſtill which prompts th' eternal Sigh,
For which we bear to live, and dare to die;
Which ſtill ſo near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, ſeen double, by the Fool, and Wiſe.
Plant of Cæleſtial Seed! if dropt below,
Say, in what Mortal Soil thou deign'ſt to grow?
Fair-Opening to ſome Court's propitious Shine,
Or deep with Diamonds in the flaming Mine,
Twine'd with the Wreaths Parnaſſian Laurels yield,
Or reap'd in Iron Harveſts of the Field?
Where grows —— where grows it not? if Vain our Toil,
We ought to blame the Culture, not the Soil:
Fix'd to no Spot is Happineſs ſincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where,
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from Monarchs, *St. John!* dwells with Thee.

Aſk of the Learn'd the Way, the Learn'd are blind,
This bids to ſerve, and That to ſhun Mankind;

Of the Nature and State of MAN with reſpect to HAPPINESS.

Some

Some Place the Bliſs in Action, ſome in Eaſe;
Thoſe call it Pleaſure, and Contentment theſe:
Who thus define it, ſay they more or leſs
Than this, that Happineſs is Happineſs?
One grants his Pleaſure is but Reſt from Pain;
One doubts of All; one owns ev'n Virtue vain.

Take *Nature*'s Path, and mad *Opinions* leave,
All States can reach it, and all Heads conceive:
Obvious her Goods, in no Extreme they dwell,
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And mourn our various Portions as we pleaſe,
Equal is *common* Senſe, and *common* Eaſe.

Remember, Man, "the Univerſal Cauſe
"Acts not by Partial but by Gen'ral Laws,
And makes what Happineſs we juſtly call,
Subſiſt not in the Good of One, but All.
There's not a Bleſſing Individuals find,
But ſome way leans and hearkens to the Kind.
No Bandit fierce, no Tyrant mad with Pride,
No Cavern'd Hermit, reſt Self-ſatisfy'd;
Who moſt to ſhun or hate Mankind pretend,
Seek an Admirer, or wou'd fix a Friend.
Abſtract what others feel, what others think,
All Pleaſures ſicken, and all Glories ſink.

VER. 27.] HAPPINESS the END of all Men and *attainable by all.*

VER. 33.] GOD governs by *general* not *particular* Laws; intends Happineſs to be *equal*, and to be ſo, it muſt be *ſocial*, ſince all particular Happineſs depends on General.

Each

Each has his Share; and who would more obtain,
Shall find, the Pleaſure pays not half the Pain.

ORDER is Heav'n's great Law; and this confeſt,
Some are, and muſt be, greater than the Reſt,
More rich, more wiſe: but who infers from hence
That ſuch are happier, ſhocks all common Senſe.
Heav'n to Mankind impartial we confeſs,
If all are equal in their Happineſs:
But mutual Wants this Happineſs increaſe,
All Nature's Diff'rence keeps all Nature's Peace.
Condition, Circumſtance is not the Thing:
Bliſs is the ſame, in Subject, or in King,
In who obtain Defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a Friend.
Heav'n gives thro' every Member of the Whole
One common Bleſſing, as one common Soul.
But Fortune's Gifts if each alike poſſeſt,
And each were equal, muſt not all *conteſt?*
If then to all Men Happineſs was meant,
GOD in Externals could not place Content.

Fortune her Gifts may variouſly diſpoſe,
And theſe be happy call'd, unhappy thoſe:
But Heav'n's juſt Balance equal will appear,
While thoſe are plac'd in Hope, and theſe in Fear:

VER. 47.] It is neceſſary for ORDER and the common Peace, that *External Goods* be *unequal*, therefore Happineſs is not conſtituted in theſe.

VER. 65.] The Balance of human Happineſs kept equal (notwithſtanding Externals) by HOPE and FEAR.

Not preſent Good or Ill, the Joy or Curſe,
But future Views, of Better or of Worſe.

Oh Sons of Earth! attempt ye ſtill to riſe
By Mountains pile'd on Mountains to the Skies?
Heav'n ſtill with Laughter the vain Toil ſurveys,
And buries Madmen in the Heaps they raiſe.

Know, all the Good that Individuals find,
Or GOD and Nature meant to mere Mankind,
Reaſon's whole Pleaſures, all the Joys of Senſe,
Lie in three Words, Health, Peace, and Competence.
But Health conſiſts with Temperance alone,
And Peace, O *Virtue!* Peace is all thy own;
The Good or Bad the Gifts of Fortune gain;
But theſe leſs taſte them, as they worſe obtain.

O blind to Truth, and GOD's whole Scheme below!
Who fancy Bliſs to Vice, to Virtue Woe:
Who ſees, and follows, that great Scheme the Beſt,
Beſt knows the Bleſſing, and will moſt be bleſt.

"But Sometimes Virtue ſtarves while Vice is fed."
What then? Is the Reward of Virtue, Bread?
That, Vice may merit; 'tis the Price of Toil:
The Knave deſerves it when he tills the Soil;
The Knave deſerves it when he tempts the Main,
Where Folly fights, for Tyrants, or for Gain.
The good Man may be weak, be indolent, *
Nor is his Claim to Plenty, but Content.

VER. 75.] In what the Happineſs of *Individuals* conſiſts, and that the *Good* MAN has the Advantage even in this World.

* *I deny that.*

But

But grant him Riches, your Demand is o'er?
"No —— ſhall the Good want Health, the Good want Pow'r?
Add Health, and Pow'r, and ev'ry Earthly Thing:
"Why bounded Pow'r? why private? why no King?
Nay, why External for Internal giv'n,
Why is not Man a God, and Earth a Heav'n?
Who aſk and reaſon thus, will ſcarce conceive
GOD gives enough while he has more to give:
Immenſe the Pow'r, immenſe were the Demand;
Say, at what Part of Nature will they ſtand?

What nothing earthly gives, or can deſtroy,
The Soul's calm Sun-ſhine, and the Heart-felt Joy,
Is Virtue's Prize: a Better would you fix?
Then give Humility a Coach and Six,
Juſtice a Conqu'ror's Sword, or Truth a Gown,
Or publick Spirit its great Cure, a Crown:
Rewards, that either would to Virtue bring
No Joy, or be deſtructive of the Thing.
How oft by theſe at Sixty are undone
The Virtues of a Saint at Twenty-one!

For Riches can they give, but to the Juſt,
His own Contentment, or another's Truſt?
Judges and Senates have been bought for Gold,
Eſteem and Love were never to be ſold.

VER. 108.] That *External Goods* are not the proper Rewards of *Virtue*, often inconſiſtent with, or deſtructive of it; but that all theſe can make no Man happy without *Virtue*. Inſtanc'd in each of them.

VER. 116.] RICHES.

O Fool! to think, GOD hates the worthy Mind,
The Lover, and the Love, of Human Kind,
Whoſe Life is healthful, and whoſe Conſcience clear;
Becauſe he wants a thouſand Pounds a Year!

Honour and *Shame* from no Condition riſe;
Act well your Part, there all the Honour lies.
Fortune in Men has ſome ſmall Diff'rence made,
One flaunts in Rags, one flutters in Brocade.
The Cobler apron'd, and the Parſon gown'd,
The Fryar hooded, and the Monarch crown'd.
"What differ more (you cry) than Crown and Cowl?
I'll tell you, Friend; a wiſe Man and a Fool.
You'll find, if once the Monarch acts the Monk,
Or Cobler like, the Parſon will be Drunk,
Worth makes *the Man*, and Want of it *the Fellow*
The reſt, is all but Leather or Prunella.

Stuck o'er with *Titles*, and hung round with Strings
That thou may'ſt be, by Kings, or Whores of Kings.
Thy boaſted Blood, a thouſand Years or ſo,
May from *Lucretia* to *Lucretia* flow;
But by your Father's Worth if your's you rate,
Count me theſe only who were Good and Great.
Go! if your antient but ignoble Blood
Has crept thro' Scoundrels ever ſince the Flood,
Go! and pretend your Family is young;
Nor own your Fathers have been Fools ſo long.

VER. 124.] HONOURS. TITLES, 136.

What

What can ennoble Sots, or Slaves, or Cowards?
Alas! not all the Blood of all the *Howards*.

Look next on *Greatneſs*, ſay where Greatneſs lies?
"Where, but among the Heroes and the Wiſe?
Heroes are much the ſame, the Point's agreed,
From *Macedonia*'s Madmen to the *Swede*:
The whole ſtrange Purpoſe of their Lives, to find
Or make an Enemy of all Mankind;
Not one Look backward, onward ſtill he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward farther than his Noſe.
Nor leſs alike the Politic and Wiſe,
All ſly, ſlow Things, with circumſpective Eyes;
Men in their looſe, unguarded Hours they take,
Not that themſelves are wiſe, but others weak.

But grant that thoſe can conquer, theſe can cheat,
'Tis Phraſe abſurd to call a Villain Great:
Who wickedly is wiſe, or madly brave,
Is but the more a Fool, the more a Knave.
Who noble Ends by noble Means attains,
Or failing, ſmiles in Exile or in Chains,
Like good *Aurelius* let him reign, or bleed
Like *Socrates*, that Man is Great indeed.

What's *Fame*, that fancy'd Life in other's Breath,
A Thing beyond us, ev'n before our Death.
Juſt what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
The ſame (my Lord) if *Tully*'s or your own.

VER. 147.] GREATNESS.
VER. 167.] FAME.

All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the ſmall Circle of our Foes or Friends;
To all beſide, as much an empty Shade
An *Eugene* living, as a *Cæſar* dead,
Alike, or when, or where, they ſhone or ſhine,
Or on the *Rubicon*, or on the *Rhine*.
A Wit's a Feather, and a Chief a Rod;
An honeſt Man's the nobleſt Work of GOD:
Fame but from Death, a Villain's Name can ſave,
As Juſtice tears his Body from the Grave;
When what t' Oblivion better were reſign'd
Is hung on high, to poiſon half Mankind.
All Fame is foreign, but of true Deſert,
Plays round the Head, but comes not to the Heart.
One Self-approving Hour whole Years outweighs
Of ſtupid Starers, and of loud Huzza's;
And more true Joy *Marcellus* exil'd feels,
Than *Cæſar* with a Senate at his Heels.

In *Parts* ſuperior what Advantage lies!
Tell (for *You* can) what is it to be wiſe?
'Tis but to know, how little can be known;
To ſee all others Faults, and feel our own;
Condemn'd, in Buſineſs or in Arts, to drudge
Without a Second, or without a Judge:
Truths would you teach, or ſave a ſinking Land?
All fear, none aid you, and few underſtand.
Painful Preheminence! your ſelf to view
Above Life's Weakneſs, and its Comforts too.

VER. 189.] SUPERIOR PARTS.

Bring

Bring then theſe Bleſſings to a ſtrict Account,
Make fair Deductions, ſee to what they mount?
How much of other each is ſure to coſt?
How each for other oft is wholly loſt?
How inconſiſtent greater Goods with theſe?
How ſometimes Life is riſqu'd, and always Eaſe?
Think, and if ſtill the Things thy Envy call,
Say, wouldſt thou be the Man to whom they fall?
To ſigh for Ribbands if thou art ſo ſilly,
Mark how they grace Lord *Umbra* or Sir *Billy*:
Is *yellow Dirt* the Paſſion of thy Life?
Look but on *Gripus*, or on *Gripus'* Wife:
If *Parts* allure thee, think how *Bacon* ſhin'd,
The wiſeſt, brighteſt, meaneſt of Mankind;
Or raviſh'd with the Whiſtling of a Name,
See *Cromwell*, damn'd to everlaſting Fame!

If all, united, Thy Ambition call,
From Antient Story learn to Scorn them all.
There, in the Rich, the Honour'd, Fam'd, and Great,
See the falſe Scale of Happineſs compleat!
In Hearts of Kings or Arms of Queens who lay,
(How happy!) thoſe to ruin, theſe betray:
Mark by what wretched Steps their Glory grows,
From Dirt and Sea-weed as proud *Venice* roſe;
In each how Guilt and Greatneſs equal ran,
And all that rais'd the Hero, ſunk the Man.
Now *Europe*'s Laurels on their Brows behold,
But ſtain'd with Blood, or ill exchang'd for Gold:
Then ſee them broke with Toils, or ſunk in Eaſe,
Or Infamous for plunder'd Provinces.

Oh

Oh Wealth ill-fated! which no Act of Fame
E'er taught to ſhine, or ſanctify'd from Shame!
What greater Bliſs attends their Cloſe of Life?
Some greedy Minion, or imperious Wife,
The trophy'd Arches, ſtory'd Halls invade,
And haunt their Slumber in the pompous Shade.
Alas! not dazled with their Noon-Tide Ray,
Compute the Morn and Evening with the Day:
The whole Amount of that enormous Fame,
A Tale! that blends their Glory with their Shame.

Know then this Truth (enough for Man to know)
"VIRTUE alone is Happineſs below:"
The only Point where human Bliſs ſtands ſtill,
And taſtes the Good without the Fall to Ill;
Where only, Merit conſtant Pay receives,
Is bleſs'd in what it takes, and what it gives;
The Joy unequal'd, if its End it gain,
And if it loſe, attended with no Pain;
Without Satiety, tho' e'er ſo bleſs'd,
And but more reliſh'd as the more diſtreſs'd;
The broadeſt Joy unfeeling Folly wears,
Leſs pleaſing far than Virtue's very Tears:
Good, from each Object, from each Place acquir'd;
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd?
Never elated, while one Man's oppreſs'd,
Never dejected, while another's bleſs'd;

VER. 240.] That VIRTUE only conſtitutes a Happineſs, whoſe Object is *Univerſal*, and whoſe Proſpect *Eternal*.

And where no Wants, no Wiſhes can remain,
Since but to wiſh more Virtue, is to gain.

See! the ſole Bliſs Heav'n could on ALL beſtow,
Which who but feels, can taſte, but thinks, can know:
Yet poor with Fortune, and with Learning blind,
The Bad muſt miſs, the Good untaught will find;
Slave to no Sect, who takes no private Road,
But looks thro' Nature up to Nature's GOD;
Purſues that Chain which links th' immenſe Deſign,
Joins Heav'n and Earth, and Mortal, and Divine;
Sees, that no Being any Bliſs can know;
But touches ſome above, and ſome below;
Learns, from this Union of the riſing Whole,
The firſt, laſt Purpoſe of the human Soul;
Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfin'd,
It pours the Bliſs that fills up all the Mind.
He ſees why Nature plants in Man alone
Hope of known Bliſs, and Faith in Bliſs unknown:
(Nature, whoſe Dictates to no other kind
Are giv'n in vain, but what they ſeek, they find)
Wiſe in the Preſent: She connects in this
His greateſt *Virtue* with his greateſt *Bliſs*,
At once his own bright Proſpect to be bleſt,
And ſtrongeſt Motive to aſſiſt the reſt.

Self-love thus puſh'd to Social, to Divine,
Gives thee to make thy Neighbour's Bleſſing thine:

VER. 258, &c.] That the *Perfection* of *Happineſs* conſiſts in a *Conformity* to the *Order* of *Providence* here, and a *Reſignation* to it, here and hereafter.

Is

Is this too little for the boundleſs Heart?
Extend it, let thy Enemies have Part:
Graſp the whole Worlds, of Reaſon, Life and Senſe,
In one cloſe Syſtem of Benevolence,
Happier, as kinder! in whate'er Degree,
And Height of *Bliſs* but Height of CHARITY.

GOD loves from Whole to Parts: the Human Soul
Muſt riſe from Individuals to the Whole.
* *Self-love* but ſerves the virtuous Mind to wake,
As the ſmall Pebble ſtirs the peaceful Lake;
The Centre mov'd, a Circle ſtrait ſucceeds;
Another ſtill, and ſtill another ſpreads;
Friend, Parent, Neighbour, firſt it will embrace,
His Country next, and next all Human Race,
Wide, and more wide, th' O'erflowings of the Mind
Take ev'ry Creature in, of ev'ry Kind;
Earth ſmiles around, with boundleſs Bounty bleſt,
And Heav'n beholds its Image in his Breaſt.

Come then, my Friend! my Genius, come along,
Oh Maſter of the Poet, and the Song!
And while the Muſe now ſtoops, or now aſcends,
To Man's low Paſſions, or their glorious Ends,
Teach me like thee, in various Nature wiſe,
To fall with Dignity, with Temper riſe;
Form'd by thy Converſe, happily to ſteer
From grave to gay, from lively to ſevere;

---

* *A fine Thought! But is it conſiſtent with Scripture? I am afraid not.*

Correct

Correct with Spirit, eloquent with Eaſe,
Intent to reaſon, or polite to pleaſe.
O! while along the Stream of Time, thy Name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its Fame,
Say, ſhall my little Bark attendant ſail,
Purſue the Triumph, and partake the Gale?
When Stateſmen, Heroes, Kings, in Duſt repoſe,
Whoſe Sons ſhall bluſh their Fathers were thy Foes:
Shall then this Verſe to future Age pretend
Thou wert my Guide, Philoſopher and Friend?
That urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful Art
From Sounds to Things, from Fancy to the Heart;
For Wit's falſe Mirror held up Nature's Light;
Shew'd erring Pride, whatever Is, is RIGHT;
That REASON, PASSION, anſwer ONE Great AIM;
That true SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL are the SAME;
That VIRTUE only makes our BLISS below;
And all * our Knowledge is, OUR-SELVES to KNOW.

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* *Or rather, To know the Only True* GOD *and* JESUS CHRIST *whom he hath ſent.*

The *End* of the FIRST VOLUME.

6 SE 55